

## Psalms for the Fallen World

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### 1

For when we come we must come  
alone. Not with crowds or joyful  
laughter or with the taste  
of a lover on our lips, no. We will come  
like this. 2:30 a.m. damp with sleep,  
and fever, children emerging from  
the night terrors blinking and  
shivering. Still trying to remember  
and forget, inarticulate. Waiting.

### 2

And yet we will come together, unaware  
staring at our own hands, amazed at their size,  
thinking they are wings. We come  
eyes down palms up, speaking to ourselves  
in low tones. Shoulder to shoulder on the same  
narrow road, cars parked on the curbs. We  
will come out of the boxes we had built

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to protect ourselves, from cold and rain, each  
other, you. And Lord, it will have been  
a long time since we have done  
anything but wail our sorrow and our need.  
And yet we will come muttering in combinations  
without structure or form or even sense  
that we could ever know. Syncopated. Already  
the sirens wail in the western parts of town  
and they will cry all night. Already  
the bedclothes are thrown back. We come.  
We lift our chins and open throated, sing.