

Current 93

"In The Heart Of The Wood And What I Found There"

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In the heart of the wood
In the closed forest
Christ appeared to me
In several forms
One two three four
Swastika I'm told
On the Cliffs of Moher
I walk with Mary
Behind the eyes
Of his innocence or guile
The young old man talks
Of the brittle walls
That held his son
Pinioned pinioned pinnioned
Mary walks on the Cliffs
But not on waters

Then Christ appeared as wind
Mary runs down from the highwalls
Christ appears as flowers
Down longpath she walks
Christ appears as the rubble
That holds the stones
That holds the paths
That holds the feet
To the bones of the earth
If she waits
Oh if she wakes
Christ manifests slowly
As the dust on her eyes
Before she falls again
Into fields of sleep
(I would like this anger to dissolve)

And I wait for another
Revolution or revelation
It doesn't too much matter
If I see blood in wheals
"All shall be well" she said
But not for me
Not for me

The skeleton of the universe
Barbed wire of blues and stars
Remains unmoved
When the mother ocean covers me
I rush to drown
With her breakers

"All shall be well" she said
She said
"All shall be well"
But not for me
Oh, not for me

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