


Grip of Resentment

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Time passes by like a whirling wind
Laughter and memories that we have shared
Memories that we felt yesterday
But turned into flashes of memories that fade away

After six years with no father figure
I just knew that our family will never be the same as before
My mother's always there for me
My father, that doesn't mean I don't need you around
But I think now you're too busy
With the new family you have found.

I missed the way I used to feel
The warmth of comfort you made me feel
But let us go back to today
That our family is torn apart because you continue to move away.



Father, I have never felt your love
Of years that you are not with me
And Now you're reaching out to me
I just let all the resentment be with me

Father, I have resentment inside me
And I bury it properly
When dusk falls, I tear apart
Yet I heal whenever dawn comes
When everybody gives voice to
That "the father is the pillar of the home."
What makes me doubt it?
because you don't ever show it.

And if the time comes,
That you won't feel the love I have for you
I will still reach out for your hands
And I will utter my "I Miss You."