

Blumenfeld Hugh "Talking Island"

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She is the sugar of the islands
She is the coffee in the hills
She is the harvest of the vineyard
She is the river where it spills
Into the canyon
She is the ocean where it swells
She is the flashing on the water
She is the roaring in the shells
That says I know you
Though I am ancient deaf and blind
I am a simple act of kindness
In a world that is unkind

And unforgiving
Like the storm that grinds the stones
And at night among the shadows
Conducts the bleaching of the bones
And sucks the morrow
And leaves them staring from the ground
And the feeling the feeling that you're hollow
Is just the trumpet before it sounds
O you Islands....
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Music

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