





Inky Teardrops  
Kristin Rose



Voor papa



This book was written in ink

Made out of teardrops

For those who feel  
devastating grief

I'm here.





Are you what comes out of  
me when I'm writing?



Headaches and heartbreaks  
are

Nothing

Compare to the terror  
of walking by your  
empty house.



Road tripping to France  
My body is tingling with  
Days that pass by

Feeling fresh air in my lungs.

The same air you breath in.



Whatever happens?

Whatever happens.

You'll always be there for me  
right?

Right.

Even when I eat all the  
cookies at once?

Even then.

You promised.





The life I got  
It was not what we agreed on.