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virgin hand disarm'd.]

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*[And so the general of hot desire was, sleeping, by
a virgin hand disarm'd.]*

“Boy, put your hand on your neck.

That’s my foot on your throat.

Now squeeze it.

That is my foot,

on your throat.

Let me catch your hands on my baby girl again.”

Reckon that’s what her daddy wisht he said, stedda,

“Oh, I didn’t—

Suh I’m sorry—

Finna run on—”

And Lucy think, *Daddy?*

And Lucy think, *No Shelter.*

And boy take her throat,

And make it his home.