

Skinless Jim

by Prithwish D (8E)

Skinless Jim was a sight to behold,
With bones plain to see and bare flesh grown cold. He
dreamed every night of a warm, human shell, But rose
every day in the same skinless hell.

He hid in his house with a downcast expression,
Hoping even for skin rough and hessian.
But years flew past, and his hope grew quite thin
No skin to embrace, no body to win.

At last he decided, "Why wait for a gift?
I'll take what I want, I'll give fate a shift."
Through moonlight he crept, with a sick, twisted grin,
Taking the dermis from children of skin.

Now legends are told, in a voice low and grim,
Of the rustle of night and of Skinless Jim.
For though he was empty, a vessel of bone,
He stitched up his longing from skins not his own.

No point in hope; carpe diem, children.