

Patricia Barber

"Persephone"

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Summer pales, like a ghost of stubborn Spring
This itch, this prayerful longing for heat
Belies an angel's desire to take wing

So as you fall, then fall into me sweet
Persephone now your poet and guide
Night after day after night I'll complete

Your saintly goodness with it's darker side
As one without the other is naive
Past Limbo, to the Second Circle we slide:

When first you whisper that little white lie
The gods will laugh
The gods will cry

In this soft circle, Reason's slave to desire
This feels like fun
This feels like fire

These small indiscretions may get lost over time
So much like love
So much like crime

As fine fine fabric slipping over your skin
This feels like silk
This feels like sin

Like a gentle dirty dream
Like a room where you can hide
Like confession in your sleep
Like expression sanctified
Like a devil, like a friend
Like a doctor who can end your pain

Like a pillow, like a kiss
Like a party, like a pill
Like a priest my lovely lips
As redemption will fulfill
Every spectral midnight fantasy
Each and every damning desire to be

Complicit with me

And as I leave you softly under the stars
Without a scratch
Without a scar

Like hell on earth slipping under your skin
This feels like love
This feels like sin

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