

For the Young Men to Sing

we are all sons of fathers and mothers
we are all sons

singing

we are all rivers
the roar of waters

what is the world to us?
who can we be for the world?

there is a star at morning and one at evening
they are no more the names we give them
than we are

everything singing beyond itself
beyond the names we love (O love) to give them

everything swelling beyond its powers
everything lifted up in the singing

we are sparks that scatter through the world
from original fire we come

we are the flow of sky and its unfolding
we are hundreds of hoofbeats on hard ground

sometimes no home for us on the earth
no place to lay our heads

if you could know for one moment
how it is to stand in our bodies
within the world

you ask too much of us
you ask too little

everything brimming in us
everything dark in its barrel

we are
be

we are
become

we are
bless

we are
dream

we are all sons

singing

for music by Craig Hella Johnson