

SEARCHING FOR THE EDGE OF THE WORLD



ROBERT W. CELY

Searching for the Edge of the World

Songs of Misery, Faith and Hope

by Robert W Cely

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Contents

Misery

The Last Night in America
Men of Ash and Dust
A Day at the Office
Dorian Had a Dream
I Heard the Devil Laugh Tonight
Lady Suburbia
Light of Shadows
Litany 1
Sanatarium
Spirit of the Age
The Godless One
Lament

Faith

Searching for a King
Little Cherub
Beyond Compare
New Day
Pharaoh's Charioteer
The Other Thief
Pilgrim's Song
The Old Country Church
The Songmaster
Only If
The Stonemason
The Mustard Seed

Hope

Riders of the Dawn

Heroic Love

Beneath the Questing Moon

Dancing with Devils and Angels

Next Year's Eve

Redemption

Hymns for A New Paradise

Dawn

What the Bumblebee Considers

Carmina

Life at the Edge of the World

Vespers

Misery

The Last Night in America

We gathered on the green
The chosen from her streets and gates, the children of her dreams
We had been friends but didn't know it,
Strange people that we saw
Who passed us on the street each day, as hopeless and as lost
From our place high on the hillside
We watched the cities burn
Full of all the wickedness from which we all had taken turn
Some wept for all her glory,
Some wept for all her shame
Some laughed at all the towers roasting across her fabled plains

The last night in America
We sang the old time songs
Of love and life and liberty and times forever gone
No one got drunk that fateful night,
Though we tried our very best
We raised up cups of blood-red wine, and poured out all the rest
We waited for the whistle blow
As the final game was played
In stadiums by candlelight, so who won, no one could say
One last giant pretzel spun
Salted hard as rock
The home team punted, third and two, with time still on the clock

The last night in America
The politicians drank their share
Of scotch and bourbon whiskey, and bitter herbs to spare
But they couldn't stop campaigning
Or promising to bring
A new world from the ashes that had yet to catch the flame
Their best friends stood beside them
The bankers keeping books
While pretty ladies dressed in white shot them dirty looks

And men oiled up in hair gel
Wiped their hands on skinny jeans
And danced to music no one heard in clubs no one could see

The last night in America
The greatest sales were on
“Everything must go!” they said, “before the break of dawn!”
And people lined outside the shops
To buy the things they can't afford
Wrestle for the last flat screen and gamble in the clothing store
Outside the crowded parking lot
A flash mob gathered high
To sing in one discordant voice, “Today is do or die”
We are the people hear our voice
Our will it cannot fail
We shall wait until the sequel films our epic of travail

The last night in America
The TVs all went dark
A silence settled, reigning dead, a muted patriarch
People kept on watching
Bloggers crashed the grid
The twitterverse lit up its rant over what the critics said
Down the shaded avenue
The churches all stood bare
Empty altars, empty pews, and vacant aisles of prayer
The churchmen dumped out all the fonts
And locked the belfry tight
Then sang each Dylan song they knew by spectral candlelight

The last night in America
I walked in paths alone
My guide the distant starlight and moonbeams feebly shone
The water by the river ran
Like blood on broken rocks
Its echoes laughed at me for all that I had gained and lost

I looked for you that night of nights
The night that I could spare
All things I should have said to you, but never would have dared
By then you had long lost yourself
Those things would stay unsaid
And sealed forever on my lips like the last songs of the dead

The last night in America
As dawn approached the sky
We wondered quiet in our hearts if by sunrise we would die
Our monuments lie shattered
Our totems crushed to dust
Our irons towers bowing in the weight of modern rust
We heard the weight of judgement
Bring down its thundered steps
With what would we present the day for all our hours kept
The darkness wouldn't keep us
The daylight burns our eyes
We turn our heads America, the new world on the rise

Men of Ash and Dust

We walk down the highways, past the lights that shine down
As the cars speed by they don't see us, wrapped in the womb of endless sound

They don't see us, they don't see themselves either
Unblinded, full-sighted, but caring not whether

The sun shines or the rain falls
If the rainbow blazes in full color or drains to grey pall

Uncounted, uncaring
Only to their noses staring

Like things from death lifted
By voodoo chants, to be drifted

Down this lane
Through that pain
Oblivious to the wind and rain

And what of us?
Who choose to walk, rather than hurl in faster cars to apocalypse
and dust?
Why do they hate us?

We, who cry to the blind drivers, those of blank stares
Why do they hate us, for we are all who care?

Wake up, we cry
Walk, don't drive

You will miss the merry rose
You will miss the full moon on the dark ocean shone

You will never know the secret joy that hides
In the riven places, nor will you ever ride the strange tides

That take you to other oceans, far beyond
Our avenues of steel and concrete, cramped suburban camps and
plastic ponds

Wake up and walk with us
We men of ash and dust

Before the wind blows us away
Down the shores of eternity
And all we have ever done fades past the touch of memory

A Day at the Office

The papers shift by
In endless stacks they belie

The emptiness that hides in the boxes and forms
Abbreviations, processes and reports

It smells of toner and fresh carpet
The hum of pale fluorescent lights and the constant buzz of the market

Sips of weak coffee and bubbles in the water jug
All the while something at me tugs

But the phone is more insistent
The glare of the computer is by far more consistent

And what do we have here if not consistency?
And what does it matter if we have lost our potency?
For what we have lost we have gained in efficiency
Full masters of the grim science of monotony
Look at our numbers to prove our proficiency
The bar graphs and pie charts, all look just like honesty

In truth, they hide deception within
They hide a great truth that we are too scared to admit

That our days grow longer and the hours dwindle away
That we step from our desks with nothing in hand each day
We have no idea what these stacks of papers mean or say

About who we are, how our portion of light and life was spent
Was it for nothing? Was it for something greater? That we knew not
what it meant?

We leave a bit of ourselves behind everyday:

Lodged in the copier

Behind the fax machine

Out with the courier

In the files manilla sheen

But we have our personnel file, and that has the last say

Who we are, our true self

In a binder, there on the third shelf

A record of all my dear labor

How I impressed my superiors

If I measured up to their well-documented standard of excellence

How well I hid all my resentment

Did I arrive on time?

Was my handwriting neat?

Did I check all the right boxes?

Did I work with the team?

Did I stay late?

Did I swallow my fate?

Did I cheer at that rally that taught me this company was so frickin
great

Did I submit to the powers that refuse to abate?

