

# Heaven in My Hand

bob mccue  
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<http://mccue.cc/bob/spirituality.htm>

The following came to me while waiting in the hospital with our son Dallin as he fought a serious infection. Since it came in rhythming verse, to music, I have recorded it that way as well as in what for me is more conventional form. First, the conventional form.

You lay broken before me  
Here and almost gone  
Hopes and memories hold me  
As the morning dawns

Perfect life in imperfection  
The bitter makes the sweet  
I rejoiced at your conception  
Now I softly weep

Our fathers' flawless heaven  
Passed away so long ago  
No more hope for miracles  
We confess what we don't know

Perfect life in imperfection  
The bitter makes the sweet  
I glimpse god in your reflection  
And hear him softly weep

Through your eyes I found new worlds  
Some I didn't want to see  
But I followed you everywhere  
Wondered at all that could be

Perfect life in imperfection  
The bitter makes the sweet  
I owe you so much my son  
Can't do more than softly weep

As you seem to slip away from me  
Toward an unknown land  
I caress your cheek again, and/ know that  
I hold heaven in my hand

Perfect life in imperfection  
The bitter makes the sweet  
I lose myself in your complexion  
As you finally sleep

I softly weep

Then, to music.

The first part is read four beats to a line, including the really short lines. "X" means a missed beat or half beat depending on the context. The music in my head wasn't that great. Many who read this are capable of imagining something much better to bring this to life. Without music, it does not work for me that well.

I

You lay/ broken/X be/fore  
me/e/e/e  
Here and/ al/most/ go  
ne/e/e/e  
Hopes and/ memor/ies/ hold  
me/e/e/e  
As the/ morn/ing/ daw  
ns/s/s/s

Perfect/ life in/ imper/fec  
tion/n/n/n  
X The/ bitter/ makes the/ swee  
t/t/t/t  
I re/joyiced at/ your con/cep  
tion/n/n/n  
Now I/ soft/ly/ weep

[instrumental]

## II

Our fathers'/ flaw/less/ hea  
ven/n/n  
passed a/way so/ long a/go  
o/o/o/o  
No more/ hope/ for /mira  
cles/s/s/s  
We con/fess what/ we don't/ kn  
ow/w/w/w

Perfect/ life in/ imper/fec  
tion/n/n/n  
X The/ bitter/ makes the/ swee  
t/t/t/t  
I glimpse/ god in/ your re/flec  
tion/n/n/n  
Hear him/ soft/ly/ weep

[instrumental - long]

## III

Through your/ eyes I/ found new/ world  
s/s/s/s  
Some I/ didn't/ want to/ se  
e/e/e/e  
But I/ followed/ you/ every  
where/e/e/e  
Wondered/ at all/ that could/ b  
e/e/e/e

Perfect/ life in/ imper/fec  
tion/n/n/n  
X The/ bitter/ makes the/ swee  
t/t/t/t  
I owe/ you/ so/ much my  
son/n/n/n  
Can't do/ more than/ softly/ weep

[instrumental]

## IV

As you/ seem to/ slip a/way from  
me/e/e/e  
Toward an/ un/known/ lan  
d/d/d/d  
I ca/ress/ your/ cheek a  
gain/n/, and/ know that  
I hold/ heaven/ in my/ han  
d/d/d/d

[instrumental]

Perfect/ life in/ imper/fec  
tion/n/n/n  
X The/ bitter/ makes the/ swee  
t/t/t/t  
I lose/ myself/ in your/ comple  
xion/n/n/n

[slow down tempo]

As you/ final/ly/ slee  
p/p/p/p

[slow down tempo]

I/ soft/ly /weep  
p/p/p/p

[slow down tempo]

[instrumental]