

Carole King, Venusian Diamond

On the thirty-first day of the summer moon
In the marketplace
Somebody touched my hand and said
I was a woman of taste
Then with a flutter of wings
Amid the clutter of things
I saw the Venusian Diamond through a sea of grace

It said, 'Lay all of your money down
And I will be your own
Do it if you can
If you don't, you better leave it alone'
Then there appeared a serpent hanging
Like a thunder rope
He said, 'Pull me' - I did
And fell into the wrong end of a telescope
So I began to run
I knew not to where I'd come
I could hear the Venusian Diamond and it
Gave me hope
It said, 'Shatter all your images
And I will be your own
Do it if you can
If you don't, you better leave it alone'
Selves
Selfish
Selfless
Self