Today a Stranger

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Today a Stranger...

Today an urban stranger
to myself remembering
hours before negation
death that bit of bone
consuming dust and element
of question sighs in the
winds then shrieks after
heartbeat thump thump
he is answered and we
mould
    still the stranger
is remembering hours
before negation the child
in sunsets burst with
violent violet flaying
only and night cricket
song and frog moan in
the child the eyes of
dawnflowers rise to imitate
the sky and greensong
floods mourning day into
night in the child's
heart before he fled to
urban swarms of twisted
masks before he joined

the unholy and tearless
chant of proud privation
blinded in the dancing
streets testifying to
nothingness he hears the
children sighing dying
alone
    and the stranger
who is myself measures
heartbeat waiting for
soft experienced winds
and while he chants despair
standing shamelessly aware
before the tender and
bleeding Spirit That is
God he knows that though
humanity is inhumane man
replaces man bless my
seeds O radiant Image
with the long lost Liturgy
of love forgotten now but
planted firmly in me I
offer You my sons O old
new Liturgy chant on

... John Murphy