

## **New York Room**

### **"Psalm Of The Cherubim"**

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in amongst the beautiful  
morning veil of white light  
in a moments passing  
when we were both so young  
in-between the empty spaces  
of the unseen, unspoken, undone  
intertwined with the mysteries  
of the defied, defined, decided  
innocence coiled inside shadows of doubt  
intervals of silence and screams that cry out

my god, what have I become  
cherub, teach me how to fly again  
teach me the hymns that the clarions play  
write down the words to the psalms they say  
see me through this

suddenly gone from the sky  
into the light blue horizon  
beyond that of what we know  
to be the limits end

islands of secret hope go unseen  
gardens of reason wither and die

in a moment of weakness  
we can behold, believe and belong  
in a moment of strength  
we can retreat, retrieve, release, repent

my god, what have I become  
cherub, teach me how to fly again  
teach me the hymns that the clarions play  
write down the words to the psalms they say  
see me through this  
show me the way

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