

Whose is the hand that I will hold?
Whose is the face I will see?
Whose is the name that I will call
When I am called to meet thee?

In this life who did you love
Beneath the drifting ashes?
Beneath the sheeting banks of air
That barrenly bore our rations?

When I could speak it was too late
Didn't you hear me calling?
Didn't you see my heart leap like
A pup in the constant barley?

In this new life where did you crouch
When the sky had set to boiling?
Burnin' within; seen from without
And your gut was a serpent coiling

And for the sake of that pit o' snakes
For whom did you allay your shyness?
And spend all your mercy and madness and grace
In a day beneath the bending cypress?

It was not on principle
Show, pro-heart, that you have got gall
A miracle!
I can bear a lot but not that pall
I can bear a lot but not that pall
Kingfisher, sound the alarm
Say,