## falling

you're falling apart in front of my eyes falling

d 0 w n there's nothing I can do to help you're too far gone I hate it I want to go back to when I was 5 and you could still pick me up back when you had the energy to be with me back when you could see me clearly back when your brain wasn't broken and your limbs didn't ache and you could do the things you wanted to back when you weren't unhappy all the time because you could be all you wanted to be you used to not cry as kids we're taught that adults never cry but I see you past my phone and I hear you through my headphones I love you

through my barrier I almost don't want to love you so it hurts less when something happens but I can't not love my dad despite how much it would hurt if I were to lose a part of you I feel so selfish anytime I think of how your disability affects me how it would change my life if you're in a wheelchair and I need to adapt but i've already changed so much I used to think that everyone's dad got injured nearly weekly that everyone's dad couldn't walk up stairs or would stumble and fall through their houses but I learned my dad is special not everyone needs to worry about what's going to happen to their dad the next time he falls and no one is there I need to worry that the next time he hurts might be his last maybe these thoughts aren't reasonable but they exist and I can't stop them they have been a constant since I knew what your disability meant

when I was younger you couldn't even tell you had one now my brother can't play the games we played I've stepped up helped him have the childhood I had with a dad who could still run around but the truth is I'm not his dad I'm just his big sibling I can't fill your shoes no matter how hard I try I want to be there for him the way you were for me I want him to know I'm there I want you to know I'm there even if I'm not strong enough to help you back up to pick up your pieces when they fall I'm not big enough to catch you too unstable to carry it all for you