

HE SINGS (St. Francis) #1

WHAT A STRANGE BIRD...
WHAT A STRANGE BIRD...
ALL THE FEATHERS HAVE BEEN PLUCKED
FROM HIS POOR WINGS
AND YET HE SINGS...

HE HAS NO NEST
NO BREAST OF DOWN
NO BRILLIANT CREST
OR PEACOCK'S CROWN
YET WITH HIS JOY
THE WINTER TWILIGHT RINGS
HE SINGS
HE SINGS

AH...

POOR NAKED CHILD
POOR CHICK
WHERE WILL HE GO?
THE FOREST IS SO WILD
SO THICK
SO FULL OF SNOW

HE DOES NOT FEAR
THE WOLF
HE DOES NOT FEEL
THE COLD
HE DOES NOT FAULT THE NETTLE
AS IT STINGS
HE SINGS

PRAISES
PRAISES
TO OUR FATHER
PRAISES
PRAISES
FOR HIS GIFT
PRAISES
PRAISES
FOR THE VOICE TO LIFT
THE WINGS TO FLY
THE INFINITE SKY
AH...

WHAT A STRANGE BIRD
THIS LITTLE BROTHER
WHY DO I LOVE HIM
AS I LOVE NO OTHER?
THIS FOOLISH CHILD
OF THE KING OF KINGS...

BECAUSE HE SINGS...HE SINGS!
AH!

ST. JOAN #2

I DREAM OF ASHES
IN THE CALM BLUE SKIES
LIKE WINGS OF FRANTIC BUTTERFLIES
THROUGH CHOKING SMOKE
HER OPEN EYES
"JÉSUS JÉSUS"
SHE CRIES

LIAR
PERNICIOUS
SEDUCER OF THE PEOPLE
DIVINER
SCHISMATIC
BLASPHEMER OF GOD
CRUEL
APOSTATE
INVOKER OF THE DEVIL
SUPERSTITIOUS
MISBELIEVING IN THE
FAITH OF JESUS CHRIST...

SHE IS NO MARTYR
JUST A SOLDIERS' WHORE
SHE LED A SLAUGHTER
NOT A HOLY WAR
WHEN HENRY WON THE DAY AT AGINCOURT
WHO DID GOD FAVOUR?
WHO WAS GOD FIGHTING FOR?

TORCHES
IMPATIENT
AND FLICKERING WITH HUNGER
IGNITING
CONSUMING
FINGERING HER ROBES
CRUEL
CORRUPTING
INSATIABLE INFERNO
FROM HER BURNING LIPS
NO WHIMPER
BUT A PRAYER TO JESUS CHRIST
"JÉSUS...JÉSUS..."

I DREAM OF ASHES
AND A SNOW WHITE DOVE
SPIRALING LIKE SMOKE
INTO THE SKY ABOVE
INTO THE VERY HEART
OF GOD'S BEWILDERING LOVE...

WE ARE DAMNED

WE ARE DAMNED
WE HAVE BURNED A SAINT

JESUS JESUS JESUS

GRACE #3

COME IN WALTER - LET ME GUESS
RACHEL THOMPSON CALLED YOU - YES
SHE WARNED ME SHE'D "ALERT THE PRESS"
AND HERE YOU ARE...CUP OF COFFEE?

YOU WANT TO WRITE ABOUT MY -
WHAT'LL WE CALL IT? -
"MIRACLE" SEEMS TOO STRONG A WORD
FOR SOMETHING SO AMAZING
SO ABSURD

CREAM AND SUGAR?

OH DEAR - YOU GOT YOUR NOTEBOOK OUT
SHOULD I START AT THE BEGINNING?
TELL YOU HOW IT CAME ABOUT...

WHEN I WAS A YOUNGSTER
I USED TO PRAY TO GOD
I USED TO SAY TO GOD

"IF YOU CAN HEAR ME
SEND ME A SIGN
IF YOU ARE NEAR ME
SEND ME A SIGN
NOT A BURNING BUSH
OR WATER INTO WINE.
SOMETHING SMALL
ANYTHING AT ALL
WOULD BE FINE..."

CHILDREN DO THAT DON'T THEY?
DIDN'T YOU?
WELL - THERE YOU GO! I GUESS IT MUST BE TRUE...

WALTER
I'M AVERAGE
THAT'S NOT FALSE MODESTY
IF YOU LOOKED UP "AVERAGE" IN WEBSTER'S
YOU'D FIND A PICTURE OF ME
AVERAGE HEIGHT - AVERAGE WEIGHT
AVERAGE TO THE BONE
MARRIED AT THE AVERAGE AGE
AT THE AVERAGE AGE

WAS LEFT ALONE

OH DEAR -
YOU ONLY WANT THE FACTS I'M SURE...

