

Within

ever since the days of yellow buses and rocket ships
that landed after lunar conquest
i have yearned to see beyond this skin
the bold courageous Warrior
that lies within

He triumphs over veiled conspiracy
the grassy knolls of hostility
flying headlong into the undiscovered
creeds of truth
and that's where i am
before the thoughts slow down
and the angels bring the grace of sleep.

this (one and only) God
knows my weak mortality
keeps me from insanity
my words in all their gravity
redeeming my depravity

nothing stops the Spirit's rise
above my feeble alibis
and in the morning
the beat of yearning has begun.
Sweet Jesus whispers still:
O Jerusalem.