

New Hymn

Source of all we hope and dread
Sheepdog, jackal, rattler, swan
We hunt your face and long to trust
That your hid mouth will say again
Let there be light, a clear new day

But when we thirst in this dry night
We drink from hot wells poisoned with the blood of children
And when we strain to hear a steady homing beam
Our ears are balked by stifled moans
And howls of desolation from the throats of sisters, brothers, wild men
Clawing at the gates for bread

*Even our own feeble hands
Aim to seize the crown you wear
And work our private havoc through
The known and unknown lands of space
Absolute in flame beyond us
Seed and source of dark and day
Maker whom we beg to meet
Our mother, father, comrades, mate*

'Til our few atoms blow to dust
Or form again in wiser lives
Or find your face and hear our name
In your calm voice the end of night
If dark may end...wellspring gold of dark and day

'Til our few atoms...be here, be now

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