

# Solanka

## Hot Cross

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

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