

## DESOLATION

I Such emptiness here  
that even the shadows  
thrown by clouds  
are an event  
on the grey sand

Down there the waters spill  
not knowing the heat  
which way to go

By the road side  
a few trees stand  
waiting  
for the stream  
which returns each spring

Up there under the rocks  
some nameless graves  
What else could they find here  
in the silence  
but death.

II You left coals of hellish fire  
burning my mouth  
smouldering in my memories

Then turned away  
with a smile  
ordering me to sing hymns of despair

Hope like a terrible golden bird  
sinks its claws  
and destroys the peace I once had.

- Lisa Conesa.