

MYSTERY

Go
to the meadow in spring
and tell me why it's beautiful,
or to the turning leaves
To find out why they grieve.
Why ask such things, you say,
when the answer is a mystery,
a thing that cannot be said?

Because
one day you will hold the hand
of one who should not be dying,
kiss the hair
of one who should not hurt,
and you will want to burn away
the myths that once gently
held you safe and warm.

Then
neither dogma nor reason
will keep you from the chaos.
Pain, like beauty,
will be silenced by neither.
Only those who know mystery
can last the night and still
love the sunrise in the morning

So
go to the woods, and the river.
Learn the sound of their voices,
so that when the angel comes
to touch your broken lips
with a burning coal
you will not prophecy.
but sing for dear life.

Sing
songs learned in the wild.
Those strange untamed melodies
that still hold mystery
raw and quivering
between their tender notes,
and are whispering
that the world may yet grow kind
again.

- JOHN BIGLANDS