

## Hot Cross "Solanka"

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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 tongue less  
disconcerting  
and a name pulled forth from ashes scattered when  
the fruits of our labour hardly mattered.  
The poor obsessions 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

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