

ROBIN KNIGHT

Our Lady of Corona

Hail Mary, full of Grace, Mother of God, Mother of Angels, Sacred Virgin,
Knower of unknown unknowns, Arbiter of the end of the beginning:
let it be. Let it be for no man is an island and I am a Berliner.

Mother of God protect me in this the shadow of the valley of death: guns to the left of me,
guns to the right of me, one million, two million, as numerous as the stars in the sky,
the grains of sand and the footsteps in them.

Mother of Angels, stay. Stay with me, stay awhile: abide with me down by the river
under the boardwalk. Grant me the serenity to accept that it ain't necessarily so,
that all I need is love, a stranger in an open car.

Sacred Virgin, I am a poor boy from a poor family, but on days like these, we shall never
surrender; I will survive, for we are the Champions and no man is left behind.
Fly me to the moon, and there I shall walk like an Egyptian, a long way from Tipperary.

Hail Mary, full of Grace, Mother of God, Mother of Angels, Sacred Virgin,
Where have all the cowboys gone? Call me and we shall drive them into the sea,
into a town called Malice, into the windmills of my mind, into the sound of silence.