Ashes Make Ugly paintings

By Alexis Riggins

A black canvas sky served as the backdrop,

To the red-faces rioters on the streets.

Amidst the gritty sand and ruins,

They hurled charred bricks through lit windows,

And fed the apartments to the emerging inferno.

Amber flames danced on the roof,

Trailing devilish shadows over the chaos;

The fire contrasted with a star-less and somber sky,

And the enraged rioters laughed madly,

Watching the blue charcoal smoke escape.

The blue light of morning saw deserted streets,

And the embers of smoldering buildings,

Blood mixed in with the muddy ashes,

Tarnished vehicles and a single shoe left behind,

By it’s owner during the scuffle of last night.

Heavy rain clouds gathered and wept over the destruction,

Washing the ash and soot and blood into,

An ugly mix of water colors on a child’s painting.

But no amount of rain could rebuild the shattered town;

So the town was flooded and swept away,

In a torrent of blackish water.