



D'uomo

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Heart pounds spirit soars high
Tears unbidden well in the eye
Soul enriched by this gothic cave
Of vaulted hearts and Soaring knave
Humbled by this work of man
In praise of a god I don't understand
Stone like rainbow carved by angels
Heaven born masonry lit by candle
Images hung once bright and bold
Colours washed by years of cold
Sparkling glass framed by lead
Spectrum spanned by each sunlit head
Every window tells a story
From roots in earth to heavenly glory
Echoes of each saintly figure
Recount the age and devout vigour
Voices echo dimly spent
Pierce the light with siren lament
Chorale magic lifts the gloom
Drifts and echoes in the grandiose room
Gentle gently in choral Grandeur
Chant in cherubic angelic candour
Man is diminished in such space
Lost in awe in this catholic place
Roam the aisles and vast chamber
Praise their god no fear of danger
Clothed in robes and crimson gown
Parade in worship heads bowed down
Strangers flock in each public place
Uncaring for the devout in slow pace
Ignorant of the solemn mass
Crowded together in murmur crass
Not for them a fulcrum of worship
But just another photo trip
And leaving this solemn gift to god
Return to Babylon and plaza broad
Sunlight ripples and reflects around
Confirms gods hand in all beauty unbound