

Sunday Afternoon in the Warzone

A flash by Sonia Ramos Rossi

White light surrounds us. It takes me with it as the air is sucked from the room, from my lungs. There is no sound.

I wake to my mother's dance. She is a human torch, twirling with elegance as fire surrounds her, long tongues of flame shooting from her body, her once black hair now bonfire red. She is beautiful in her silent scream.

I raise my arm towards her. The handless stump trembles in the air, licks of flame springing from the melting skin. There is no blood, everything here has been cauterised.

My mother has gone and my head lies on a carpet of broken glass, soaked in napalm. I am burning, and everything is bright. There is no roof to keep out the sun.

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