

# James Taylor, New Hymn

(Taylor/Price)

Source of all we hope or dread, sheepdog, jackal, rattler, swan.  
We hunt your face and long to trust that your hid mouth will say again  
let there be light, a clear new day.  
But when we thirst in this dry night,  
we drink from hot wells poisoned with the blood of children.  
And when we strain to hear a steady homing beam,  
our ears are barked by stifled moans  
and howls of desolation from the throats of sisters, brother, wild men,  
clawing at the gates for bread.

Even our own feeble hands aim to seize the crown you wear  
and work our private havoc through the known and unknown lands of space.

Absolute in flame beyond us, seed and source of Dark and Day,  
maker whom we beg to be our mother father comrade mate.

Till our few atoms blow to dust or form again in wiser lives  
or find your face and hear our name in your calm voice the end of night if dark may end.  
Wellspring gold of dark and day, be here, be now.