

## 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*