

## **Sophie Moleta**

### **"Apollinaire"**

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The sky is as blue  
And as black as ink  
My eyes drown in it and sink  
And I see far away cathedral  
And I shall never forget this journey  
When none of us said a word  
And when I was a little child  
My mother wrapped me in blue and white  
Oh holy virgin  
Do you love me still ?  
I don't believe in heaven or in hell  
I don't believe je ne crois pas  
Her hair is gold it is so bright  
And like a lasting flash of light  
Or like the flames which slow parade  
And laugh at me and go on laugh  
There are so many things in here  
I do not dare to tell you  
I write to you beneath this tent while  
Summer day becomes a shape of startling  
Magnificent and flowers of the cannonade  
They stud the pale blue firmament  
Before existing fade  
I'm leaving at eight twenty eight  
So raise the blind and see her dress  
Her dress as black as nails  
And flowers of the cannonade  
They stud the pale blue firmament  
Before existing fade  
I'm leaving at eight twenty eight  
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