

Michael Manning, Serpent

I can mark my trials with
sadness,
or I can mock my life with ease.

There's a new
addictive badness
in the fruits of our
disease.

Serpent, -- get down from that tree,
Serpent, -- but you won't eat me.

I could slap my hands of
madness,
I could find the silver seas.
And on seven slumbers gladness,
The tide read the way for
me.