

Luka Bloom, Soshin

The snow begins across the mountains
Covers the rice fields
Down below a woman awakens
Her breath is frozen in the early morning
Out on the freezing streets
With bell and bowl she goes
People come to see the face
People come to feel the light
Of an Irish Girl

Everything in the world is new
Everybody I tell wants to know you
Soshin ... Soshin ...

She washes noodles by the open window
Wet and soft between her fingers
The air of spring blows on her face
And the moment is eternal
Maura sits in the dark womb-like stillness
She's thinking 'How can I die or cease to be?
I am eternal, I am Roshi!'

Everything in the world is new
Everybody I tell wants to know you
Soshin ... Soshin ...

She may not change a blade of grass
Nor light the flame for souls to see
But in this silent Easter morning
She has found a friend in me

An Irish girl