This is the way things are, they tell me

Did we not make them this way? I ask, an obvious query

They give me that look, he's a trouble maker

We don't tolerate pointing out the obvious around here, now be a
good faker

Go back to your desk, just do as your told

Just drink more of this coffee that's three days old

And maybe a dash of Kool Aid
I know it's bitter down deep, but it's sweet at first, everyone is drink-
ing, and it's company made

This is the way things are
If you want to get ahead just do as we say and you will go far

To where? Does it matter? It's far you will go
It's that place far away that nobody knows

The place where you're made
Trust us, it's all there is to aspire to, where all trouble fades

Hear now!

The copier calls
There's a report to be printed or else the blame falls

So hurry away
Back to your day
Back to where wages and email hold sway
Where you forget more of that dream, more and more everyday
We need this done by the end of the day
Excuse me, I need to take this call right away

.....

And meanwhile, beyond the gloom
Outside the tinted glass window, a flower blooms

It splashes the grey world with a blaze of color, but nobody sees
It fills the air with a fragrant grace that nobody breathes

The world spins away
Outside, the earth passes further away
While we fade and we fade and we fade
And we start it all over the very next day

Dorian Had a Dream

Little Dorian, ten years old, had a dream
Of many-terraced gardens and castles of tall towers
It would follow him wherever it seemed
In every place and in the strangest hours

In schoolbooks he would see the pictures move
The pages leapt alive with ancient wars
Beneath his desk hid a giant's treasure-trove
And his pencil was the lance of a battle-hardened knight astride his horse

He would see fairies dance among the autumn leaves
Dragons riding on the sunset clouds
Armed he walked with daggers up his sleeves
To slay any fell beast that dared peak its ugly snout

Most of all, Dorian dreamed of that other place
A place without the desks all in neat, little rows
A place where the teacher didn't scream at him to turn his face
Where he didn't always seem to get in trouble, and for what? He didn't know

Dorian dreamed of a place that was full of dreams
Where courage and honor and truth held sway
Of a mist in morning magic, hovering over the ancient streams
Secrets hidden deep in twisting caves

Dorian loved his dreams, and would not have had it any other way
But his teacher was high disturbed and serious
This would not do, she thought, if she had her way
Such an odd boy, especially those eyes, far too deep and mysterious

He would stare out the window, all around
Out at nothing at all
What was so fascinating in that empty playground?

She simply couldn't fathom or recall

The boy needed her help, she understood

All too well, even if he did not

He needed his grammar and math if he were ever to make good

And spare his mind from all that empty rot

She gathered the great minds of child-rearing, none of whom had children of their own

The doctors, administrators, childhood specialists and guidance counselors

Deep into their studies and books they poured, into fact alone

To find how to rid these awful, useless dreams the poor boy harbored

And after they met three dozen times

And showed 400 power point slides

And passed through enough paper to fill the bloody Rhine

They devised such a clever scheme to scour dreams from the human mind

Drugs first, the doctor insisted

For nothing can be done without at least one prescription

With it we can drain him to a torpor, if properly persisted

And dry up his creative inclinations

Stricter rules, his teacher spoke up next

He must be bound in rigid discipline

Not a free moment should be granted on any pretext

And fill him to the brim with rote and repetition

One cried, take away all art and story

Another, do not let him dance or play alone

Nothing too glorious or too gory

Keep it plain, remove all trace of color, surround him with walls of white faux stone

And most important of all, intoned the world-weary child-special-

ist

In this we must have the staunchest of intentions

Television all day long, and video games, and computers to grab his interest

Of all that steals the dreaming from the world, this is the highest of inventions

His parents wept, but they consented

The boy should grow up successful after all

Surely it was in Dorian's best interest, all these careful plans presented

They simply couldn't let the matter fall

While Dorian didn't understand what it all meant

He took the pills

He sat quit still

With sugared soda filled

And cartoons over-spilled

With strict discipline instilled

All light and color killed

Not a moment left for thrills

And weeks later beheld a world of all dreaming spent

It appeared so odd to his new eyes

But only for a moment, for now he saw the lies

Those pictures couldn't move or dance'

A leaf was just a leaf

What was so great about that empty playground? He spared it but a glance

And a pencil couldn't arm a knight, it only wrote papers and briefs

A touch of sadness stirred in Dorian's young dreamers heart

A longing, a hope that bucked at Ridallin's foggy haze

But then Dorian remembered his favorite show, a new season about to start

And looked back on his dreams and thought, what a childish phase

I Heard the Devil Laugh Tonight

I heard the Devil laugh tonight
It shook the light
And closer crept the darkness from the gathered shadows

What noise was that, that I heard fall?
And echoes from the windy moor where ghosts and specters call?

Except there is no moor
But a busy street, full of the forgotten rich and glitzy poor

Why the cameras follow
I'll never know
I guess they're mesmerized by all the flashy clothes

In the strobe and flash you can hear it
In the catcalls of the paparazzi as they laugh and spit

You can hear it, loud and deep
The Devil's laugh, like broken teeth

I heard the Devil laugh tonight
It mocked the light
Through cold and stony aisles beneath the dusty cross

This used to be a holy place
A rest from all the wreck and race

Instead of this, a haunt for old ladies and blustery hypocrites
Where only if you speak our code will you fit

And how soft has grown the thunder from the lectern
The brimstone puts us to sleep and the fire doesn't burn

While over there, so shiny and progressive, those holy hipsters
Tattoos of Jesus, gelled hair and PR managers

You can hear it even there
You can hear it in the stale or processed air

The Devil laughing his desperate joy
As with the Chosen he toys and toys and ploys

I heard the Devil laugh tonight
It dulled the light
Down corridors of bare and twisting wire

Now you know he hates the truth and loves a liar
So we are taught the Devil plays with fire

The shepherd of this lost and vacant generation
Leading us to fields of dead grass and pools of stagnation

Look at us, like cattle, dumbly following the feet of the other
Who knows where we go, and who can bother?

