

Rory Gilley

CODY STRATTON

People always wonder
But never question why
He likes to be called “Sonny”

After all, who would question
A man of such pride
Who eats rusty nails
And chases alcohol
With ethanol

A man whose ship
Now rests beneath the sea
A boy at the wheel
Where a father should be

A man whose pride hides
The shame he feels
And the pain he bears
For the name he shares

With the twelve year old boy
Who lives in the locket
Beneath his tattered flannel
His son
His albatross