

EVAN VENTRIS



Awaiting
oil on panel

CAMERON FRASER

Matricide

Where there was once a gleeful child, such pain has taken hold.
No more does he frolic, only lurch on broken toes.
Crippled by a heavy burden—the guilt and shame and pity—
for once he had been a son, now an orphan of the city.
His mother's eyes burned into his soul, the cause of so much pain.
A young boy turned murderer, with only himself to blame.
Regret stalks him like a shadow, ever a reminder of his sin.
Never again will he see his mother, only her eyes etched beneath
his skin.