

## Dad jokes

My dad always had this joke that he'd tell me:

“why did the bike fall over when it travelled two miles...no three!”

And when he was here, that joke was always a favorite of mine  
but now I can't remember the punchline.

Day one and the phoning has just begun and I accept scripted sympathy  
though I'd rather have none.

But maybe for someone other than me it feels like some kind of healing, so I let it be.

I lay in bed the whole afternoon and then watch the sun bow down to the moon  
and I take its advice and bow down too and I pray, because  
it doesn't feel like there's any more I can do.

Day two and day three and day four are the same: bleak and dull and numb from pain.  
I stare at your face in the blue picture frame on my desk and notice the quiet.

And somehow the earth still continues to spin like it's not the end its all yet to begin.  
And somehow everything is so blissfully unaware  
of my screams and disbelief and exhaustive despair.  
And somehow, everything, and it seems without care, just, carries on.

One week a routine as normal as I can make it,  
though when I wake up I plea I'm not really awake it  
really seems like you'll come back with a shudder and a shake.  
And I shudder and I shake and I realize I'm being fictitious.

I pretend it's like when you used to go on those fishing trips when I was a kid  
“He'll come back soon” and you always did.

Come back.

One month my pleas turn into rage: Why did it have to happen and be this way  
I'm angry that you left me and you think its ok but I wish the anger could have gone on  
because without it, I realized there really was no one to blame.  
And I learn I prefer the feeling of anger to pain.

6 months have been and I return into proper routine  
it's my birthday next week I'm turning nineteen  
and I wish you could've seen the last year of my teens.  
Not spending it with you, well it feels like a mistake  
because you're the funniest person I know and the one that makes my heart ache.

Today I remembered the punchline of your joke,  
why the bike fell over, it wasn't because it had broke,  
It was two tired.

And when I had fallen, I wasn't broken, I was drained and tired and it made me short spoken  
And with the time to heal and find peace and to bloom,  
I could now go on, I could now resume.

But resume not quite the same as before because I learnt to love that little bit more.  
And most of all, despite the all the pain, I learnt to really laugh again.