

Cedars of Lebanon

She looks out with bauxite eyes
Marble lips, shale ears
Her limbs are long like cypress
Her scent the cedars of Lebanon

*What is seen not understood
What is shown, is this good?
Where is knowledge found
How to explain her mysteries*

We stare into the barren wastes
Showing off, losing hope
We don't know what we have
To share, that she may desire

*What is seen's not understood
What we show's never food
For thought or any grist
For the mill or brain to mull*

Only nightmares wait for me
If I sleep, dream of her
Tormented by the wrongs been done
To those limbs of Lebanon