

MARIE LAVEAU

(Keith Abler)

Marie Laveau, voodoo queen
Nineteenth century New Orleans
A free person of color
Voodoo queen Marie Laveau

Voodoo was thriving, her fame well known
A network of slaves in each aristocrat's home
She learned from Dr. John
Disposing of anyone in her way

The rituals, black cats, gris-gris
A long black snake, a trained rooster made the mystery
Her reputation for power and magic
Had people in high places running from it

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The jasmine bloom on North Rampart Street
In the distance a lone saxophone sounding honey-sweet
A barking dog and the moon was full
I could sense something in the air; it felt so real

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Consoling prisoners on death row
With the statue of Mother Mary she'd pray for their souls
Sorceress or fraud; angel or demon
A politician with a lust for power and a need to control

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