

# YHWH

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I am the might before the sword  
The tremors in the spear shaft  
I craft my ways from blazes of firestorms  
Absorb the failings of deadened ends  
To render the floors I dance upon  
I am the spaces between applause  
The roars of hearts running through Heaven's halls

I breathe the forms of light and silence  
Stall the course of cosmic riots  
I am the glory of the giants Manaslu / Sagarmatha  
Watchmen of the Asian plains  
They yield my name  
Made famous through the cries  
Of albatross flocks enflamed in Pacific fires

I am dressed in the spray of Nevada dunes  
Clothed in the shadows of Sahara caves  
I am the light of lunar flames fleshing the rains of Amazonia  
I paint the trains of Antarctic quests  
Release dominion to desert Panthera

I authorise the remains of Aztec and Inca  
That bloom through the visions of mountain tribes  
I ride the skylines breathe the signs  
Ignite the paths of astronomy's eyes  
I am the unheard heard in the storms that burn on my words  
I am the yearned for  
I am the Word

I emerge deciduous from the wetlands of your cries  
Rise through the moments you wake  
I bring the dawns that shake the fevers from your remembrance  
I am here  
I am imminent

I am he who crosses the plains through which you strayed  
Discover the parts extinction seared  
I dust away the dried remains of tears  
I drain the lakes of your regrets  
I wet the wells  
till the soil  
Placate the toil  
quell the rages  
Sew the broken pages  
With my belief in you

I bring the you you have never quite met  
I am the desire that keeps your pillow wet

I am the heartbeat you seek when you chase after dreams  
In the reachings and sighs you are looking for me

In the body touching body  
It is me you seek  
In the groans and the longings  
It is me you seek  
In the yearning dream  
In the need-to-be-seen  
In the love-me love-me  
It is me you seek  
In the breath-drop wonders  
In the gasping hunger  
In the touch of a stranger  
That makes you feel younger  
In the books and the fables  
In the this-is-me labels  
In the is-this-me?  
Is this me?  
In the hear-me hear-me  
Say-my-name  
In the touch-me need-me find-me need-me  
In the aching pain  
In the love  
In the music  
In the beats  
And the taste  
In the heat  
In the need  
And the need  
For embrace  
In the colour  
In the gaze  
In the meaning  
The desire  
In the flame  
Of the voice  
And the spirit  
Of the fire

When you cry for more my name you weep  
I am he who waits for you to reach  
I reach for you and wait  
When you lie half broken and awake  
I am the watchman of your sleep  
I wait and wait til the shakings cease

I am the Truth they call release  
When the darkness flares and starts to speak  
I sculpt the shades of daybreak  
It is me you seek