

Grace Taylor

A Woman Fallen

Scarlet skins and serpent leaves,
A paradise lost between her knees.
Feet anointed and seven demons rise,
Let him without sin cast the first stone,
Let her without skin be the first to cry.

Rosemary for remembrance and pansies for thoughts,
Barbiturates for the beauties and kitchen ovens for the fraught,
She'll sell the pearls in her mouth, the gold on her head,
To afford the crowns of Cain, the trademarks of Hester,
Until she falls dead.

O reputation, reputation, devour and swallow her whole,
Drive her mad within the recesses of your rabbit's hole.
Teach her dutifully that
A woman fallen has no reason to live,
But do beware
Something's gotta give.

From your perdition she'll rise with flaming hair,
Having found grace at last in the depths of your lair.
She'll stone you back
Without a care.