

## **John K. Samson** **"Saint Cecilia"**

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Out on the front porch with a kerosene lamp  
See white-capped waves rolling five feet high  
But begging these memories for another advance  
Is like whispering love to the sky  
I have this picture of you taking my hand  
Sink to my knees in the damp, dark sand  
Take off all your clothes and we reach out in vain  
The light goes out as it starts to rain

Saint Cecilia, send me something simple and sublime  
Close my eyes and douse my head with red raspberry  
wine

The wind rises swiftly and the trees start to sway  
To take back the delicate words that you said  
Place me there in the sunrise of the strong, new day  
'Cause the light here is failing, these words are all  
dead  
Just leave me my cherished ambiguity  
I need it sleep with, I need it to see  
For all contradictions that I try to disguise  
Will rise up from my lungs, come to be baptized by

Saint Cecilia, send me something simple and sublime  
Close my eyes and douse my head with red raspberry  
wine

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