

A Singer's Prayer — Wolfgang Somary

Tinder of life in the fire I glow,
wind of the free in the breath that I blow,
ploughman on horseback on earth that I fill,
sail of my hope on the ocean I spill,
sum of all sounds, you beyond names,
tongue of my silence and cadence of flames:
sing through my throat, oh make me your flute —
my pulse be your cymbals, my heartstrings your lute.
Lend me the hum of an eagle in flight,
a comet in snowdrift to brighten your night,
the crown of an elm to shelter your birds,
tune me to sing you a song without words.

Helios, Thalàssa, Gaia and Ùranos —
hail elementals in sapphirine space!
Hail Stella Maris, lux matutina,
heralding dawn in aether's embrace!
Sound me to song at the sun's eclipse,
silver my tone and salt on my lips;
then when the carmine hibiscuses dim,
fan them to glow in the OM of my hymn.

Make of my pharynx a Florentine trumpet,
my tongue Atalanta winning a race,
lend me the serpentine breath of Aeolus
and the dancing acacias of Orpheus in Thrace.
Then will I sing where acorns in Erin
drop from oaklands into the surf —
there where I held the hand of Eurydice,
walking through Burrens of heather and turf.

Oh Pater Mundi, pardon this prayer —
pagan the pen that christens my creed:
my throat is a conch in San Juan de Bahìa,
my song: Korè's asphodel blown into seed.

