

Roger Glover

"1st Ring Made Of Fire"

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In the night within your eyes
Where blackness tells no lie
A hand was seen to fall
As it reached up for the sky.

All fingers had a ring
And each with nine stones set
Around. a halo shone
where truth and beauty met.

The first ring made of clay
Is old and cracked and worn
The stones are loose and rattle
Like a window in a storm.

The next ring of fire
That ticks around each gem
The centre glows with molten gold
That dies and lives again.

The third ring's watery flow
Is deep and clear and green
Jewels like sunny islands
Reflecting in a stream.

The fourth rings with the wind
As Chinese bells are blow
All nine stones in orbit spin
Destiny unknown.

In the night within your eyes
Where blackness tells no lie
A hand was seen to soar
As it tell down from the sky.

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