

Hermes Dawn

Brett M. Wilbur, 9/20/93

Hermes dawn, our blackened shell
spins inward, the vortex of our Hell.
Alone, beguiled, dark winds rage
silence suffered, an empty page.

Hardened steel, our vessel dear
to hide away, our precious fear.
Wounded by those close at heart
seeking shelter, alas apart.

On bended knee, our bodies shutter
perhaps to hear our own soul mutter,
"Save us from this pain so near"
a burning cheek, a velvet tear.

Lightening flash strike mirror blue
winged feet dance crimson hue.
Tired, beaten, our bodies fell
imprisoned by our earthly cell.

First light touched our awakening
we quietly speed on angels wing,
through grid and wire, past guarded wall
to search our souls, to hear Gods call.

Placed side by side amongst our brother
torn and trembling, we soothe each other,
and stricken by unholy terror
we pray "forgive us of our own true error".

Into and through, with torch light born
valley of darkness, lost souls mourn
of men and miracle, one prophet walks
while leading us with sword held stalks

to slit the throats, upon fear it feasts
the shadow of our inner beasts.
Brave warrior, rich with Love,
guide us to the sacred dove.

Crescent moon, shine on his deeds,
to show us of our soul felt needs.
Messenger of holy Truth,
teach golden song sing sayer sooth.

Warm our soul sweet melody,
a joyful chorus, pure rhapsody,
against our breast, harp strings so clear
pierce our hearts, for us to hear.

Gods breath upon the wisdom breeze,
each cheek caressed, each thought we seize,
with open arms, embrace the night
the coming dawn brings Hermes light.

Love flows out flows back to me
ten thousand fold, my destiny.
The changes which I so perceive,
by the hand of God, I take my leave.

Head held high, I step towards life,
away...,
behind...,
the world of strife.