

# **BLACK TEETH**

By Jeffrey Usher Jr.

The light rain whispers along my gore dinner. Patiently mops the stains off my face.  
Hair toyed by the whistling wind, the smell of another gourmet hooking my nose.  
Enriching the night, yet the boy's disability compelled me.

Liches and humans? Criminal was its ruling since the mere existence of Man.  
It would be better to enjoy this little lamb. But all I saw was blind innocence.  
Am I criminal for my curiosity to break this so-called norm? Apparently so, for I'm a disgrace.  
Royals yearn for the head of a lich like me off of first glance.  
So what's wrong with me? Why do I care for an innocent boy? Instinct? I'm not normal.

Blackened teeth, yet he clutches me like a mother.  
Unnerved by the stains of gore tainted kind, like me.  
Razor sharp as my teeth, his tears cut my dark labeled heart. I never knew I could cry.  
Yonder a rustle of men behind him, in black uniforms. Humans.

Preying behind a mask.  
Eager, thrilled by the sight of a comforting lich, and disappointed with a meek boy.  
All was spoken through actions. History, System, Authority, and Leadership were tainted.  
Corruption overruled the righteous. The four royals want blood-money, and power.  
Empyrean deserves an innocent boy; I hope to be beside him when my life is cut down.