

Marissa Nadler "Calico"

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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

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