

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 starched 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.