

LA GIALLA

Annah Inocente

The creeping silhouette along the wall
is your shape in the darkened halls,
your sneer sharp as a claw.

Glimpse a glistening crimson stain
in flashes, flickers of violent rain:
you've spilled my boiling blood again.

This mystery remains –
who are you
and did you come for me?

Il mio incubo, a wildfire, hell-bent.
Il mio sogno, soft-eyed, heaven-sent.
La vittima, supine, I relent.

This visceral scream –
a ghastly nightmare,
a divine dream.

