

We Had a Hanging Last Night

ALAN DAVIES

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In the harsh hanging of hope up
In the hurried hanging of God on tree
Making mistakes
And asking perverted questions
Of the dry land
We've all hung something
Harsh and hurried
up

Merry muted notes of bird
Hang on the wind
As the man hangs limp
On the tree

But from him no notes
No merry notes
Only God forgive
No muted notes
For they know not
No notes on the wind
What they do
Not on the wind hung
But on a tree hung
by you
by me

amen