

Christ. *

Over the earth & over the river
 I'm known to man as the greatest sinner;
 But those crumbled bricks in my hand,
 Which only the Prophets understand.

And the road across still
 And the heart, asunder,
 Beats, momentarily, like thunder,
 And craves for
 And then they pass
 And, naked, I stretch
 On the cold, green grass,
 Then open my hands to look for flesh,
 But lo, it's gone as I draw new breath.

The Star

* The very essence of your heart was mine;
 I bathed in it & it suffused my being.
 It bore me onward to the golden shrine
 Where I worshipped you, until, at last,
 I ventured from the radiant light of you
 Into the night, alone, my heart, alone,
 Chambered in rocks & from the night of you
 I was saved