

# New Hymn

James Taylor

Source of all we hope or dread  
Sheepdog, jackyl, 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, brother, wild men  
Clawing at the gates for bread  
Even our own feeble hands  
Aim to seize the crown you wear

And work our private havock 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 be  
Our mother father comrade 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  
Be here, be now

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