

Low Tide
By Elliot Ross

Dad,
Taken away while you were in the middle of something.
Me, totalling up the years to figure your birthday
Trying to conjure significance, or something.

I wait at the shores of grief
The weather chops, changes, phases
A storm, the rain, a chance to breathe
Yes, I'll stay. In these mazes

Absorbed it as a child
Come to light now
Habits, adventures I take on my own
Make me stand proud

Affirmations, signals, encouragement
Good – your philosophy
Drop the 'o'
This Gods a comedian. No trophy