

REESE WARNER

## Cold Land (Song for Coronis)

She was the best-looking girl we'd ever seen.  
She was the best-looking girl in the world, maybe.  
What did we know? None of us had ever left that place,  
Hot, sunny, and poor.

So maybe it wasn't so surprising, what happened.  
Maybe, it wasn't such a surprise. The guy—he was blonde,  
Not like us, good-looking, rich, the son of somebody with clout.  
And he had that chariot.

Still, she told my sister, she never consented.  
She told my sister, she never ever agreed.  
She just wanted, what?—nothing. Maybe a ride in his chariot.  
Rape. It happens.

Why she confessed to my sister is clear.  
I know why she confessed to my sister. You see,  
Maybe she and I were going to get married,  
If ever we could.

He brought her to an apartment in the city and kept her.  
He brought her nice clothes and some jewels just to keep her.  
He brought her some woman to watch over her. Maybe,  
She didn't want it.

My friends all told me forget her.  
They told me she's gone, she's damaged, she's lost.  
She's his now. Go on, find somebody new.  
I didn't want to.

Maybe, she hated her fancy new life in the city.  
Maybe, she never agreed to his terms.  
Maybe, she wanted to be living with me.  
Turned out all true.

But now, I'm hiding out here in this cold land  
They took me in, here, in this cold land  
They said, I had a well-founded fear of persecution  
And death.

He killed her—I thought he'd simply have dropped her.  
He'd have killed me, too, if he could, but I ran.  
Back home his power's like the sun, it goes everywhere.  
So I'm here.