

# Vienna Teng, St. Stephen's Cross

He was there the night the wall came down.  
He lost her in the endless crowd,  
In the shadow of St. Stephen's cross.  
He sent cries aloft for his fellow man,  
His fingers slipping from her hand,  
The rain clouds prowling overhead.  
She was there the night the wall came down.  
She faded into that newborn crowd  
Like a warning of what could be lost.  
Through the perforated night she ran,  
Her fingers slipping from his hand,  
And she breathed in freedom  
Before daylight tread.  
They were there the night the wall was drowned  
In the surging of that tidal crowd:  
An old world made new  
On the same holy ground.  
She found him standing, looking lost  
In the shadow of St. Stephen's cross,  
And he closed his eyes and heard no sound  
But her breathing warm against his mouth.