

Illustrated Bible Stories For Children

The Weakerthans

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 or 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."