CXC
- a psalm of Godric -

- You load God down with empty praise.  
  You tell him sins that he already knows full well.
  You seek to change his changeless will.

Yet Godric prays the way he breathes,  
for else his heart would wither in his breast.

Praise the Lord way up where Wear and welkin meet and all's azure and shining; where heights and angels pour forth synonyms – air and water interchangeable – where sky and river spring; where silent stars and rocks of light are shouting: currents above and currents beneath.

Let them praise the name of the name who spoke their grit, their orb, their splash; and promises are promises are promises when named by the name not passing or beginning:

As the deer pants for Wearside and wet I’m here yet wishing there. That place within earshot of the endlessly spoken: the name of the name.
And saltwater is my only sup and the leaves in the trees are shrieking blasphemies; the wind echoes utterances of an absence that (for shame) I would were left unspoken.

And the grooves on the kop that were carved with kneeling, where the Wear and the woodland joined my singing. They are empty temples shallow pits their clay become dust and the river and the trees are chaos their sound scatters the flight of a thing without meaning

sing wear rushes streaming; sing debris floating; sing dirt congealing. Sing fog and freeze and sun and shade; sing in the sonorous mild most mornings; sing oak and bush with no berries and nettles that bite; sing molehills; sing stones in sandals; sing cows, and crickets too loud at night and cockerels too early.
and the grooves reject my knees no comfort
there
that place where we were
wed in praise unwearied
now numbed into my forehead backhead
temples
echoing only the
badness of things
discordant chime
with the heavywet grey of the riverstone
throbs beneath my Adam's apple
the slow sound of rot behind my left eye
right eye causes me to sin

Sing Jeff down the path and Mary upstream.
Sing boring uncle; sing pestering child.
Sing Bognor Regis; sing Sutton-on-Trent;
sing Slough and all its humans now.

And the name is the name
sings through it all and to it all; and
creation's a reed-pipe rescued from the
bulrushes – rendered gold
and brought near and sounding clear and held
in pierced hands.

- "Praise, Praise!" I croak.

In God's name Godric prays. Amen.