Garbage, Born In A Burial Gown

Sibilant and macabre
Walpurgis sauntered in
Skies litten with five-pointed stars
The work of crafts surpassing sin
As She graced Her window ledge
- An orphaned gypsy nymph
This issue of the forest's bed
Skin flushed with sipped absinthe Her eyes revealed, as Brocken's peak
Tried once concealing Hell
A snow white line of divine freaks
In riot, where they fell...

The circus lurches in, a ring of promised delight For seven days and seven festival nights What wicked wonders lie within the comfines Of the panther's den

She watches from a maypole, on the rip of Her tongue The restless spirit of Christmas to come A Gretel sick of merely sucking Her thumb Than gingerbread men

Spawned scorned, abhorred by the aerial She was the light of the world going down War-torn, forlorn and malarial She was found Born in a burial gown

Unloosed, the chain of Her god-given cross Seduced, now pagan ribbons swathe Her repose In a carnival of souls sold and similarly lost

Too many decades misfit and mislaid In innocence, a tender legend of prey Parades Her second coming, now they're running afraid

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Now She moves with a predator's guile Beyond the firelit circle of life She soothes your cold heart for a while Then matches its beat, synching in with a knife She wrestles Her dreams with a delicate case Espied by Her cross on the wall And should She awake, through embrace or mistake She would take Jesus Bless foot forward and all...

Sibiliant and at last
The circus crawled away
With another lover in its arms
Dancing on Her grave...