

## 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