

SCARS

James Mellor

In the realm where art meets sorrow's touch,
A sculpture stands, a tale so much,
Captured in the lens of time,
A poem unfolds, a rhythm in rhyme.

"Scars," it whispers through the stone,
A silent symphony, a soul's deep moan.
Photography's gaze, a frozen glance,
Each image speaks, a wounded dance.

In statue's grasp, emotions mold,
A tale of stories, silently told.
Sculpture's embrace, a cold caress,
Echoing pain, a silent distress.

Painting strokes, a canvas of despair,
Grey and black, the colors wear.
Depression's hues, a somber cloak,
In every stroke, a soul bespoke.

Wire pouring forth, like rivers of plight,
A flowing current, in the dim light.
Wounds and scars, in blue and red,
A vivid palette, where emotions tread.

Staring at the audience, eyes profound,
Judgment lingers, without a sound.
Mentality etched in every line,

Focus sharp, like a needle's spine.

Abyss void, a blackened stage,
Background draped in sorrow's cage.
Expression dark, a look so deep,
Into the soul, where shadows creep.

In this gallery of the mind's abyss,
"Scars" unfurls, a haunting kiss.
Through the lens of art, it pierces far,
A narrative woven, where wounds are scarred.