

Calico

Marissa Nadler

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

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