Hurry or we will miss the next show
Who will the bachelorette pick? I have to know, I have to know

Except now I've already forgotten
What was that? Of course it's all rotten

What else is there, I can't see too far ahead
Just the herd, and beyond that the endless dead

And that noise
So familiar, full of the hungry void

Laughter, cruel and endless
Like the spinning, spinning in us

The Devil's laugh, his hammer of travail
He pounds them in and laughs, the rusty coffin nails

Lady Suburbia

Come, she says to me
Your troubles I will melt into obscurity

Come lay on this couch, cool in the shade
Until all your worries fade
Forget the world outside
Forget the ragged cries
Let justice rest for an hour
Come, and sleep under my power

Come, she says to me
Deprivation is our enemy

Let no words distress our quiet haven
I will feed your appetite full to all their cravings
See the feast I have laid out on my table
The beer bubbles rich and smooth, and above all it is able
To make your fear dissipate into a haze
To quiet all the churning voices, the mad craze
Of conquest and ambition
Come, grow soft with me, fat with attrition

Open your thirsty mouth to my medicines, bitter for sure
For they will numb your pain, though not as pure
As pain
Nothing is as pure except for rain

Pain the purifier
Pain the sanctifier
Pain which will not let you settle long in one place
Drive you across nations like a nomad race

But I would have you still
Unmoving, bereft of moving will

Come, eat your fill of meats
Grow dizzy on my sweets
I prefer my men fat and domesticated
Cultured and educated
Come, enjoy the bounty and the feast
And may the gnawing of your hunger never cease

Come, she says to me
And we will be in all things happy

Let me adorn you in soft clothes
Entertain you with endless shows
If this one does not please you there is another
There will always be the new thing to uncover

Let the images dance and play for you
Let endless sport tantalize and betray you
With bare hints of glory
That is all you can take, more deadly is the real story
The real thing
Take these shadows instead, they won't sting
And burn your mind with dreams and visions
They are safe, diluted, bare imitations
But they are the friends of civilization
Come, slumber with me all your days
Sleep in the light of this digital haze

Come, she says to me
And I will uncover the secrets of my ecstasy

Behold these naked breasts yearning for your taste
I wait for you alone, legs open to your gaze
Feed me your fire
I will eat your desire
And stoke those flames
Again and again until there is not even the flutter of shame

Or dignity, or the memory of what you have forgotten

Keep the taste of my honey on your lips
While unadorned tears silently drip
I will embrace all your debaucheries
And even moan while consumed in infamy
As long as you keep your erection
For by it I can lead you in any direction

In the name of God
In the name of family
In the name of country

All I ask for is your fire
Your flames are my desire
I will feast on your soul
Until it is withered and old
And you are bitter
Your heart will only shake and flutter

Come, she says to me
Let us fade away into obscurity

When I have consumed you heart and soul you will come to me
once more
Afraid of all the shadows, of what lurks behind the door
That draws closer and closer
With each ragged breath that wheezes hoarser and hoarser

Then I will clean the piss out of your bed
When mumbled nonsense rattles through your head

But there's a pill for that and a pill for this
A cabinet full of medicated bliss
Even a pill to make you horny once again for this

Lest your mind would be free
And you would, at the last, recognize this vanity
This desperate hypocrisy
And for once you would see

And recognize what is true
But hush, my beloved, I want more for you
Here we are safe, here we are happy
Here we are untroubled by sadness and misery
Who cares if it is eternally dark, we would shun the light
Know that all who walk in it dies

Take of my pleasure
Take of my treasure
My comfort and simplicity
My safety and felicity

Come, let the whole universe rage outside
And fall into the cold sleep of your bride

Light of Shadows

Find for me quiet, my soul of unrest
Take me to dark boughs, deep in gardens of midnight

I have no other guide but thee
No springtime promises of happy days, full of flower and flight
No summer dreams of white sand and salt air over glassy waves of dawn
No brimming youth, full of the world's first laughter

Not even tears will grant me solace
Only you, twilight and shadow, long and insincere
Enfold me

Only your cold kisses on my thirsty lips
Only your promises of winter, frost of deep silence

Teach me your secrets, O darkness,
Of all that hides in you

I will listen, I will learn and obey
Teach me at last, that God has made you too
And show me the hidden light that waits within

The light of shadows wakened

Litany 1

I see this world and all around
Let justice roll down like waters
And hear the cry of mournful sounds
And righteousness like a flowing stream

The tyrant reigns in awful sway
Let justice roll down like waters
The glutton feeds his own decay
And righteousness like a flowing stream

See the poor, oppressed and tired
Let justice roll down like waters
See the wolves in sheep's attire
And righteousness like a flowing stream

Hear the cry of mother's grief
Let justice roll down like waters
Hear the laughing of the thief
And righteousness like a flowing stream

Behold the judge who taints the law
Let justice roll down like waters
Behold the serpents in the hall
And righteousness like a flowing stream

While Senates drain the Savior's blood
Let justice roll down like waters
 The preachers preach that sin is good
 And righteousness like a flowing stream

 Until, Oh Lord, thy kingdom come
 That land of love and dreams
 Let justice roll down like waters
 And righteousness like a flowing stream

Sanatarium

I walked into the house of madness today
Where the broken remnants of yesterday's heroes mutter delusion
into their laps

They are stooped and pale, yellowed eyes trace phantoms only they
can see
Crumbs from breakfast still gather at the corners of their mouth
And everyone pretends not to smell the piss

But they all know who it is, the old man whose pants are too short,
who wears velcro shoes
He paces the floor, looking for a way out
Everyone who passes by he asks the same thing, "Can you open this
fucking door?"

He is looking for his commander

The nurse tells me he stormed the beaches of Normandy as a boy of
eighteen
He waded through bombs and the hot flash of bullets and dropped
grenades into the machine gun nests of Nazis

Today he can't open the fucking door

They all wander without purpose, dragging their feet this way, then
the other
There is something they look for but they don't know what

A TV is on and they shuffle around the screen

"What are watching?" I ask.
"Whatever is on," someone replies

They nod and count this wisdom

Lunch is served and the shuffle moves to the chairs and tables
The hunched shuffle with hands that grip the waist of pants too big

Food is slowly spooned into trembling mouths
Pudding first
Always pudding first

They wear the pudding on their chin and shirts until someone
cleans the crust off
The menu is written on their shirts in morsels of shriveled food
Accessories like those mismatched buttons

“What is for lunch?” I ask
“Whatever they feed us,” someone answers

They nod and count this wisdom

I trace the steps of madmen back outside
I must seem a god to these withered men, for I can open the door

Outside I try to breathe free air, but the madhouse follows me there
I see them pace the floor of the interstates, looking for what they
know not

They eat what is fed them
They watch whatever is on TV
They mutter delusions to each other by cell or text

And nod and count this wisdom

While others stare at the door, any door
And know that freedom is just a push away

All they can do is rattle at the gate and wait for someone, for anyone,
perhaps a god among men

To open the door

Spirit of the Age

Behold the great colossus, who hovers o'er all things,
From whose stagnant well of thought all household ideas spring.
Down through every era past his congregation swells,
And on the lips of every age his prophecies foretell;

Greater glory with the morrow, and riches on the dawn,
Presents for his gifted ones that write his favorite songs.
Fame and beauty everlast, promised from his throne,
And with the flow of shifting fads he separates his own.

