

The 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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