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Tabula Rasa

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Tabula Rasa

An inkling of hope

The brightest light at the start of the darkest tunnel

A possibility of something new, blank in its perfection

Multiple paths, all untrodden, unfamiliar and begging to be traversed.

A mind without callous

Eyes unaccustomed to preconceiving and jaded perspectives

A nose not yet damaged with the stench of stale air

Ears that are still able to hear music that is fair and beautiful.

Hands still smooth, only to be cracked from the grind of the nine to five

Fingers protected from theft and dishonesty

Feet unused, waiting to be bloodied by the grey concrete

Shoulders still strong, preparing for the weight of societies' prestigious ineptitude.

Lungs immune to the cigarette smoke and the smog of cities

A liver that knows nothing of the drink, and the inevitable end it causes

Skin that glistens, untainted in its cleanliness

A heart full of life and love, not yet gone cold - strangled with the vices of greed and hate.

A Child.

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