

# The Virgin

Gene Clark

She went off to the city  
To find what she was looking for  
To identify, to really try  
To find herself some hope  
With the summer sun for laughing  
And the winter rain did pour  
She was lovelier from learning  
And from living, loving more  
From her dancing love and young soul  
And the gypsies in her dream  
To the pulse of stark acceptance  
When the winds began to freeze  
With no curfews left to hold her  
And no walls to shield her pain  
Finding out that facts were older  
And that life forms are insane.  
The presence of protection seemed  
To fade, as did her doubt  
That she now was no exception  
Nor was the love who pushed her out

Though the streets cried out,  
Go, homesick  
Virtues strength of mind would ring  
In the maladies of meaning  
The sad song she learned to sing.  
Now, her teachers and philosophers  
And the poet's silver throat  
Are the vessels which on wisdom's karmic ocean she will float.  
Was this her revolution,  
Just a child in love's crusade,  
With the question in her innocence  
Through the lies her eyes betrayed?