

St. Stephen's Cross

Vienna Teng

He was there the night the wall came down
He lost her in the endless crowd
In the shadow of St. Stephen's Cross

He sent cries aloft for his fellow man
His fingers slipping from her hand
The rainclouds prowling overhead

She was there the night the wall came down
She faded into that newborn crowd
Like a warning of what could be lost

Through the perforated night she ran
Her fingers slipping from his hand
And she breathed in freedom before daylight tread

They were there the night the wall was drowned
In the surging of that tidal crowd
An old world made new
On that same holy ground

She found him standing, looking lost
In the shadow of St. Stephen's Cross
And he closed his eyes and heard no sound
But her breathing warm against his mouth

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