

New Hymn

James Taylor

Source of all we hope or dread
Sheepdog, jackyl, rattler, swan
We hunt your face and long to trust
That your hid mouth will say again let there be light
A clear new dayBut when we thirst in this dry night
We drink from hot wells poisoned with the blood of children
And when we strain to hear a steady homing beam
Our ears are balked by stifled moans
And howls of desolation from the throats of sisters, brother, wild men
Clawing at the gates for breadEven our own feeble hands
Aim to seize the crown you wear
And work our private havock through
The known and unknown lands of spaceAbsolute in flame beyond us
Seed and source of dark and day
Maker whom we beg to be
Our mother father comrade mate

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