

Miserere

the shapes of the waves
shall come close to me
so lost in the memory of seeing free
as you will be so true in the light of the strange new day
the cold and the shame
the new space for me
bring me fast bring me softly
she stands so still
to rise and turn to thee
far from the time and burned to stay thousands of miles far from the fields
as if you came to stand in the light of the rain
the wind of winter freezes your soul
to say why she broke the chains
to run so far in vain
to be at peace
as if sixty-three suns came so to shine
so still
so far away
she sleeps
miserere nobis
so she sailed beneath the clouds
drowned in the slow movements of the waves
come to me now
the days last two thousand hours of rain
so be a fairy tale
a memory of love
the strange new day drops me in the dark
in the memory of thee
so cold and so fast
please stay close to the sand
the fear is past she brings me close to the shore
she dives
bring me fast bring me softly
nunc
miserere quaesumus
the shapes of the waves
miserere quaesumus
the cold and the shame
she stands so still
she broke the chains
miserere quaesumus
the strange new day
so still
bring me far bring me softly
the strange new day
the fields

Miserere

she stands so still
to rise to tell me
he fell from the highest rains
she stands so still
miserere
no fear no more sound
she stands so still
into the light
sancte et immortalis
the light failed to shine through
she stands so still
into the cold
still
miserere
drowned
she stands so still
the wind of winter freezes your soul
she stands still

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