

Blues Woman

by Samantha Lê

Evil-hearted woman
with sticky, lovin' temptations from the Eden tree—
runs hot all night, won't let me be.
Big-legged woman.
Mud-brown woman with arms like thighs.
You got me hooked like wine,
but your biscuits get buttered by every able guy.

Shame, shame, rag-baby.

Shame on you.

Call for my baby, call for you day and night—
got to have my baby, my brown sugar bite.
But you've been messin' 'round
with every joker in town,
givin' out samples at the liquor store.
Throwing back your hair, showing-off
big, white teeth; you don't come 'round here no more.

Shame, shame, rag-baby.

Shame on me.

You lay out till the night's gone,
come knocking before the rooster cracks dawn,
making sweet demands
for saucy romance.
All stirred-up, I let you in. Roll the dice,
ride the Coltrane, ride till your lemonade gone dry.

Evil-hearted woman—
homicidal woman with hot,
greasy lovin' like bacon.
You move like a hurricane, but you melt like lard.

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May 10, 2008