

*O Orpheus! you the first singer of holy songs
you who charmed oaks and moved the stones
sing through us*

whose music made wild beasts to lay down

Though the earth suffers
though seas and temperatures rise
and somewhere rebels lay to waste another empire
falling
though gentle men
in back alleys are beaten at gunpoint

though we could not save her

From the light we sing

we Lions
stand and sing
drawing in and out one coherent column of air

all hearts aligned invisible beating for one moment
men together making harmony

Though there is sadness in the world we are singing
this act a laying down of arms this place safe
Music sweet on the tongue
here we are brothers drawing breath drawing you in
Together the lift the fall

the shattering

silence

between notes

Listen the stopped breath
what you come for this too is our offering
the body's armour unbuckled by this touch the hardest heart unfastened
long held tears loosed
by the beneficent chord unfettered free

aching with what brings you alive by each note of beauty struck and made
whole again renewed this fragile song of heart
love stitched
out of empty air together joined in one sublime utterance
sustained as far as longing can reach on and on the one note that will save your life