

# 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 placed upon my cheek  
And all colours came back  
Melting in solid blue tunes.