**REACHING FOR THE LIGHT OF DAY**

Lost in a song

Sweet echo of your voice

A parade in the streets

Reaching for the light

Dream paced footsteps

on a boulevard of fashion

Flickering under a street lamp

the parking meter flashes

A tidal wave of thoughts

dancing under a worn cap

as faces pass by

reaching for the light

Brothers and sisters worldwide

were reaching for the light

A stranger passed by

reaching for the light

Reaching for the light of day

Brave hearts yield love

read the human marquee sign

A parade in the streets

Reaching for the light

Siren screams fade

with closing bar room doors

People disappear

returning to their homes

Some to a bed of grass

Some to a mattress on a bed

Some to a cold pavement

where angry blood has shed

One match burned dimly

inside a sidewalk crack

when the stranger reappeared

to bring life back

Reaching for the light

Reaching for the light of day

**James Berkowitz  2011**

**ONE LANGUAGE CALLED HARMONY**

One language called harmony

transcended the borders of native speaking tongues

and carried a melodious tune around the globe

One heart pulsed harmony

carrying a beat in life long rhythm

transcending the drum of the soul

One language called harmony

Harmony called a language of one

A language of one

A language of the heart

The heart of a language called one

**James Berkowitz  2010**

**NEW YORK MOVIE**

Waiting for the time,

waiting for the moment;

board the Manhattan train

with only one token.

Life’s reality, time and space

all of its characters, all in one place.

In the underground, traveling north bound

Can I sell you a yo-yo? Can I rap you a sound?

Can I take a quarter? I’m hungry, I’m homeless;

Or is it for my last drink? Is this show biz?

Every stop is another scene and a world stage.

New characters enter but its the same display.

The humanity film reel is always in rewind;

we’re technically fast forward, only blind.

**James Berkowitz © 1997**

**WINDS OF TRUTH**

Winds of truth

Come with the light of God's hand

Remove crime and poverty

From our ill ridden land

Spread a blanket of love

For our hearts are in need

Remove anger and hate

With a harmonious seed

**James Berkowitz © 2003**

**A SAINT IN THE CITY**

Unnoticed, he travels the sidewalks

and alleyways sharing left over food

and pocket change to those in despair

standing on corners, living out of shopping

carts, and shuffling to keep warm.

No recognition, accolades, or media

worthy story attention is given

but the action takes place.

He dries the tears and wipes the dirt

from faces with restaurant napkins;

consoling the unfortunate without

therapist prices.

This unknown person carries on

with charitable work sacred to those

who receive.

The dire streets are his place of

worship for those forgotten.

No titles or distinction are necessary,

and a mere thank you is suffice.

Many will never know of his

whereabouts but he exists.

He is the evolution of endless time,

the Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed

and all thoughts of greatness

beyond the human eye and brain.

He is the saint in the city,

cloaked in a robe of heart and compassion.

A saint in the city,

amongst you and me and me and you

and everyone we know.

A saint in the city,

walking in love and light.

**James  Berkowitz  2010**