Grim the visage on his face, grim the furrowed brow.
Dark the eyes are grimly set beneath his rusted crown.
Vast, his outstretched arms contain all profane myth and song,
And from his horrid lips he breathes the styles of right and wrong.

Many nations gathered there, from every tribe and creed,
To hear his sound-byte sermons preached on qualities of greed,
How right and wrong must serve the man and God must serve the
race,
And works of all devoted faith must keep their proper place.

With benediction darkly blest he scatters forth his flock,
To build their homes upon the sand and shun the house on rock,
To mock all strivings of the soul and bless the works of flesh,
To conquer sin with sacred lust and vanity enmeshed.

Behold the great colossus, the lord of all machines,
In his knotted hands he holds the key to mortal dreams.

A vast, unfertile plain of fear that withers in the cold,
Within the land where he has reigned alone for ages old.

Behold, frail man, your lord and god, the king that you have
crowned,
Who plucked you from the stars above and cast you to the ground.
Take your baubles, pay the price, your soul his deadly fare.
The Spirit of the Age has come, his kingdom of despair.

The Godless One

I am the Godless one!
Hear my empty creeds
I bow to none or nothing
Behold my sordid deeds
Right and wrong like potter's clay
I mold for my own ends
What's good today is cursed the next
And only fools contend

I am the Godless one!
I preach the great void
There is none to cling to
All is devoid
Space is cold, earth inflamed
No angels trim the skies
I searched for God, I found him not
He is the great, "I Lie"

I am the Godless one!
Fear ye all who live
Don't barter for forgiveness
I have none to give
Two of your eyes for one of mine
I am the hand of wrath
More blood for blood more death for life
Will be my epitaph

I am the Godless one!
I am the self-made man
There is none I owe allegiance to
Beneath no flag to stand
This castle built by my own hands
With vast and empty halls
A vacant court, I lone preside

The echoes serve my call

I am the Godless one!
I ravage all in sight
There is no food to fill me
My endless appetite
One banquet set, one table long
The flesh and blood devoured
The crimson drink, the carnal feast
All praise the witching hour

I am the Godless one!
The king of all the beasts
A debtor to the father ape
That first climbed from the trees
I eat my fill, I mate and die
One link of endless chain
Survival looms impulse supreme
Luck, our queen who reigns

I am the Godless one!
I only see despair
I only grasp at misery

I only clutch the air
There is no love, there is no hope
There is only death and fear
There is no need for Hell to consume
I have found it here

Lament

What happened to this beauty of yesterday?
Who had all the high hopes of the world written upon her brow?
Where are the dreams that lifted high her spirit?
Where is the fire that made those eyes blaze with immortal radiance?

I see it still, beneath the dried clods of makeup
Through the smoke that drifts from a forgotten cigarette
Her eyes stare out, not seeing the drift of mindless consumers
Out the dirty window of the gas station
Some are old suitors that long ago fought to win her hand, now
they exchange sweaty bills for cheap cans of beer
They wonder how she aged so hard
And remember the glance that could slay a heart

But now she sits and dreams without form
All the live dreaming has died, yet there is something in those eyes
A remnant of that old beauty when beauty was young and full of
light

I see it still, in her eyes I see...
And ember, just an ember, of a fire that blazed long ago
My heart breaks for her, because her's will not
She has vowed it will not break again
So it will not feel
To break it must feel
To feel it must break

So nothing she feels, and nothing she sees
Out of eyes that flicker, that fade, that lose each moment a share of
blessed light
I dare not return, for risk I would see her again, and find her empty,
and know that in a world of dark, another light has died

Faith

Searching for a King

I searched for a king on distant hills
Because I longed to serve
Where I roamed among the wild men
In blood and ash and nerve
They banged their clubs upon the ground
And danced around the flame
But all they served was rock and air
And lords without a name

Because I longed to serve
I sought a king in towers strong
In palisades of marble wrought
And filled with epic song
All there I found were fettered men
In chains of purple rag
And bound to weighty tomes of law
Their placid figures drag

Because I longed to serve
I sought a king in broad halls of learned men
Lost among the maze of wise
And old the long bookends
The elders of them groped about
Their eyes blind to the light
No king among their rank I found
These watchmen of the night

Because I longed to serve
A king sought me
I saw him crowned in ragged thorns
And robed in mystery
I saw his bloodied hands and feet
He touched my weary face
Because a king sought me I live
A slave unto his grace

Little Cherub

Little cherub,
Sleeping angel,
On my pillow of the night.
Seeking refuge
From the dreams
That have startled you to fright.

Budding innocent,
Ever-trusting,
You rest in undisturbed sleep.
Perfect faith
In the silence
Of the house your father keeps.

I a child
Of God above
Can find no peace for restlessness.
The scourge of fear,
The mounting debt,
All stir within my troubled breast.

If I could be
Like you my son
Abandoned in your childish faith.
And know that in
The morning light
That all bends to the will of grace.

Then I could find
The gentle sleep,
A refuge from the fret of harm.
And rest in ease
Within the night,
Enfolded in my Father's arms.

Beyond Compare

Little sparrow on the thorn
Little dewdrop on the morn
Quiet ray of sunshine on the morning air
Little breeze in summer heat
Little flower on the green
But power in them all beyond compare

Dirty feet from outdoor play
Dirty hands from mud and clay
And a face that's smeared from eating messy fare
Dirty hand prints on the wall
Messy toys strewn in the hall
But a beauty in them all beyond compare

Honest work and honest play
Quiet love and strong embrace
Trembling hands that fold themselves in prayer
Working hands that feel the dirt
Loving hands to ease a hurt
And God is in them all beyond compare

New Day

More luster to the light
Wetter the morning dew
Redder the wine that bubbles
On lips that thirst for truth

More chill to the winter snowflake
More blaze to the summer heat
But greener the grass that moves beneath
The passage of my feet

Sweeter your lips, my beloved
Warmer your touch to me
Fonder the love that flows for you
From a heart that stronger beats

Brighter the light of sunrise
Cooler the forest shade
Deeper the thorn that pierces
The rose petals on the glade

Newer the life that greets me
Though older the wisdom I feel
Ancient the spirit that courses through
The visions that mercy reveals

Broader the wings that carry me
Through wider skies that I soar
Since He first reached his hand out to me
And I saw the face of my Lord

Pharaoh's Charioteer

Ten leagues of water lie over my head
Charge away! Charge away onward!
Ten Leagues of water and a salt-sea bed
Charge away! Charge away on!

