

## Two Sparrows

The Gourds

rest i denied to the savior on his way into the sun  
but i didn't taunt or ignore his condition as he came undone  
I only saw the tips of spears and the spit from the mouths of crows

his path is was filled with complicaters and suffering all alone

his innocence held such clarity Gethsemane still on his breath  
barefoot and burdened unjustly but love never leaving his breast

from this began my wandering, my punishment for the crime  
of standing still among an angry mob, all of them friends of mine

now our houses sag with sorrow of tomorrow's fate bestowed  
gnashing of teeth and weeping over what's been lost and what's still is

owed

Many come from the west to many here from the east

like birds alone with their songs

on the wires, the trees and the eves

I will give you the gold I stashed away

I will give you the fat of my land

My sister has two lovely sparrows

one in each of her hands