

Winters Rest (A Sabbath Song)

3-5-22

The silhouettes of sleeping trees,
The sunset sky behind them drinks
Its final sips of daylight.

The quiet houses line the street,
The hum of traffic does not cease—
The wind of souls in flight;

In flight along the great bloodstreams
That weave through this concrete body,
Awake through every night.

Oh, nature's eyes, they grow heavy,
She knows when she must wake and sleep
And this, she does not fight.

But we, her children, make a feat
Of denying, best we can, our need
To lay down at her side.

My God, when Earth was made complete
You rested as if You'd grown weak,
Oh King of boundless might.

Forgive me, Lord, when I repeat
The sin of marching endlessly
With a world restless with pride.

My mind, it tires. My bones they creak—
Lord, teach me well my limits peek
And with you, I'll abide.

Eve's Machines