

Black Stains

Leprous

Black stains on broken glass
On the last day of November
Immerse beauty by the trail
Of the last scene I remember

A cry for help
A pair of drained eyes
Nowhere to turn
Unable to rise

A scenic verse
Of an old Rhyme
Justifying
The sinful crime

Time passes no longer by
No rest found in concrete soil
Image burned to my eyes
Black stains and skin to boil

Smoke forming a pillow dark
For the child to rest in silence
Black skin on bruised hand
Infant emerged of violence

A flower in full bloom
Cut by a fragment of glass
In a heartbeat of truth