Bedtime Story of an Absent Father

Ink blots out
A yellow sun that rises on the left.
It moves up your leg and combusts
Becoming a verdant tangled mess.
After some time chasing the frayed ends,
It unwinds, thrown upward
To be caught by broken hands and
Stitched into letters below the wrist.
The arm beats promises against the heart,
Where the ink spreads and becomes a name.
Long since redacted,
That good old government black,
It drips oil that flows up around your back.
Feed it fire and watch it burn blue,
Embers kick and spit orange.

An abrupt ending
Your presence...
-Pending -