The Beautiful Axe

Woven Hand

The night holds
Holds a candle to you
I see you are a hummingbird
Living in the shadows of law
Cleave her to vivid of dreams
Picture before you
The living wordHe did ascend away
To prepare a place
Let the sound together hold you
To the humble he has given grace
From the proud he hides his face
From the proud he hide his faceJoy has come
It rises with the son
He the highest on the horizonJoy has come
In the mind that I see
Beautiful the axe that flies at meIn the yard
More than fourty birds
For to write upon my mind
We fall out into the street
As the last one flies
The last one in kindOn the morning of the second day
And old skin vision of my hope and stay
A flaw in the man whichever way
Thinking of his color

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