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."