

Gleaning In The Fields Of Light

And So I Sing

By Ken Woodley

And so I sing

a broken song

of fragment notes

and shattered melody

splintered on a wooden cross

and smashed

beyond repair.

And yet I sing

this broken song

because this broken song

sings the broken song of me,

my broken song of shattered notes

and fragment melody,

splintered on a wooden cross,

smashed beyond repair,

about a sun that's rising
into a broken day
from the fragment dreams
of a shattered night
that had no hope of dawn
because there were too many
hammers
and too many
nails.

Until
there were none at all
and the broken sun
kept rising
into my broken song
and yours
and we shone
through every fragment note
and shine through all
the shattered melodies

no longer splintered

on a wooden cross,

nor smashed beyond repair.

Now even the broken darkness sings

the persistent song

of a rising sun

that warms our wondrous scars

and paints them on the sky.