

The Leper's Prospect

Xanthochroid

Cold winds
Sting my coarse and blistered skin
Making my return
To a vain veil of time

Dead dreams
Shadows cry out desperately
Can you not remember
Your lost son's name?

Why should I persist?
Wrap me up in shrouds
And let me remain unseen

Trees that grow together
Like father and son
Stand in stark contrast
To my dreadful outcast soul

I wander, forlorn
Disfigured, so sore
Aching from the weight
I bore all those years

I am descending a black mountain
That crumbles beneath my feet
Still, I am looking back

Over barren hills
Devoid of light
I struggle to draw my breath.

Straining my sight
Just so I might catch
A glimpse of a long dead dream