

If You Were a Psalm

1.

When I hear your still voice,
I am for you a beautiful feast, a psalm
praising you through song.

Like some sad cicada,
I spin on the head of a pin,

my short life a shifting blaze
hidden in golden trees,

everywhere hum and amen.

When blood turns to love
and finally reaches air for the first time,
it darkens and then dies.

Yet in the damp grass, crickets still sing
though no one ever sees them.

I am your twilight forgotten.

2.

Love, if you were a psalm pressed to my lips,
a small song, you would hear my tears:

Everywhere inside is now night.
I am mixed with rain.

If you are none of these things
but a poor country of tents
and wanderers without voice,

I will still love you in the wind
whistling this prophecy:

Love is the other side of silence.
Its mirror burns eternity.

3.

Know that if I could leave you
singing the power of God
in lesser forms: blood, sex, dreams, poetry,
our psalm would name the dark abyss.

Death, love, must eventually
silence all of us.

Let me then cross your lips
with my small voice.
Let me cross you with ash and oil,
my tears of bitter myrrh
a blessing that voids

all emptiness.