

Praise Be

Praise be to these hands
To them I owe so much
Praise be to all our friends
Who we love to touch
and to our great bright father stars
Exploding ever on
Praise be in effigy
From his burning son.

To creation and destruction
and its undivided reach
More intimate than relative
Connected each to each
and to the useless journey moon
Whose light is not his own
Praise be in elegy
That's gone before it's known

Praise ~~be~~ to the Revolution
Of all the slaves we own
Praise be to the destitution
Of our every home
and in the turning of the wheel
and learning of all laws
Praise be in eulogy
To all that never was