The Kingdom

Jesca Hoop

All of the falling on the ground
holder in ground
I lay down a shrine
and I come with the autumn to tear it down
orange and brown
and I lay a soft down
for all the waiting old and thine
brethren bathing bones and brine
separate your light from mine
multiplyUnder the spell of full November moon
light on the broom
frost in my room
in through a window came a ghost I knew
oh she paid me a visit while I was in my bed
sleepy, she said,
"sleep as though dead
for in the morning you are called"
is what she saidTo the high desert all is raging
you must go to the battlefield
and follow the cry of men rampaging
and gather the ones that won't healDown through a cloud of smoke
to the promised land
many are dead
river runs red
for my god and for my king
is what he saidOh I came down to my knees
with my lips to his ear
my hand to his chest
his wounded breast
for my god and for my king
I will not restBut in the high desert
you are dying
for your god and his ghost and the son
do not hold to the earth
on which you are lying
for the kingdom can never be wonAll of the falling on the ground
holder in ground
I lay down a shrine
and I come with the autumn to tear it down

orange and brown
and I lay a soft down
for all the waiting old and thine
brethren bathing bones and brine
separate your light from mine
let go of the earth

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