

## Calico

Marissa Nadler

Take her to the river  
Call her a river-child  
Take her to the forest  
Call her a little wild  
Sell her to the gypsy  
For a jar of metal coins  
Take her to the mountain  
And thrust yourself  
Into her loins

Calico  
Calico  
Calico  
Her lips are white as snow

She moved to the mountains  
With a box all chiseled sharp  
She moved to the highlands  
With a box of books all dark  
I knew her in the city  
She and I would dance the night  
Drink the wine of dripping berries  
Toss the moon and count the lights

Calico  
Calico  
Calico  
Her skin is soft as snow

Take her to the river  
Call her a river-child  
Take her to the forest  
Call her a little wild