

Isobel Campbell

"The Raven"

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And in the dawning of the day in late September
There came a weeping from outside my chamber door
Weary from fever I rose up, looked out, beheld her
A Raven with a broken wing yet nothing more

I turn my head the once and bird become a damsel
With lips of cherry, ivory skin and lustrous hair
Open the doorway wide and smiled for her to enter
None in my lifetime ever seen a beast so rare

Sweet thighs of ruin how I loved her, and I loved her
She muttered low and helped me to her infant breasts
Deliverance was long and strong as God's my witness
Babylon burning sorrow known with each caress

You came and let the night in
You came for you were broken
To hold, to heal, to touch
You needed me too much

And with the meadowlark when all had done their duty
The morning glory vine awoke with dew below
I breathed my last the day the warning bell was knelling
She smoothed her feathers down, flew back out my
window

You came and let the night in
You came but you were broken
To hold, to heal, to touch
You needed me too much

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