

# Ravens Land

Voltaire

Raven's 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 are 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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