I saw the staff and I saw the snake
Charge away! Charge away onward!
And I saw the sky and land forsake
Charge away! Charge away on!

We told them to make our bricks of mud
Charge away! Charge away onward!
Even as the Nile overflowed with blood
Charge away! Charge away on!

Ten head of cattle when he summoned the blight
Charge away! Charge away onward!
And my first-born son in the dark of night
Charge away! Charge away on!

We raged and we quaked and we cried, "No more!"
Charge away! Charge away onward!
And they marched away to the Red Sea shore
Charge away! Charge away on!

But hearts are hard and the will is might
Charge away! Charge away onward!
"Gird the sword and hasten to fight!"
Charge away! Charge away on!

A pillar of cloud rose up in the light
Charge away! Charge away onward!
And a tower of fire that burned in the night
Charge away! Charge away on!

One strong word and the sea was split
Charge away! Charge away onward!
And hastened we into the thick of it
Charge away! Charge away on!

“You are my pride! You are my sword!
Charge away! Charge away onward!
You are the wrath that goes out at my word
Charge away! Charge away on!”

Through the walls of the sea and we charged on
Charge away! Charge away onward!
To pursue the trail of the chosen ones
Charge away! Charge away on!

There is the end I see it in sight
Charge away! Charge away onward!
Brandish your blades, we hasten to fight
Charge away! Charge away on!

Ten leagues of water lie over my head
Charge away! Charge away onward!
Ten Leagues of water and a salt-sea bed
Charge away! Charge away on!

The Other Thief

Of lowly born and outcast I
Conceived in secret shame
On beds of straw and stone to lie
Through streets without a name

My only faithful friend the ache
Of empty mouth and hand
My only gift what I could take
A waste upon the land

The scorn of better men I bore
Who sneered at all my lies
And dared not at the temple doors
Conceive to lift my eyes

For me it was to bear the name
Of wicked, wretch and thief
No tears of pity or of shame
Were wept for my relief

Alone I lifted up the cross
That judgement made me wear
But that day others shared my loss
And suffered with me there

And one with eyes of boundless love
Looked at me as I cried
And whispered "On this very day
You will be in paradise"

Pilgrim's Song

We are pilgrims, wandering our way through an unholy land
Our hearts set upon a home we cannot see
Around us rage the trials of a wicked age, a sinking sand
Where good works are mired in calamity

Forever foreigners we are, wherever our feet may set
No land is ours to claim, no warming hearth
Where we can gather 'round the fire and find our happy rest
Nor any place we can call home on earth

Wander far abroad, to any wide path that calls out to you
See whatever strange customs the land may hold
Search the ravaged hills for every rumor of the good and true
Visit every city decked in gold

You will find that discontent unstraps your boots at day's end
And longing sits beside you at the fire
For we are pilgrims, our journey takes us further 'round the bend
And we wander 'till we find our soul's desire

The Old Country Church

Knee-high grass and the hot morning sun
He's walking through the field with his white suit on
His life is in shambles but he bears an easy load
For he's going to the old, country church down the road

It lies on the edge of old Cooper field
Just off of the highway, behind the first hill
The blue paint is peeling, the rail starts to rust
But the old, country church still stands in the dust

Half mile away you can hear the hymns rising
The melody's sweet and the words enticing
They're singing the one the old folks know
For in the old, country church that's the way things go

The children are dancing, the old women sway
They all give a clap and the boards give a shake
With loud "Hallelujahs" there's praise to be done
And in the old, country church it's all just begun

The preacher's in fits, he starts to perspire
For out of his mouth pours brimstone and fire
His voice cries to heaven and his fist thunders down
In the old, country church the "Amens" rise around

The judge from the city is sitting right by
The mayor of Jeffers adjusting his tie
The whole town knows how they hate one another
But in the old, country all men are good brothers

Now I've been to churches built of glass and great pride
To cathedrals so holy that even God hides
But there's no place at all on this side of the grave
Like that old, country where my soul was first saved

And I've been all 'round this world and I've seen
All manners of men out chasing a dream
And in every great city my heart longs away
For that old, country church where my true lover stays

I know that when my long journey is done
When the last fight is fought and the final race won
That somewhere beyond the last waves of the sea
There's an old, country church there a-waiting for me

The Songmaster

Have you ever heard the nightingale sing
On the rim of the pale, blue light?
Or guessed what echoes that dimly ring
Deep in the shadows of night?

Do you know whose brush was daubed in red
And splashed on the bud of the rose?
Do you know whose dancing steps had tread
On the valley first-covered in snow?

Do you wonder what hand shaped the mountain rock
With a blow of his thundering fist?
Or sprinkled his gold on the flaxen locks
Of the wheat fields that rise in the mist?

Who wrote the songs that the ocean sings?
Who taught the stars to dance?
Who painted the eagles' imperial wings?
And blessed them all in a glance?

Do you know the voice that sings in your heart
When from singing you cannot refrain?
It is he who fashioned all things in his art
The Father of beautiful things.

Only If

I can take the scorn of hateful breath
As long as you are my king
I can take the wounds that lead to death
As long as you are my king

The lies that they may throw at me seem such an idle thing
If I would only trust in you and as long as you are my king

I can bear the spite of wicked men
As long as you are my king
I can bear the jails they throw me in
As long as you are my king

I will not let the rage of man, their condemnation bring
Obscure my heart from your good hope, as long as you are my king

I can brave the doubt that strikes me cold
As long as you are my king
I can walk the dark night of the soul
As long as you are my king

I can wear the sorrow of a heart, when that heart no longer sings
The darkness is not dark to me as long as you are my king

I can stand the hammer of the years
As long as you are my king
And walk the pathway of my fears
As long as you are my king

In all of life and death there be no toil or hateful thing
That could ever tear my love for you as long as you are my king

The Stonemason

The hammer falls and a moan cracks my lips
The chisel slices through my soul
Rock from rock is hewn
The artist shapes, and I break beneath the toll

“No more, no more!” but the marble falls in flakes
Dust crowds the mason’s floor
Will there be anything left of me when he is done?
Am I to lose all that I have longed for?

In ringing agony the stone cries out
My heart is rent in two
But still the craftsman beats his hammer rhythm
As I weep to him, “Be through.”

