

Art of a Broken Soul

He draws her image
His hands race across the page
Imprinting a phantom into existence
Like an echo in the night,
He brings life
To the still, white, empty face

Her soul bleeds through the pen
The ink traces her features
Again and again,
Like the thoughts
That trace her face in his mind

He kisses her
Gently on the cheek
Puts the picture down
Among its thousand twins
And walks away
Once again promising
Never to draw her again

~Rasha Stacey, White Knoll High School, 11th Grade