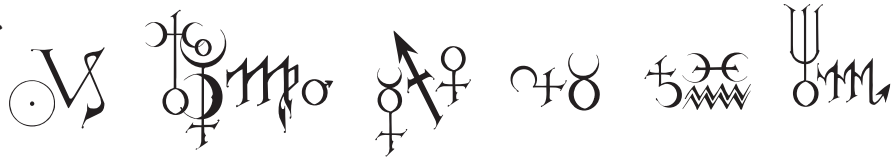


Eddie



More slowly these days the spiral stairs,
Weighed with worries / stories / cares –
At the window room with a view,
Heaven's mercy overdue.

Sized up fairytales / read the allegories,
Picked Kant's lock on reason's categories –
Sent hearts into deep delighting,
Waves of love and hope inciting.

Tossing turning every place,
Sacred timing / Voltairean space –
Too real / too Earthen to ever quit,
Together alone / a candle lit.

To whom else might the children turn,
No one needs tell what they yearn –
Sweet savior with your open hand,
Peace and happiness through all the land.

