

## KEEPING THE LORD'S NIGHT WATCH

my days are like a shadow  
over the river  
the garment I wear is a black sail  
those that pass by  
hold their tongues like shovels  
their throats are open graves  
in the valley they gather  
against me  
with the blood of the children of light  
in their sheaths  
quite alone I look out over the desert  
and I see the ambushed lovers of the moon  
falling off their horses  
I hear them crying underwater  
I see the innocent afloat  
with their eyes sucked out  
and I prepare  
bless the blindfolded virgins  
holding their breath in the iron flutes  
lord let these throats pass by  
uncut  
bless the wind over the water  
the wind among the mountains  
bless the horses and ships

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