

## I WISH

I wish I was there  
When Moses strode down,  
Word of God held high with righteousness,  
And parched mouth flamed  
With the words of Yaweh,  
Crushed the golden calf.  
God, I wish I was there.

I wish I was there  
When Martin struck the nail,  
Into the door, the heart of the Church,  
That day.  
I'd have held that nail,  
Steadied his hand.  
God, I wish I was there.

I wish I was there  
When Lincoln rose at dawn,  
Penned fourscore with the stench  
Of blue, grey  
Rotting countrymen,  
Rife in the air.  
God, I wish I was there.

I wish I was there  
That cold November day,  
I would have seen reflected light on rifled steel,  
I would have pointed skyward,  
Rent time,  
Rooted the assassin from his bookish lair.  
God, I wish I was there.