Do you know the boy?

The boy with bloodied hands

The boy that listened to the girl as she sang

The boy wishing he was a man

Hands bloodied by those who left

The hands that kept to the silence

Watching the girl fighting absent of her own joy

But this boy who watched ever so carefully

Wished to never see his hands sullied with her blood

Even as he watched them lower her into the mud

Even as he was the only one that stood at this funeral

In his usual apparel

The boy was careful with the first note

That left his heavy throat when he first began to sing the song that she had once sang

And now for the first time the boy felt as if he was a man