

Marc Bolan, Our Wonderful Brownskin Man

Blue ocean eyes, black panther thighs,
Wonderful brown man nose like a seahawk.
Musing the sea in harmony,
With the sky and the wine sun that owns you.
Buffalo's dead but they groan in my head
Twitching my hair with the dance of their good feet.
A ghostly Shawnee fed me honey,
Anil washed me with oils from Narnia.
Some cloudy heart blood, wept in the mud,
Near the corpse of our splendid friend hero.
His tattered head bent like a willow-tree tent,
And his ebony surf eyes leaked water.