

## Cocaine Queen

Cocaine queen in your rattan chair  
Shake the silver stars from your hair,  
Tip forward your Egyptian face,  
Flaunt your feathers light as lace.

Crafty witch your eyes can torture,  
Your grey lips can change the future.  
With tongue as sharp as a papyrus reed  
You slash the cord to a man's dark need.  
And the wound doth bleed.  
And the wound doth bleed.

O simple man beg for a nightmare  
To ease you from your world of cares.  
The cocaine queen does not snare  
Those whose eyes have a sinister glare  
Only those who do not dare  
To taste a potion imminently rare.

**Published in *the howling mantra*, Winter Creek Press: La  
Cross, WI, September 1991**