

# Moreneta

*by* Jackelope Random

Hold my heart the child in your arms  
The roses of April blooming,  
I bend down before you cracked and broke  
Spilled out like albumin.

Never but before your feet  
Have I wept as long as this  
Hold me in your eyes a while  
A pleasure more than some deep kiss.

For all your blackness, and all mine,  
Oh see into my twisted hole,  
I can do you naught but genuflect  
And pray you save my soul.

Like a willow I stretch down  
And tremble touch the shaking ground,  
Whimper before your magic hands.  
Oh send me not away from you  
Let me stay a while and secret from you  
Spells that let such sad souls stand.

