

Silent

Naked as the Day They Were Born

Naked as the day they
were born
They lay prostrate before
the throne of their
sanctuaries
These bodies, these inner
beings they cross-
examined
Joy, tears, sweat, pain,
bliss all encompassed
their stay
But now the flowing river
moved them to a new
temple

Instead of merely looking
at their reflection in
the mirror, they would
begin to understand the
quality of its
substance...
The beauty of their
perceived flaws...
The face beyond the
veil...
The soul beyond the
wounds
To strive for that
blessed day when they can
look at their naked flesh
and proclaim...
"It is good"



Knights