

A Voice, Heard Loudly At Night

Voice crying in the wilderness,
who do you think I am?
Mad woman quite possessed,
who do you think I am?
Does it matter?
The night time rising of power
calls to me,
and I hear it.
Would a woman sing sweeter
at any other hour?
Sing, sweet lady of blessing,
Di Efchon!
We will bless what we wish to thrive,
laugh in the face of adversity,
we are the mad women now,
and 'nothing can stand in our way'.
Well, it can,
but we will ignore it.
Sing loud, our song anyway.
Di Efchon!
With Blessings, we shout.
We are the young ones who will not grow old.
Say what we will of 'joints',
all such surface,
this temple.
Look Who resides within!
Better carpentry within.
Laughing 'mad women'
sing in the night.
We play the records over and over
and sing along.
Such rejoicing,
if you can follow along.



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(while listening to Haris Alexiou's
'Blessings')

