

The Weakerthans

"Illustrated Bible Stories for Children"

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Morning bright, rise.
Go over your lines.
Iron your carefully crafted disguise.
We'd all like to sing.
It's easy to sigh; to sprinkle a handful of plausible lies.
Our buildings will rise,
poke out our own eyes.
Publicly smile and privately frown.
A weeping reprise.
Please hear my cries;
I'd like to pull just this one building down.
So turn off the sky.
Head in my hands.
Night keep me warm.
White window-sill.
Blinded by heart.
Cut my hair short.
"Eyeless in Gaza with the slaves at the mill."

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