

## There Is A Crack In Everything

*after Leonard Cohen and St. Giles'-without-Cripplegate*

so many cracks where the gods get in –  
tiny as ants, huge as the idea of time,  
holding down the universe with their knotty hands,  
holding their hands over your lips,  
clacking their cosmic fingernails on your teeth,  
crawling all over you, cradling you,  
elfing your hair in knots,  
taking names in vain, speaking the trees  
back out of the asphalt, making you  
into something capable of conceiving,  
yes, The Divine,

in a teacup,  
in a duck, in blue-dyed water,  
bluetooth speaker, bike, bench,  
orange peel drying out on the floor,  
drunk on the joy of being eaten, rusted screws  
bleeding red on the aircon  
of an old, old church  
full of the skeletons of important men,  
concrete, concrete, concrete,  
marks made by years and years of hands,  
of strikes, of things in the deep down dead of it,  
burial grounds and theatres, Roman walls  
sunk up to their necks in history,  
weavers and loom-spinners  
spun out into nothingness,  
lives burned down, bombed out,  
bards' heads up to the ears in pints,  
wasteland and wonderland and wilderness,  
tombstones to sit on,  
and the looming-over glass,  
with its shadows locked behind,  
desperately reaching up further  
than it should, desperately keeping out the wind,  
desperately shining out the song  
*we are staying*

*we are staying*

and then the whisper of the truth  
at the heart of it all, those little gods  
smiling on the wind and everywhere:  
*no, pass on*