Hidden Hand

Dry the River

I had a vision in the chapel:
Flame flickered on your forehead like an apple.
When the morning came,
I was enthralled by your movement.But I was scared, I wrote a letter
to articulate my thoughts a little better.
When the time came for speaking my mind
it was gone.
The garden's overgrown!
Is the fact of the matter,
and now it's just a field behind the house
where the creepers kinda swallow the light.
Where you wait for a talking snake,
for a calendar date -
something you can rely on.
You can steady the scale with my heart in a pail if I'm wrong.
When I was young and not a cynic,
I felt a gravity beyond the city limits
out in the violent heart,
I couldn't start to explain it.But all my lovers turn to friends,
and I'm in London singing 'If it Be Your Will' again.
When the time came for speaking my mind
it was gone.
I miss my childhood house where my heart slowed down.
I could take control of myself there.
Since our childhood homes are apartments, though,
I've been finding I don't feel the same way, now.

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