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Blind Willie Johnson – (dead)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yRG16Twebvc>

or

Bruce Cockburn - (live)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tYOz-turJ3g>

“Soul of a man”

I went out on a street of stones
shoot through my body and bones
grinding on a beaten tack
a drum in my chest
and another in my head
I pushed through
the wind and rain
the hurt and loss of pain
I washed my sore feet again
but tell me
how I came to be
dressed in rags and poverty?

something got me going
like words inside my head
sprouting limbs of seasons
horizons with no end
wished and withered
to follow an apparition
to glance into the sun
I beggared my knees to keep
the faith and trust to meet
another soul to greet
dressed the same as me
in solemn honest dignity
but tell me
where did I go wrong
did I just pass where I belong?

days are long gone now
when youth was spirit full of lust
now I turn and rip my body

try to see what I must
sweep away the dust on my shoes
gather my pen and paper
when searching some light to taper
hold on to my temper
keep my word as true
sacred my greeting of you
but tell me
where did we meet
what was your name again?

dark the nights and in dreams of late
I've stumbled, tired, weak and weary
wandering if it all is to late
to find a peace and mate
maybe a will to cease
find a release into relate
to that wish is untold
as each step will unfold
in hollow hunger true despair
struggling for air within a breath
but tell me
can you hear the wind howling
will you stop and listen, if I try to speak?

I follow my feet and mind
a longing I've rarely seen
untouched and closely kept
with the pulse of in-between
I mend the broken fences
the outworn muddy shoes
dressed in coat and breaches
I change anything I can use
wiping sweat from my body
working hard into the night
sleeping less and less
trying to put off the fight
to really see the words I write
but please tell me

is this all I can be
if the road is long and lonely?

I trash in cold and fear
my ailing is severe
enough to be rid off
just try to stay clear
when I strip naked
and reach towards the sky
the lightning hovers
fingers strangely near
grasp is such - a tool
but all is not as it seems
I'm trying to go to battle
in an unwilling dual
but tell me
please someone just
who is that poor being
which screams?

“Answer if you can
what is the soul
of a man?”

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

Författaren Nightngale med Poeter.se id #4750 innehar upphovsrätten