

"Burial of the Count Orgaz"
El Greco



There comes a time
when it all must be faced.

And what is it for,
The laying to rest?

Note - well

There is a song that ascends us,

A count,

A spiritual hymn to be sung;

A robe that raises our deeds

To descent

and armor which keeps us

In shape; a blaze -

From on high

An angel which hovers and tilts

The springs in the favor

With care lighthearted compassion engulfs

The unmasking of faces.

There's a time before which all flees,

Held by the boy who points.

Shed no tears

For our flames

Must be lit.