

Octavia Sperati, Dead End Poem

I close my eyes
As fire swept clean the earth
Nothing left to strangle
As the cords were torn from our hearts

As we emerged
From darker dungeons
Splendour of yellow bells
Expanded swollen eyes

No words were said
As fire swept clean the earth
Would the mothers be crying?
If they saw the torches in their hands

A kiss was places upon my check
And all colours came back
Melting in solid blue tunes.