

## Start Again

*there are times I feel like crying  
just to see what we've done  
to each other, and then*

*there are times I feel like laughing  
just to know that with love  
start again start again*

was it a tyrant sun  
who bent your back to the ground?  
was it an angry wind  
who cut the lines in your face?  
was it unyielding rain  
put out the fire in your eyes?  
or was it the law of the race  
that kept you in your place?

few people ever heard  
that Jesus played a dulcimer  
danced on a windy beach  
or sang songs of love  
few people ever heard  
how he once sailed out to sea  
or how a gentle Jewish mother  
saw her child nailed to a tree

the landlord retired forever  
on a pension of curses and dollars  
while the grey flannel drunkard ran free  
whistling a ballad off-key  
and Chopin, a reed in the wind  
he came to finish his days in the sun  
he said "Let not one speck of sand  
slip through your hands without knowing"

in the book of the ages they have written  
"Let your lamp burn strong from the hills"  
Baghdad, Rwanda nearby  
how the fires burn to the sky  
no barley for soup for the spoon  
no wonder we reach for the moon  
in the smoke of the battle you'll see me  
on the corner singing songs

Paul Lauzon