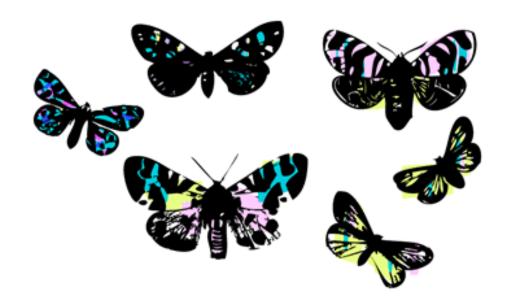
Anthology of S.S.

S.S.



Presented by

My poetic Side $m{Z}$

Dedication

To my dearest dumbass-- I miss you so, so much, it hurts. You were the love of my life, and I know
I will never love anyone else the way I love you. I hope we will meet again in the next life, my
dearest dumbass.

To our children-- I\'m lucky you\'re still in my life, even if we don\'t get to talk that often nowadays. I love you two so much. Please never forget that.



summary

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To my dearest dumbass: And as I reach up to touch, I cannot help but Want this so very much? But it's all for naught, I already see her, Death? Grasping your shoulder Such was the fate of Macbeth, Such is now your fate. I love you so, so very? And I am so, so I am so, so sorry. Only a mirage, Only an illusion, Only a dream, A false future, one

That we will never have.



Your laugh,

Your brilliance,

Your vast intelligence,

Your beautiful, beautiful mind,

Your dumbass antics,

Your gorgeous smile,

Your terrible coffee breath,

(And mine, admittedly),

Your terrible music tastes,

Every one of your scars,

You're absolutely amazing.

Everything that you do,

Even when all seems lost,

Even when the world

Is on its knees, dying,

You bring us hope.

You bring me hope.

And even as the light

Finally fades from your

Soulful eyes,

I'll treasure you,

Always.



To my dearests? To my son? To my daughter? To my treasured dearests, Shine the world, Light it up, Light it all up With your unbridled Brilliance, compassion, Your amazing capacity To do so much good. Though the road's rough, Long and weary, painful And tiring, trying, It'll be worth it, To make the world A better place.



My dearest dumbass:

How I wish this night

Could last forever.

I'd stretch time for you,

I'd bend, even break,

The walls of existence

For you, especially for you.

I watch the rise and fall

Of your chest in the dim,

Dim moonlight.

I retrace the features

Of your face over

And over again,

Both with my eyes

And with my hand.

I listen to your

Incessant snoring,

Like a chainsaw

Whirring at three

In the bloody morning.

Why can't this night

At least last a little longer?



My dearests?
You shouldn't be here,
Why are you here?
He's gone, he's gone?
It's all because of me?
Please don't say it's
Not my fault?
It is my fault?
You shouldn't be here?
I shouldn't be here?
It should have been me?
Why couldn't it
Have been me?



My dearest daughter:

Light of my life.

Your brilliance,

Your intelligence,

Your bravery,

Your heart?

Your amazing,

Beautiful,

Wonderful,

Heart?

Often makes mine

Stop, and take bit

Before it can re?

Start.

I'm proud of you,

I'm so proud,

My sweetheart.

I know your

Father would be

As well if he

Could see you now.



My son?

My dearest son:

By the deeper

Planes of reality?

You're amazing.

Absolutely amazing?

I know, I know?

It's been hard,

I will not dispute,

It has been for

I as well?

But I am so,

So proud of you.

You've grown up

To be such a

Wonderful human

Being.

Please keep on

Being the amazing

Person you are.



To my dearest dumbass: The clock is ticking, my dear, My end is ever near, My next life on the edge Of that faraway horizon. The clock is ticking, my dear? So long ago I lost you, Time between then and now Lengthening like a ship Sailing away from shore. The ache has never faded, Only grown worse with time, Tearing through my chest With its terrible roots. My dearest dumbass: I hope we will meet Again in the next life? Maybe, maybe then, We will truly Have a chance. My dearest dumbass:

I love you so.