

The Cell is Empty

the cell is empty
the stage is empty
the actress lies dead in her bath
the repetition of mistakes
her beauty is a fruit
I crawl towards her
tradition states that
with all the criminals dead
to begin

the prisoner fled
cries greeting the unwelcome
flies lay their eggs in her ear
the guiltiness of blood
so succulent with thorns
and she cuts off her hand
the tragedy must end
but one, no wiser
again.

— *M. Voore*