

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.

