

The Weakerthans, Illustrated Bible Stories For Children

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."