He weeps the tears I weep
An artist that can see the heart
But will not relent his masterpiece to be
Until I am his living work of art

The Mustard Seed

If only my faith was of the mountain,
broad and strong
From man to man my deeds proclaimed in
canon and in song
There would no trial in earth or sea my
stone resolve to shake
For none in Heaven or in Hell my God I
would forsake

If my hope was like the Hebrews, in
captivity kept
When by the shores of Babylon their mournful
anthems wept
Then no grief could cloy my heart, nor
suffering betray
And no night could last so long that I
forget the day

If my love was like the angels, who dance
around the throne
Who know that God has counted them and
kept them as his own
Then fear would be a distant dream of
lifetimes long ago
To great returns of happiness my restless
heart would know

But my love is like a mortals, and hope
is often spent,
My deeds will not redeem a world, no
temple curtains rent
And my faith is like the mustard seed, but
none it has to prove
For though it's reckoned small and fine
it will the mountain move

Hope

Riders of the Dawn

The Riders of the Dawn approach
Unbar your city gates
Cast down your weapons from the wall
Prepare the feast that waits

Rejoice! Your coming victors ride
Rejoice! They bear the light
For on their winged pinions cry
The coming rout of night

The Riders of the Dawn approach
The twilight fears have fled
Sweet the blood they vindicate
Your soldiers dearly bled

The widow and the mother weep
The spinster shakes her head
For now the reckoned counts have kept
The number of the dead

The Riders of the Dawn approach
And hope rides in their wake
Behold the light they wear in crown
As earth and mountain shake

Rejoice! The old world passes nigh
No stone will mark their dead
The Riders of the Dawn have come
May Truth his glory spread

Heroic Love

There is a vision

That from heaven must be given

A love that bears no regard for worth

That pours from eternal heaven to water the cracked earth

That shines as a blazing star in the pit of night

Or warming the winter's chill by the blaze of firelight

It is the light house to a storm-tossed sailor

Who sees it shine from afar, and turns into the howl of wind for the safety of the harbor

It is shelter from the wind and rain

A balm to soothe the deepest cuts of pain

A word of hope

Or a rope

For one who clings with fading strength on the rock of a wet slope

It is water

To one who has wandered far in endless sands, and would barter

His soul away

For one drop of clear, sweet, liquid ecstasy

It is that clear, shining star
That we see from places far

When all else in heaven moves with appointed motion
Alone is still, unmoved devotion

And so unmoved of all the stars
Alone can guide the pilgrim from afar

This, most precious gift in all of trackless heaven and deepest earth
A love that loves without regard to worth

Beneath the Questing Moon

Beneath the Questing Moon I see what might have been
In a stronger age of men.

When dark tidings haunted the shadows of the broad hill,
And the young earth, bred of ancient wonder, gave forth her fill.

When the sons of man worked the plow and dirt, and shaped art-
istry
Through their hands, and seeing into the heart of stone and wood,
its mystery,
Brought forth shapes and crafted things adorned in beauty.

When secrets waited in the cool shade of sacred groves.
Secret paths wound through mountains and by unknown fountains,
deep to hidden troves.

When night watchmen still looked at the stars with reverence and
awe.
And watched the seasons progress and spin, and waited for the call

That stirred each to his action,
As appointed by the Song within his heart, and by the God they
sought upon the mountain.

Before we had shrunk to these pale and trembling icons of the
modern world.
That flag of radical mediocrity unfurled.

Before we had bound ourselves as slaves of suburban bliss.
Though still we miss

The places we had left behind.
And in quiet, regret the machines we traded for our minds.

Stooped and fully fed,
Only upon the familiar paths tread;

The scars into the earth gouged
Where once ran the wild herd and bit the plow.

Before the towers of dark monotony pierced the sky.
Before the Singers of the Dawn cried and cried and cried.

Before they wept
For all their secrets unkept.
Before the progress of man forgot to dream.
Before men lost their hearts, and no longer sought the questing things.

I saw this by the Questing Moon,
As bright within my mind as noon.

I saw a figure, much like mine,
But still with something in him that was divine.

A secret rapture that was God's first gift to man,
When he had first risen from Creation's sand.

Arcane power, mysterious and deep, flowed from this figure
That looked like me, though he the mightier character.

This figure stood in dark midnight upon an old hill,
From heaven the Questing Moon and starlight spilled.

His face, though young, was carved in ancient virtue.
The look that steeled his eyes saw all things true.

Taught in muscle and wired in frame, he held a simple spear.
Of his few things this most dear

He held close always,
Hunting in the night and hoping for the light he sought the true way.

Purpose filled his every cell.
Daily did he drink from that deep well

From which men take their strength.
And you could see in his unshakeable bearing he would go to any
length

To win what he sought,
And how dearly his power had been bought:

Uncounted miles through desert and drought.
A thousand nights sleeping in the cold blast of winter's mouth.

Through deep caverns of the dark.
By fire and trial his flesh marked.

Battle hardened, grim in combat sired.
On weary roads, winding through the dark, undaunted, untired.

There he stands, pounded in the heat of God's forge.
By hammers that mark upon the soul its courage.

There he stands beneath the Questing Moon,
Searching for the greater life, that blessed boon.

Deep strength is his, deep courage, deep might,
Shining hope that withstands all the hate of night.

Faith unshaken keeps his steady steps through all travail.
Yet it is love, the kind that doesn't fail,

Not feeble passion or wind-tossed lust,
That blows and shifts like clouds of dust;

Constant and true
This love of his that makes all things new;

The hidden secret of his power.
What drives him towards the dream through every bitter hour.

This man, this icon of a stronger age,
His footsteps deep and eternal upon the shore of time and space;

This hero, what I might have been
Had I lived in an age of stronger men.

Instead, here I stand, feeble beneath this moon of greatness:

Pale in skin,
Weak in limb,
Slouching and exhausted,

Graying, fattening,
Aching, trembling,
Dim eyes over-frosting,

Darkened mind, failing courage,
Hastening early to my adage,
Easing to decrepitude,
Comfortable and full of food.

In my hand I hold no spear,
Instead it's my fourth beer
That tonight I desperately drink,
So I don't have to think
About what I might have been
If I had breathed the air of stronger men.

But am I not equal to this epoch's epic weakness,
Manufactured men, plastic women, saccharine sweetness?

We built for ourselves a fake world, for we were not bold enough
For God's, when we gave up the sterner stuff
That men are made of,

And we chose comfort over greatness,
Pillows and sedateness

Instead of glory.
Traded in the myths and tales of heroes for those empty stories

Where nothing really happens,
Except some stuttering bimbo's friend's sister's cousin's best friend's
ex-boyfriend made out with... over and over again.

Why would we prefer shadows to the real thing?
Why be content with humming when we could sing?
Why give up on treasures for the trash heap and the lies?
Why insist in walking when we were really made to fly?

