

Philophobia: An Heirloom

TY CHAPMAN

Here he is, another fatherless son,
ever clouding away like a drift.

Clouding away like that's all love is;
slushing through the assonance of lifeblood.

Assonance of lifeblood, like a war drum he say;
wait for eye-whites, ready to kill like he done it before.

Wait for the kill like he done it before.
Well-traveled hitman, a boy like his father,

well-traveled, like his father, he smell arrows in flight.
Know 6-milly ways to dodge one,

6-milly ways to say I don't love you,
like dying with two kids & a bastard.

Like dying without telling the son of the bastard.
There he is, another fatherless son.

