

The Cloudless Sky

By Jean Van Aswegan

**His burning soul arises,
Flesh untouched for decades,
Eyes never greeting his most desired,
Hands were gripping La Muerte; withdrawing.**

His burning soul breaks
Flesh reunited alas
Eyes greeting the one he most desired
His hands gripping her aged hand.

As they lay victimised,
as they lay collectively,
His burning soul quenched,
In the cloudless dark sky.