Because Glory burns and blinds,
Its heart-strength turns and binds.

Some things are just too good for the little creatures that we are.
Instead of soaring, we make ourselves content by ignoring the stars.

I hate this sinking fear,
So one more beer

Ought to do.
Maybe I can forget this moon

And all the wild visions
That it stirs inside me.
The fire and the fissions
That it lights within my mind with its agonies.

So one last toast, "To the Questing Moon and what might have
been,
If I had eaten the food of stronger men."

I know this though, this truth, and it shatters me to my core:
If I were really him, this hero born of adventure and war,
I would not moan the passing of the greater age
Nor dream of times that could never be reclaimed.

For are not great ages born of great men?
Or are we victims of the stars that coldly spin

Far above our heads?
So that this judgement may fall upon the quick and the dead:

I heard the Questing Moon proclaim in that fateful night
"Only in days of great darkness can there be days of great light.

And yet may heroes rise from this generation of the weak and apa-
thetic,
And in shallowness and unbelief may emerge the deep and prophet-
ic.

If only we would reclaim
What truly is our birth-right and remember our proper name,

And understand that greatness is not given,
But in sacrifice and lonely nights pursued and endless striven.

It is not a gift, but a treasure
One not made of money-things, but valuable beyond all measure."

Like the soft light of the Questing Moon, sublime and free,
That speaks of all that might have been, and all that yet may be.

Dancing with Devils and Angels

I wait for the breaking hours
As the midnight sadly tolls
And the feast my heart devours
Lays wasted in the cold

And I long for the voice of the master
Come calling down from afar
As we dance with devils and angels
Beneath the pale light of the stars

I heard his voice in the morning
When the sun made all things new
And darkness fled with the warning
As mercies settled like dew

Still, I bear old transgressions
Still, I wear the same scars
Still we dance with devils and angels
Beneath the pale light of the stars

We dance in the grove of the meadows
To the tune of the choir's sad song
Where I see through the valley of shadows
The mountaintop where I belong

And I see the hand stretched out to me
And I hear the voice from afar
Still I dance with devils and angels
Beneath the pale light of the stars

Some dance for new wonders untarnished
Some dance for the progress of man
Some dance for the green of the forest
And some for the Kingdom's great plan

Still I dream of the glories of heaven
Still I sing of things as they are
While I dance with devils and angels
Beneath the pale light of the stars

Next Year's Eve

On the eve of a new world rising
I heard a familiar song
That played with a strange, distant echo
And carried old heartache along

It rose with a rhythm and melody
It fell with a breaking of tears
When the angels sang Hallelujah
For all the lost world to hear

I couldn't help but notice
The poor men lingering there
And the women who sat in the corners
Combing their long, golden hair

They whispered loud to each other
So all could hear what they said
And they tried and they tried not to notice
The music that stirred in their heads

Some of the children followed
The voice of the music outside
They alone saw the rapture and vision
Before the lights flittered and died

Some of them cried out in laughter
Some of them wept in their hands
But none stood alone in the darkness
And none would misunderstand

That night, on the night of the music
The night we heard the stars sing
When we knew in our hearts the secret
Of all the world's beautiful things

And we passed our way from the meadows
And the cities and fields of man
To follow that path through the darkness
To the light of another land

Redemption

I dreamed a dream my father dear, of you in pain and toil, Severed far from honest work, that labors in the soil.

You walked out with hypnotic steps to buildings gray and tall,
And in the blare of industry you heard not morning's call.

You came home with a heavy heart and wished for better things,
To feel the blade cut into earth, and hear the field hands sing.
Persistent still and duty-bound, you strove awake each morn,
To serve your nation, God, and kin, and bear your hidden thorn.

And when the tattered banner fell from your bloodied hands,
As duty-bound an oldest son, I waved it as you planned.
I tread the awful, constant steps, as mourners of the day,
And watched those dreams of youthful hope, with sadness fade away.

But I awoke as dreamers do, in waking this life fled,
And all those things I yearned so for, were rotted, cold and dead.
I saw my former ways and means as vulgar customs kept,
And for those years forever lost, I mourned for them and wept.

Alas for me awakened now, another path I tread.
Another man is born in me, arisen from the dead.
For that place of gold and tears, so beautiful it seemed,
Has passed its way with morning light, and faded as a dream.

Hymns for A New Paradise

I want to see the world as did the first man
Behold the virgin dawn, while still the sands
And dust of Eden clung to his naked form
When on the broad horizon of that dreaming morn
Humanity awoke

What did that ancient man see in the rising sun
Standing on the misty plains of a new world begun
Spear in hand, tipped with broken flint
Gazing wondrous at that first glint
Of dawn

What to him were the stars and drifting herds?
What power trembled in his words?

Those first things spoken
Sound of silence broken
And shattered through his cosmic voice
Morning disturbed by a noise
Unheard since God spoke all things to be
And here within the simple casing of a beast
Lurks that same power

I want to hear the wind, fresh from the swirling deep
Whisper secrets that the darkness keeps
Plunge through the depths of the dark ocean
Where the chambers of the tide churn in appointed motion

Rise to peaks of snow
To touch the gates of heaven, and finally know
The words that angels speak
And see the cool of a cavern deep

And dance the dance of fire
And hear the song of earth's desire

I want to rise unpolluted
Pure and undiluted
I want to forget the thousand year march of man
And all of his machines and plans
The dusty touch of his smog
Abominations and fogs
In profane poison drenched and drowned
The flower in the desert ground
By the boot heel of progress

Tonight I sleep again with this hope
Tomorrow will not make me grasp and grope
That perhaps the place that gives us dreams
Will find its way through these roads and streams
Carved out by the slumbering mind
And there we will awake to find
Our dreams made into something real
And all those foolish hopes we feel
Might smile back at us
While we look down and see the ancient dust
Of Eden still clinging to our hands
And all this time, burning within us, raged the secret of man
That this young world, new-born, is still ours to attain
It still pulses in our hearts and veins
And burns on every breath and sigh
If we would but look with younger eyes
The eyes that see the dreams of the wind
As it stirs up those memories again
For us to hope for, and dream of greater things

Of the new day, the new night, the new spring
New autumns of a twilight ripened in the corn
Dew drops on the flowers of the morn
A bird song, with themes not comprehended
By this waking mind, nor the boundaries attended
Of these vacant thoughts
That wander and touch what its wandering brought

There is no notion or plan conceived
With any thought of mine, however well perceived
That may bring about such startling things to see
I can only trust what was, and hope what ought to be

