

Steve Allen

"Beautiful Fire"

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There She stands revered by the Mountains
Praised by my Heart
There She waits for Light to come
To meet her Tongue in Darkness

Such Monument of Bliss
All love turned foul
By the Manifest of Kiss
No doting found
Reaching hands to reconcile
Meeting hands to shield the Fire

There She stood with Eyes peered at Darkness
Her lips wore A Smile
The Flesh so true a vision of allure
A Beauteousness of Fire

Oh, call my Name right into the Morning
A New Day burning before Me... for Me!

Chest wide open
With naked Heart
I assent to You
Take me whole
My Treasured Sun
Be my Lightning Tomb

Burn in Me!

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