

# Dungeon

*by* Bill Yarrow

a large part of the dungeon was the life upon her knees  
a portion of the torture was a wilderness of hands  
an aspect of the nightmare was the unlit empty street  
the shade which wouldn't rise sent a chill along her cheek  
she shivered at the thought of never giving birth  
at the funeral of color she wept a strange disease  
what was not attended to could no longer be attained  
on an endless loop of singing she heard slogans she had dreamed  
her knitted brow foretold her boiler bursting in the night  
from where would help unveil itself tomorrow at this time?  
where was the man hired to carry her agenda?  
why were ghosts in wry mirrors feeding on hope?  
what was happiness to her, a woman of perpetual mien,  
who lived wholly within the anguish of her imagination?

