

April March, Sugar

You took me into the forest
I liked you right away
Your eyes were like cherries
Your skin was like clay

Shirt in your hands
Your nails were not clean
But your hair was jellied
And the moonlight, it gleamed

I was a girl
I had no fear
Till you took my sugar
And left me tears

You lay under the aspen
You put your hand in mine
I wanted to smile
But your grip was unkind

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