

Gutted

"The Excrement Has Taken His Life"

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There are Saturday's morning
My son and I are playing in the garden
I watch his all motions
To evade any troubles
I give him everything
He is my one's eyesight
He's been learning how to walk
His run means the freedom
Suddenly everything he is change
Before my eyes
My son disappeared in the house and garden
I'm looking for nowhere to be found
All at once I get arrived
At cesspool
My son upon the top of the filth
He's writhing and struggling for life
The sockets where is eyes should be filled with
purulent
Discharge, meaningless motions in the shit
I'm not able to move my legs and stretch my one's arm
Be impossible to get hold of him
He want to scream but the shit devoured his body
Windpipe filled with urine
Stomach start to decay
I have no change to save him from excrement
Our own shit took his life away

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