So when the wolf said to the virgin “you will
Kiss me if I can beat you there, beat you
To where you’re going”, then winter at the sill
Was scratching and the wolf, snow-cold sought new
A place to lay. She was that place and he
Meant, what he meant was I will eat you, gobble
Up your dark honey and your sweat. Still she
Unflinching walked red and light, a bauble
And bright. I will in-drink your sugar-spit
Will I, I will your flesh tooth marks impress
Upon, meat, girl meat tooth marks skin split
Open up skin and eat. But she’s undressing.
Virgin skin laid out and freely gave
‘Twas he then confessed to be the slave.

So when the virgin said t’the wolf “I will
Kiss you, if you can beat me there, beat me
To where I’m going”, then soft snow lay still.
The ice and wind shook not a leafless tree.
The ice and wind the virgin left alone,
And what she meant was I will see to you,
And by the fires low glow you will atone,
On wool and down and lacquer made anew.
So when she came and found the house barren,
The latch unlatched, death await inside
More fangs a-roam without, and he within
He loomed heavy, said cast your clothes aside.
She heard, and thought, and fearless turns her head
And it is she that leads him to the bed.