

Ravens Land

Voltaire

Ravens land upon her hair,
Clouds adrift on her skin,
A smile that tugs upon my soul,
And whispers gently in my ear.

Eyes of honey look me down,
Lips like roses line her mouth,
Steely arrows in the air,
Are wilted flowers at her toes.

And if you ask me how I know,
What she looks like I will tell you,
She left yesterday.

Eyes are east and lips are west,
Pulls my head against her breast.
Logic, north and Lust is south,
Pulls my fingers to her mouth.
Legs as firm as canyon walls,
From leaping high above the moon.
When she drifts down on the air,
The ground can't wait to kiss her toes.

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What she looks like I will tell you,
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