

Hot Cross, Solanka

Dolls and shells, dolls and shells.

Three sheets to the wind, and swallowed by fortunes twisted spells.

An empty hand for a lifeless eye glimmer lost and wasted and spent on hallowed stifled ties.

I preach to the converting with a tounge less disconcerting

and a name pulled forth from ashes scattered when the fruits of our labour hardly mattered.

The poor obessions of solanka.

Crash meets head in a blur of demons lost and fired fed

betting these last inches of rope on a new machine left for dead.

Wasting years praying for solanka an uncharted mind embracing spirits of another kind