

*Godless Woman*

*I love you*, he whispers,  
She giggles, her heart blisters.

Her tiny dress covets the cold,  
Eyes lay upon her—a statue of gold,  
He begs, he pleads to touch,  
Her eyes soften, she is a crutch.

*Will you touch me again?*

And suddenly gold is dust  
Love was nothing more than lust,  
For all the gold King Midas could make in his glove,  
He could never touch his love.

A sob, a wail, a plea,  
Why did he just leave her be?  
She grabs onto him, a crutch,  
*What did I do? Was it too much?*

*Godless woman,*  
Did you expect such  
Love and care? Of what heaven gives?  
*Heaven is so far from where a woman like you lives.*

What shall she do then?  
Stand outside the gates—until when?  
For a man is able to touch as he pleases  
A woman—touched, is nothing more than disease.

Oh God. So holy thou.  
I shall never have heaven's grace now.  
But I will not plead for your perversity  
I do not need a place in your eternity.