

Dorian's Redemption

By Charity Singleton

I sat alone; my sin unknown;
the darkness in my heart had
come unsown, but outside all
the hems were pressed, and I
was passing every test; no one
came near enough to guess.

My life was increasingly not my
own. The evil seemed to clone
itself within myself and the
heart that once was warm was
bone cold. But who could know?
It wouldn't show; my life was a
whitewashed tombstone.

I longed that my heart not stay
so full of evil all my days; I prayed,
Must I go the way of Dorian Gray?
whose soul decayed but his
physiognomy betrayed what only the
picture could frighteningly portray.

I stabbed the canvas, one thrust, two.
And a voice of agony cried out,
but who knew the pain that was mine to bear,
and who gave his life so mine would be spared?
Who for me did death pursue?
Who had heaven in perfect view?

I was Dorian Gray, you see;
My sin created another me;
but I cursed the Artist in my sinful spree;
So he killed his Son on the cursed tree;
he took my evil and heard my plea
and he breathed his last, and he set me free.

And the picture of me, that bore my sin
Now looks remarkably similar to Him.
And the death he died on the dreadful limb,
brought my evil soul's portrait to an end.