

No trace of blood

Nowhere, there is any trace of blood!

Neither on the hands and nails of the slayer,
Nor any sign on the sleeve.

No redness in the dagger's edge,
Now any colour on the spear's head,
No stain in the earth's breast,
Or any smear on the ceiling.

Nowhere, there is any trace of blood!

It was
Not spent in service of kings,
To gin some bounty;
Nor offered in a religious rite,
To obtain absolution;
Nor spilled on the battlefield,
To attain fame – as inscription on a banner.

It cried for attention –
That unprotected, helpless blood.
Yet, none had time or the will –
To listen to that blood.
No accuser or any witness –
Just a “clean sheet”.
That blood from the figures of clay –
The Earth consumed it.