

Stained

Chelsea Livingston

Pure like a sheet
Of soft white snow
Glistening, glowing
Tiptoe, tiptoe

Concealed, masked
Beneath a sly dark blue
Taking, stolen
Now hidden from view

Stained by the dark
That kept her unseen
Spreading, growing
No longer clean

Pure to stained
By one small deed
Turning, locked
Chained from being free

Engulfed by a presence
Unlike her own
Losing all she had
A sinking stone

Ripped from the purity
The blanket of white
Slipping, gone
Blue as night

New and old
Gone but here
No longer white
Tarnished from fear