

# SAINTE TRINITÉ SPIRIT

Flying high I soar and bound  
Above the rooftops without sound.  
Beyond is night, a light so deep  
It stills me to redress my beat.

I fly on forth. My dusty wings  
Are made of file and paper kings.  
'Tis here I must obey no rule  
Lest kingdoms do unworthy fool.

Sweet blessings shall I freely share  
With all in need of trusted care.  
And those who live without their due  
May value spells of grey and gloom.

Yet hurry not to whence you go  
There's nowhere quite like mine, you know.  
So bring it back, and bring it close  
Surrender not to scarlet ghost.

Abide instead to fruitful years  
Abundant flowing grace-lit years.  
For all you know and think and say  
Are but a moment swept away.