**Saint**

Send me down, oh holy spirit, to shower angelic feel,

To usher in a new religion and unify repent.

The locusts are out of hand this time,

And now they’ve reached the Garden.

But I bring news of good tidings and better days,

And hope against our devils.

To convey truth is to speak in tongues

Lost to gluttony and unrest,

So, to write is to rally in the know,

To be a Hermeneut for progress.

This rock we ride around the sun

Is the blood of communion wine,

And all of us are of the flesh

To see a future time.

To write is to beg for pious peers,

And promise better tomorrows.

To lust for hope, enlighten doubt,

And alleviate worldly sorrows.

I pray for days free of sin, and lacking pain and strife.

Though regretfully I write so that you may hear

the Earth weep

and your kin crumble.

To hear the truth is a pain to bear,

So, I write to feel closer to you

And bridge the great divide,

To mend the bond and recompense

Over ignorance and lies.

The Garden is now still in reach,

Awaiting our mutual grasp

As we walk into the future

Hand-in-hand and polychrome.