Shall come to pass
And maybe then at the very last
I will see what waited for my blinded eyes
To see through the misery and lies

What now I can only see
When darkness covers me
And silent sleep
Draws me to the deep
And awakening in some other place
Some stranger sort of space
Through slumbering I rise to gaze alone
On light that once on Eden shone

Dawn

When we speak of the dawn we speak of that cataclysmic event that happens everyday

When the sun reveals the dark with light
When nightmares are put to flight

And we remember we are no longer gods

The world restores her storied color
The birds sing new songs in the arbor

And somehow the stench of yesterday no longer clings to the air as tomorrow's promise takes form

We see the future, unformed but true
Not a picture, but a sense, the voice of Christ who says, "Behold, I make all things new"

The dawn is hope

Free from disappointment and resignation
For what despair can last in the face of the rising sun

No matter how dark the night grows
No matter how gathers death's own shadow
No matter how dread and rank gather the slaves of the twisted meadow

If I could but last the night
With the bare memories of light

If I could stand true, uncarried by the currents of fear
Until the Watcher cries, "Behold, the dawn is here."

What the Bumblebee Considers

Behold the little bumblebee
It never asks, what does fate keep in store for me?

It works not mindful of the days
Nor consider how quickly life fades

It dwells not upon its sad place in heaven's plan
Nor moans deep in the night over the cruel hand
That harvests where the little bee works without end

Yet from flower to flower
Gently, over every bloom that twists up the bower
Never keeping track of working hours

Faithful, works the little bumblebee
And more than all the wisest men of philosophy
He is true and good and free

Carmina

Sing us a song of the night and day
Sing us song said they
So we sang them a song when the world was young 'round the dance
of the fire's flame

We sang of the dawn that fell on our eyes
We sang of the stars and the sun
We sang of the dew that first kissed the grass
And the hearts of our people were one

Sing is a song of the heroes might
Sing us a song said they
So we sang of the din on the battle plains and the glory that rides on
the fray

The cities shook with the sound of war
And our sails unfurled on the sea
For the heroes born to the sons of men
Would bleed for their destinies

Sing us a song of life and death
Sing us a song said they
So we sang of the tears and the blood that we shed and the fleeting
mist of our day

The old men thought on these ponderous words
As the stars grew dim in the sky
The oracles wept in the caves of the earth
And the rivers of yore ran dry

Sing us a song of heaven and hell
Sing us a song said they
So we sang of the march of victorious God, and the herald of Christ's
victory

And never a song from the lips of men
Pulsed so wondrous and true
And even the angels wept for joy
As they danced to that glorious tune

Sing us a song of the woodland field
Sing us a song said they
So we lifted a song to the rivers and hills and the worship of children's play

We saw in the forest fair, wonderful things
And cleaner than cities black smoke
We dreamt of a world far younger than ours
When our dreams and our prophecies spoke

Sing us a song of the glory of Man
Sing us a song said they
So we picked up our broken guitars and we strummed a hopeless tune on the fray

We sang of the stars that had fallen to earth
And we cast our eyes to the mire
But the crowds showed delight at all that we sang
So we played to please their desire

Sing us a song of the singing of songs
Sing us a song said they
So we wrote great ballads we could sing to ourselves and lift up the tune of our praise

But we opened our mouths to break forth in song
From our lips there came not a sound
For the beautiful source of the music had fled
And our songs fell dead to the ground

Make us some noise, just any old noise

Make us some noise said they
So we filled up the terrible void with our cry, for of silence we were
afraid

Our noise pleased the dark, to the dark we were cast
Our tears were the last of the songs
That we sang as the shadow fell over our eyes
And our totems crashed 'round the gray throng

.....

Sing us a song of the coming light
Sing us a song said they
So we limped from the ruins of all we had built to sing of a breaking
day

We sang out of hope, we sang out of fear
We sang for that's what we do
We sang once again for the dawn of the world
And the making of all things new

Life at the Edge of the World

Living here at the Edge of the World,
I see the people passing by
Some walk on, some laugh hard, but most of them sit down and cry

They cry when they see the emptiness
Of the gulf that yawns from beyond
They cry because there is no more earth for their feet to tread upon

The heat is too hot, the cold is too chill
The stars far too bright in the night
But living here on the Edge of the World, you live by the natural light

The wise men come here to gaze out beyond
The fools, to stare at their feet
The lovers will sigh at the wild, swirling clouds, while 'round them
conspirators meet

The rich and the poor, the young and the old
The powerful and the weak
At one point in life gather here at my house, the secrets of life to seek

And because I live in the Edge of the World
They pose great questions to me
They come bearing gifts and leave empty-handed, their treasures
slow-rot at my feet

I say not a word, my lips don't betray
That here hides the foul or the fair
For there is a secret at the Edge of the World, that with only the children I share

They care not for money or power or pleasure,
Or the key to long-living days
The children who come to the Edge of the World, come only to laugh

and to play

For them dance the stars, for them sings the wind
For only they hear the great Song
That echoes beside the unseen road stretching out past the empty
beyond

Their dance is of joy, their song is of love
And the secrets of life echo through
The visions they never will try to decipher that pass on the border-
less blue

They gather in hands too small for the mighty
Works of our mightiest men
Moonbeams and heartache and twilight shadows and cloth that is
spun from the wind

To weave into dreams on the blurred edge of sleep
That open the hidden eyes
So we too may look on all that is lost, and what lords of the earth
despise

New worlds are born, old nations die
The tired wheel spins and spins
While we sit here from our place high above and watch it all over
again

We wait for the night when the long sleep comes
When the dark passes over the skies
And we wake from our place at the Edge of the World, with the dawn
of the earth in our eyes

Vespers

Come from the long-far hillside, where the night falls down on the day,
I hear in the distant valley, the sounds where the children play.
And a heartache that trembles with sadness, weeps with its silent tears.
For I long that the days of my laughter could forever be lingering here.

I dream great things of the distance, a refuge from all of my care,
And I know my heart would be restful, if only I could be there.
But if I were to walk to that hilltop, and survey the wonders around,
That would bring only more longing to be standing on some other ground.

So further I wander and further, through unending field upon field,
And I search for that long-sought horizon where my heart can finally yield.
Like the perpetual luster of autumn, or the sunset that never will fade,
So this longing forever loiters, as if sadness for my heart was made.

Then I close my eyes to the night-time, so only the laughter remains,
And I am alone with this feeling that yearns to savor the pain.
And I silently dream of the meadow, where the children endlessly play,
And the day always dawns on the darkness, on my home in Heaven away.

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