

Long Low Bell

Tumbleweed Company

Long low bell
song I hear
far or near
I cannot tellThe chime rings true
in careful arcs
the quarter marks
to man are dueFor nowhere lies a creature dear
who holds the fear of fleeting timeBut trembling man
in soil and soot
wears hard soled boots
and weary handsSuch as mine
own restless limbs
that shake off sleep
in desperate timeSo here I lay as minutes pass slow
ponder past transgressions madeIn hopes that I
might repair
to what was there
before a mind

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