

## Wonderful Wilderness

Coyne, Kevin

Settle your differences, put faith in the structured wilderness of ideal and heart and love and life.

Those who will change, will change, carry me over success or failure as a matter of course, as a matter of course.

The humble sinners' donkeys awaiting the start of a loving race without end, without end, without end through the Christmas, through the cuts, through the stares, through the jokes, through the jokes, the awful jokes, cry, cry your tears and renew your strength and renew, renew your strength.

Do beggars exist in modern cities? Can you help them? Can you smile at them? Can you charge them? Do you know them? Do you care? Somebody cares. God.

I shall never stop loving even when familiar darkness breaks wondrous happiness and pulls me to my knees.

Saints pray in their own way, pray. Let your sincerity ring, while arid eccentrics laugh for joy, dancing, dancing, helping love, help love and do it, help love and do it, sister woman sister, brother man brother, child giant children, help love, love helps the glorious wonderful wilderness, of machines, of men, speaks volumes for the white clouds of divine reason.

Saints walk past the home of eternal love, eternal love. Butchers wield holy cleavers, marchers march for truth, in the sacred cinema sits the children of the past made new by the future.

God bless the nurse, the handyman, the meter-reader, the policeman, the bar keeper, all who try for truth, for truth. God bless the proud father so that he might feel the truth about himself, dig inside till it hurts, remembering that hurt hurts, God knows everything, listen, listen. His brilliance is not a shadow, a mere reflection in a pool, He who made me fashions the minutes and minds my soul for me, bless Him. Bless Him. Settle your differences, settle your differences, settle your differences, God, settle your differences, no-one knows everything, everything