

strawberry

when i think of strawberries, i can't breathe,
they remind me of red spoons,
of cold hands, of warm smiles,
they remind me of creaking floors,
late nights filled with whispers, and my father,
they remind me of quiet laughs,
star-lit skies, and bags underneath my father's eyes,
when i think of strawberries, i can't breathe,
because i think of
my father's warm smile,
my father's light whispers,
my father's quiet laughs,
my father's sacrifice,
and they take my breath away.