

# Bloody Hands

*Rayland Van Blake II*

A small light illuminates  
the face of a bright boy consumed  
by a billowing sea of black.  
His metronomic pace  
down that murky street, steady like the  
hand gripping the phone in his sight.

Shadows wait for the moment, their chance to prey  
upon the light resting within his hands.  
Makes no difference if  
Mom prayed for his deliverance,  
maybe it was ignorance that  
brought him there to begin with.

A starless sky opened up and wept  
for the soul of a boy begging for lies,  
staring at that light looking for life-  
A reason to live.  
He quickens his stride  
and continues his advance.

Snapped out of his trance  
by light's inherent transience  
he looks into the swelling abyss.  
Shadows erupt in envy, lunging  
at that seductive light shining bright  
on the deadly.

He takes a right at the deli  
on the corner of his block  
and froze.  
Face to face with the  
barrel of a glock he knows  
like the back of his hand.  
Because behind the grip in his palm  
stood a man, smirk strewn  
across his lips that could chill to the bone.  
The eyes staring back, filled with hate, were his own.  
If he could send just one more text  
before he's finally alone  
he'd tell the world that he couldn't wait  
until dawn. Make it clear before he's gone  
that it couldn't be stopped.  
He was already lost even when the lights were on.