



**B.C.**  
by Hart

For times not remembered of things that you did,  
    To love and protect me from life...  
    And lead me so gently when I was a kid,  
Through awesome and sweetness and strife.  
I reflect now upon what a wonder you were,  
    And how I tried to not be a bother.  
Each night I seek out the brightest of stars,  
    And pridefully know that's my father.

