

words SETH, music Ivan Huber

Ivan Huber guitar, Mark Lane bass  
Scott Seeber drums, Felix Garrette percussion

## Invocation

If I could rub this midnight lamp  
and win three wishes for my words  
The first I'd wish is for thy Will  
to pump my heart and through my pen  
Thy Wisdom spill, for sentences  
like circling birds: to be your stamp

Is my prime wish, to wrestle true  
through mud and mire, not like the priest  
Who idols books, but as a soiled  
prophet, a wrestler of tigers,  
A Samson wielding syllables  
that name the beast, sweep clear the view

That ripple like rivers, that sigh.  
As to a second wish -- I'd wish  
Upon each page your flow and Grace;  
that from my pen in Beauty's skirt  
Your sway, your swish, your pining winds  
might pierce the age, your tall oaks cry.

In such Beauty, serene, sublime,  
    that ruffles waves and whitens clouds  
Dip my ink, mirror creation,  
    my paragraphs please harmonize  
With eagles proud, give wings to my  
    imagination; yours make mine.

Then, should I hazard one last wish:  
    to nouns and verbs and adjectives  
I'd wish for Love's pure consonants,  
    for vowels round as wedding rings,  
For marriage 'twixt sound and substance  
    in form caressed, creator kissed.

Or does this wish them all embrace?  
    Perhaps a pen in love with words  
With content wrapped in lover's vows  
    need not invoke your confidence;  
Perhaps in Love my words right placed  
    will win your Will, your Love, your Grace.