

Rickie Lee Jones

"Cloud of unknowing"

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So he dropped the web of the spider of heaven down
through the clouds
All the way into the pool of blood at the bottom of hell
Far above in heaven a bird flies through the terrible
cloud of unknowing
Trust can make a man into a wood, trust can make a
man green

An everything that longs to be
Broken and small enough to see
To be held in his hands
To be a part and yet alone
Here he is, reaching for the speed of light
Here he is, reaching for the sound of forgiveness

Now wounding 'round the waterfront
She listens for a voice
A sign of Mother God, a sign of God the Lad

I long to enter you
With gentleness and compassion
But sorrow
Is always the open door

I know many days go by and I forget to look up at the
stars
I forget there are stars, I forget there is the rest
Thin threads of light follow you around
Through the pale blue, down your skin
Down your skin

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