

Sefronia: After Asklepiades, After Kafka

Tim Buckley

Sefronia shook the black cat's bone at me
And I was only wax in the spell of fire
Oh my coal black sister,
When black coal burns it ripens
She pried the whip out of her master's hand

And lashed at her own skin
So she'd be master, how could she know
This was just a dream born,
Of a new knot in the bullwhip