

Blood

By Susy

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**The knife that pierced my heart, stole my last breath,
Bleed from within me,
Exited my body slowly, dripping in sync with my tears.
The knife tore my dreams, mocked my reality,
Left me with a burden for life.
The blood continues to drip...
Teasing me with every opportunity,
Laughter echoing in my ears.
My imperfections magnified by those unable to conceive,
Unable to imagine the death of my Innocence,
Could create such a turbulent inescapable storm,
Unable to know of the violent winds, which captured my soul,
Stole my Innocence.
The storm subsided long ago,
But the death, still as fresh as my dripping blood,
Red and vibrant, full of life the blood sounds alarms of a murder.**

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