

Pictures At An Exhibition (1972)

Promenade

Lead me from tortured dreams
Childhood themes of nights alone.
Wipe away endless years,
childhood tears as dry as stone.

From seeds of confusion,
illusions dark blossoms have grown.
Even now in furrows of sorrow
the dance still is sung.

My life's course is guided
decided by limits drawn
on charts of my past ways
and pathways since I was born.

The Sage

I carry the dust of a journey
that cannot be shaken away
It lives deep within me
for I breathed it every day

You and I are yesterday's answers
the earth of the past come to flesh
Eroded by time's rivers
to the shapes we now possess

Come share of my breath and my substance
and mingle our streams and our times
In bright infinite moments
our reasons are lost in our eyes

The Great Gates of Kiev

Come forth, from love's spire
Born in life's fire,

Born in life's fire.
Come forth, from love's spire
In the burning, all are [of our] yearning,
for life to be.
And in pain there will [must] be gain,
New Life!

Stirring in, salty streams
And dark hidden seams
Where the fossil sun gleams.

They were, sent from [to] the gates
Ride the tides of fate
Ride the tides of fate.
They were, sent from [to] the gates,
In the burning all are [of our] yearning,
For life to be.

There's no end to my life,
No beginning to my death:
Death is life.
