The Window

Marc Russo

Now why do you stand by the window
Abandoned to beauty and pride
The thorn of the night in your bosom
The spear of the age in your side?
Lost in the rages of fragrance
Lost in the rags of remorse
Lost in the waves of the sickness
That loosens the high silver nerves
Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
Oh tangle of matter and ghost
Oh darling of angels, demons and saints
And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul
And come forth from your cloud of unknowing
And kiss the cheek of the moon
The new Jerusalem glowing
Why tarry all night in this ruin?
And leave no word of discomfort
Or leave no observer to mourn
But climb on your tears and be silent
Like the rose on its ladder of thorns
Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
Oh tangle of matter and ghost
Oh darling of angels, demons and saints
And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul
Then lay your rose on the fire
The fire give up to the sun
The sun give over to splendor
In the arms of the high holy one
For the holy one dreams of a letter
Dreams of a letter's death
Bless thee continuous stutter
Of the word being made into flesh
Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
Oh tangle of matter and ghost
Oh darling of angels, demons and saints
And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul, gentle this soul
Oh chosen love, oh frozen love
Oh tangle of matter and ghost
Oh darling of angels, demons and saints

And the whole broken-hearted host, gentle this soul, gentle this soul

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