

Father, I stay alert and persevere

in prayer,

interceding on behalf of all the

saints.

I pray for fellow brothers and

sisters in Christ who are persecuted

because of the Gospel.

I ask You to give them powerful

words to speak,

that they may open their mouths

boldly and courageously as they

make known the mystery of the

Gospel of Jesus Christ.

(Ephesians 6:18-20)

1 The Lord is my shepherd;

I shall not want.

2 He makes me to lie down in

green pastures;

He leads me beside the still waters.

3 He restores my soul;

He leads me in the paths of

righteousness

For His name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through

the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil;

For You are with me;

Your rod and Your staff,

they comfort me.

5 You prepare a table before me

in the presence of my enemies;

You anoint my head with oil;

My cup runs over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy

shall follow me

All the days of my life;

And I will dwell in the house

of the Lord

Forever.

Alone I stare into the frost's

white face.

It's going nowhere, and I-from

nowhere.

Everything ironed flat, pleated

without a wrinkle:

Miraculous, the breathing plain.

Meanwhile the sun squints at this

starved poverty

The squint itself consoled, at ease...

The ten-fold forest almost the

same...

And snow crunches in the eyes,

innocent, like clean bread.

Let us praise the twilight of

freedom, brothers,

the great year of twilight!

A thick forest of nets has been let

down

into the seething waters of night.

O sun, judge, people, desolate

are the years into which you are

rising!

Let us praise the momentous

burden

that the people's leader assumes,

in tears.

Let us praise the twilight burden

of power,

its weight too great to be borne.

Time, whoever has a heart

will hear your ship going down.

We have roped swallows together

into legions.

Now we can't see the sun.

Everywhere nature twitters as it

moves.

In the deepening twilight the

earth swims into the nets

and the sun can't be seen.

But what can we lose if we try one

groaning, wide, ungainly sweep of

the rudder?

The earth swims. Courage,

brothers, as the cleft sea falls back

from our plow.

Even as we freeze in Lethe we'll

remember

the ten heavens the earth cost us.