

# 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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