I WAS UP EARLY YESTERDAY...
SINCE EDGAR PASSED AWAY
I DON'T SLEEP LIKE I USED TO DO
I THOUGHT I'D GET SOME WEEDING DONE
I LOVE TO BE OUT WHEN THE SUN
IS JUST SNEAKING UP BEYOND THE HILL
WHEN THE AIR IS VERY STILL AND PEACEFUL
SOMETIMES I THINK I HEAR GOD BREATHING
THERE IN THE GARDEN
SOFT AND REGULAR
LIKE A CHILD ASLEEP...

NOW I'M IN THE POTATO PATCH
PULLING UP FINGERLINGS AND TOSSING THEM
IN MY BASKET
THINKING ON EDGAR
THINKING 'BOUT HIS EYES
HOW HE'S BEEN GONE A YEAR NOW

I'M PULLING UP POTATOES - DIRT UNDER NAILS
AND HEAVEN OVERHEAD
AND THE SUNLIGHT SLIPPING OVER THE TREES
AND I GUESS BECAUSE I WAS ON MY KNEES...
I SAID A PRAYER I SAID

I KNOW YOU'RE THERE...
I DON'T NEED A SIGN
I'VE SEEN YOU EVERYWHERE
I DON'T NEED A SIGN
YOU GAVE ME EDGAR
FOR ALMOST FORTY YEARS
SO MUCH JOY AND LOVE AND TIME
WERE MINE
I DON'T NEED A SIGN

SO I PULL THE LAST POTATO
UP OUT OF THE GROUND
AND I GIVE IT A TOSS -
AS IT LANDS ON THE TOP OF THE PILE
I SEE
IT IS JESUS ON THE CROSS
JESUS ON THE CROSS
AS PLAIN AS DAY!

WELL I LAUGH
I THROW BACK MY HEAD
AND I LAUGH AND LAUGH AND LAUGH

A FINGERLING POTATO
CHRIST ON THE CROSS -
YOU CAN SEE IT FOR YOURSELF
I STOOD IT UP THERE ON THE SHELF
I THOUGHT I'D MAKE A LITTLE SHRINE
FOR MY SIGN...

I DIDN'T TOUCH IT UP
JUST WASHED IT OFF

LOOK AT IT WALTER -
THE SHAPE IS UNMISTAKABLE
LEAVES NOTHING TO IMAGINE
EVERY DETAIL PERFECTLY DISTINCT

FOR A MOMENT I GAZED
INTO THE MIGHTY EYES OF GOD
AND HE WINKED

THE MOUTH OF GOD #4

SHE CAME DOWN FROM THE HILLS
HER PALE SKIN WRAPPED IN BLUE
HER MOUTH FULL OF STRANGE LANGUAGE

WAGGING HER FINGER
SHAKING HER HEAD
SHE SAID

Id! Id a los curas
Bautizaos!
Llevad esta cruz
por delante
y os salvaréis.
(GO! GO TO THE PRIESTS
BE BAPTIZED!
CARRY THIS CROSS BEFORE YOU
AND YOU WILL BE SAVED)

...WE SHOT HER

BUT SHE CAME BACK
SCOLDING
CLUCKING LIKE A HEN

...WE SHOT HER
AGAIN

BUT WE COULD NOT TOUCH HER
SHE FLEW AWAY

UNHARMED

THAT WAS LONG AGO
WE DID NOT KNOW
SHE WAS ONLY THE SCOUT
COMING BEFORE A GOD
WHO WOULD SWALLOW US ALL

AT LOURDES #5

MARY...
MARY
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO PRAY
BUT I MUST FIND A WAY
TO MOVE YOUR HEART
TO MERCY

YOU HAD A SON
AND SO HAVE I
NOW I AM TOLD
THAT HE WILL DIE

YOU ARE MY LAST
MY ONLY HOPE
TO SAVE HIM
SAVE HIM

I HAD FAITH IN EVERY DOCTOR EVERY THERAPY AND PILL
THEN FAITH IN EVERY CRYSTAL EVERY HERB
I HAD FAITH IN EVERY CLINIC EVERY TREATMENT EVERY QUACK
TILL FURTHER FAITH WAS PATHETIC AND ABSURD

BUT I HAD NO FAITH
IN GOD
I HAD NO FAITH
IN YOU

OH MARY
YOU WERE A MOTHER TOO
THINK OF YOUR BOY
THE AGONY OF BIRTH
THE BITTER JOY

HIS CHEEK AGAINST YOUR BREAST
HIS SHINING EYES
THE FIERCE DEMAND - THE PASSION
IN HIS CRIES

LOOK DOWN AT MY POOR CHILD
FROM YOUR HIGH THRONE
HE IS TOO YOUNG TO WANDER INTO HEAVEN

I CANNOT LET HIM GO ALONE

SEE HOW HE SMILES AT YOU
WITH LOVE SO FULL...SO PURE
OH MARY
SPARE HIM TO ME
BE HIS CURE...BE HIS CURE