

# The Lord's Prayer

Roy Harper

A) Poem  
B) Modal Song parts I to IV  
C) Front Song  
D) Middle Song  
E) End Song (Front Song reprise)

There once was a man from the old stone age  
And he used to follow the weather  
But now he's got hung up on filling a page  
Upon whether to go or together  
And he's been around for so damn long  
With his whooping and wailing  
Crushing questions between right and wrong  
And impaling  
The best he can hope and the worst he can fear  
On the solstices of an illusion  
A massive erection of pushy defence  
Up the whole of the prosecution  
Great solace the wound, great relish the pain  
To be loosing the reins of a poem  
To bleed from the tip of my tongue yet again  
That part of my heart that is showing  
These children conceived in the womb of this crash  
To be the sponsors of nothing much more  
Than rearguard directions of crossfingered sections  
Of purpose pot - looking for nothing  
But what is this last desperate vestige of heart over head  
But another conjecture  
No more the tomb of the martyred dead  
Than the ghost of our parting gesture  
And a hundred billion crystal balls  
Represent a remarkable failure  
To swell the song each moment long  
At the counterpoint of nature  
As four thumbs flick the tarot deck  
And two tongues fork eight aces  
Maybe sixteen fingers feel  
The fool lives in two places  
Where rosy lee can read this tea  
And leave me living the story  
A white dove with a hawk's head  
And an open mind before me  
To sail for a land where life is a high  
Not a word to be heard or be spoken  
But the soul - woven web of the endless touch  
Of a child who could never be broken  
Who plays a new world on the brink of the ebb  
As the fish cats prowl in the harbour  
And now soars high on the beckoning tides' long arm  
To weigh his last anchor  
And the sou'westers sing as the lifeboat bells ring  
In the heads on the faces of changes  
The heavens collage on excalibres edge  
The star in his movie converges  
With fate, in his task, and doom on his brow  
And a ship in his eye in a bottle  
Who speeds, to force, to want, to have,  
To find, to further fortune,

Who comes from the north, west, south and east  
Of the passions of a spirit  
With all the flight of the wildest beast  
To ever spur a stirrup,  
Whose pulse is the master of action  
Whose heart is an everlasting secret  
Whose arms are desire  
Whose lips are welcome  
Whose eyes tell stories  
Whose head is a journey  
Whose hands unfold  
Whose feet fly  
Whose face is the stained glass window of a continuous orgasm.  
Whose being is mine  
Whose wounds are precious  
Whose poem is a flower  
Whose gentleness is the devil  
Whose identity is naked  
Whose magic is a gift  
Whose power is the transparent tapestry of history  
Whose stamp is a freak  
Whose wits are battles  
Whose cousin is dog  
Whose times are well fought for  
Whose stoneage is clever  
Whose poets know  
Whose music is barbarian  
Whose artists are helpless spherical mirrors spinning on the horns of a tidal  
wave  
Whose information is belief  
Whose complexes become religion  
Whose foundation is spread  
Whose word is god  
Whose books are projectiles  
Whose message is must  
Whose excuse is holy  
Who passed it down to me;  
Whose enemies are landmarks  
Whose fear is himself  
Whose hope is lust  
Whose wish is fresh  
Whose position is wary  
Whose mottoes are covers  
Whose name is hidden  
Whose nose is suspicious  
Whose technology is a tangent  
Whose strategy is dissent  
Whose thoughts are games  
Who shares his lot  
Whose ace is death  
Whose fingers invent  
Whose tales weave  
Whose knots are tied  
Whose mouth is open  
Whose ears pierce  
Whose direction is out  
Who is aware of disease  
Who feels the need to cleanse his soul  
Whose style is disguise  
Whose dream is innate  
Whose woman is soothing  
Whose little children are the delicate blossom of an orchard of electricity

Whose spell is for conflict  
Whose quest is strength  
Whose war declared  
Whose suicide is noticed  
Whose shadow is cast  
Whose vibes you feel  
Whose pedigrees are haunted  
Whose age is unknown  
Who takes under his wing  
Whose freaks are real  
Whose reality is hunger  
Whose words are jagged  
Whose tears are shed  
Whose sick hang  
Whose weak are kicked  
Whose cities are bad shelters  
Whose sanctuary is an idea  
Who sat round a fire  
Whose teeth chew  
Whose faith is change  
Whose old age comes quickly  
Whose youth burns  
Whose systems are white sticks tapping walls  
Whose prize possession is the planet;  
Whose wildest lust is escalation  
Whose cul-de-sacs are feelers  
Whose main route is massive  
Whose run is a dance  
Whose vehicle is fantasy  
Whose home is high  
Whose role continues  
Whose bearing is savage  
Whose saints are dead  
Whose sons bark  
Whose daughters play  
Whose strength is against  
Who grows in the sun and sleeps in the moon  
Who roams deserts, plateaux, mountains, forests and plains with vast armies  
Who am I  
The spirit of those who were not here  
And never knew it  
Who left this prayer to elope  
A lover's journey through it  
So children leave your windows open  
Across the sea  
Join our hands across the many land  
You and me  
Never grown old  
Seeing without ever being told  
Something to say  
Shut away  
Blackboard so grey  
Anyway  
I'm dreaming  
Out along the back row  
Out the window  
Cast away  
Be free with me  
Today  
Great heart mean streak  
Spare part speed freak  
I set myself a problem when I built myself a wheel  
I got myself another when I rode a horse to feel

The plains underneath my reins  
As fast as running water  
And the big lady I'm playing with  
Has played a game of poker  
With me and cat and this and that  
Until she scored my joker  
Now we ride in chariots  
By the side of one another  
Her soft side  
My rough ride,  
Nothing to fear  
The unknown soldier's grave is already here  
Is it too late  
To create  
A world made with care  
Is it there  
Or fleeting  
Here today and gone  
Tomorrow's child  
Looking so wild and free  
Are we a choice  
With no voice  
Can it be  
Great heart, mean streak  
Spare part speed freak