

Five Dreams

Have No Doubt

and when it's all been exhausted:
the endlessness of infinity
the perpetuity of forever
the boundlessness of eternity
and *still* a second does remain
for you I'll steal the glow of moon from the bleakest night
I'll kidnap the shade of trees on the hottest day
and plunder the crash of waves of the stormiest of seas
lest you should ever wonder
if I loved you

OLD TREE

Old tree
Dark tree, sinister tree
I know 'bout you
And them secrets you like to keep
Behind leaves so green
And flowers so fresh
But that ain't nothing but lies and falsehoods
'Cause when the spring goes by
And that winter come
I see you for what you are
For what you done

That's right, Ol' Tree
With your branches bare
With your trunk scarred
You can't hide behind yo' leaves
You can't hide behind no *spring renewal*
'Cause I know about you, Ol' Tree
What you done
What you hung
From branches so strong
They held the weight of a man
An innocent man
A black man

Oh, yea, I remember,
Ol' Tree
How you used to give us shade
Used to keep us from the sun
When we made love
And you pretended you was our friend,
Our tree
But you was *his* tree
That white man's tree
And when that white man come
With that rope so thick
That rope so strong
You gave him a branch
You gave him an arm
And you let that white man steal a life,
Ol' Tree
You let him take my love

Grief of Ghosts

In the quiet of the graveyard
in the quarter light of moon,
fresh earth has yet to settle
and descend upon a tomb;
she slips the bounds of earth,
in search for one she missed,
in search for her beloved
and free herself from this abyss;
and another soul does flutter
he wanders gently by,
he's looking for his child
to whom he'll sing a lullaby;
and brother was a soldier,
he carries still his gun,
he's looking for the enemy
but here he finds there's none;
and the ghostly form of girl,
wrists still crimson from her wounds,
who in life did dream of death
but now the darkness will impugn;
and further in the graveyard
under trees of pine and oak,
other souls do gather
and wear night as their dark cloak;
they whisper to each other
and the air will catch their grief,
the living hear their cries
as moans and wails in
 night's soft breeze—
they're looking for their loved ones
they're looking for their lives
the ones that they believed in
and those they've left behind;
and in the quiet of the graveyard
in the quarter light of moon,
they sing a song of sorrow
of lives gone much too soon.

Sightless

Once when my eyes were lost to me
I saw as only the blind can see:
I envisioned a life of roses and thorns
Of song and sermon
Right and wrong
And in my forever darkest night
I saw my world in glorious flight—

And when he with eyes that saw it all
Saw that I flew and did not fall
That in my blindness I was free!
Released, unbound
In ecstasy
I lived the life that I could not see—

When he with sight remarked my truth
And acknowledged that it was absolute
He saw his life devoid of use
Of love or passion
Or life's abuse—
Into his corner he so crept
Bowed his head and softly wept.

And An Angel Will Lead Him Home

When once was lost a good man's soul
And he did renounce the promised home
When darkness pushed the light away
He vowed he would no longer play
When rules and law mattered not—
He sought a new way home.

When once his conscious led him not
And the words he prayed were all for naught
When God did turn his back to him
His hands were covered in blood of kin
When guilt for him held no concern—
He sought a new way home.

When once the love this man did hold
Changed in tenor and in code
When he invited evil in
When he committed grievous sin
When he spilled the blood of a humble man—
He sought a new way home.

When once an angel of netherworld
Ventured forth and spoke a word
The angel made a promise true
Of a place of blackest hue
Where fires burned in name of sin—
He found a new way home.