

The Inferno – Chapter 2: Cinder

With rich brown hair
And golden, honey eyes
She basks in the sun

In her arms
She lifts up
Her children

Wallabies and dingoes
Koalas and kookaburras
They rest
In her spacious plains

A set of teeth
Waiting behind her back
Going for the kill

Like a Tasmanian devil
The embers they bring
Come straight from Hell

A lone hunter
Picking off her children
One by one

Grabbed by the throat
Her children choke
On the smoke

In a ring of fire
Their trapped
And their situation
Has become dire

6 moons later
Still trapped in the circle
The woman remains silent
Covered in cinder