

# The Slave

Marc Almond

In a byzantine harem  
Where, seeking paradise,  
I'd disguised myself as a dog,  
A slave told me:

Me, I'd like heavy pearls  
Enamelled black pearls  
To be dumb, and almost deaf  
So that you'd soothe me with words  
Words which resemble the sea  
Words that one sees through  
Words of bitterness and love  
Tender words, severe words

Me, I'd like crowded rooms  
Where stretched out naked on all fours  
Encircled by dogs and chains  
Tasting mysterious liquors

Drinks of life and drinks of death  
Cups filled to the brim  
I place my moist and eager lips  
On the kneeling stools therein

Me I'd like a black slave  
With the white teeth, strong and cruel  
Who'd split my shackles wide  
And wholly take me to the sky

In the damp languor of evening  
Me all white, and he all black  
He'd bite my body, sliding  
With a serpent slow...attack

Me, I'd like to be a young woman  
Behind glass and iron bars  
As pleasure takes my every breath  
Until sleep, until death

Beneath my purple-blue eyelids  
You know, I have only one thought  
To be a woman, yes, it's true  
To be a real woman

God.....please...please