Jerusalem IV

you have saved me for nothing

allowed me to slip between the bars of my cage

and what have i learned —

to slide between silken sheets?

to pour honey down my open throat?

i would sooner walk naked through the fields of glass

those shards of purest pain

with which you once blessed me:

i have named them all.

and where i have sown your seed

that which you fear has arisen, blame no one

but the maker, dark and distant though he is

will you not reward me now

with the skill you have promised?

if not, return me to my misery

for there at least, i know myself

and as the fingers of ice clutch at my heart

i will bite off my tongue

before i ever let my aching self

call out your secret name