

Mark Linkous gave us so many dark and beautiful songs. They were dark like coal compressed into diamonds and they sparkled in the deep night like spattering morning stars. One can not fathom the degree of torment this gifted fellow may have experienced. Nor can we know the circumstances that led him to willingly take his own life.

Who can know why one leaves us by their own hand. Perhaps it is despair meshed with cold clarity. Perhaps one is merely done on earth and needs to travel elsewhere. We can only appreciate his work and imagine him sailing away on a vessel composed of the very sparrows of which he sang.

*Every hair on your head is counted
You are worth hundreds of sparrows
The tree you planted has become fecund
With a kamekaze of humming birds*

*Wings of hundreds of beats per second
By people whose wings are just a blur
Afraid our eyes might become impaled
By their sharp and tiny beaks*

*I'm so sorry
My spirit's rarely in my body
It wanders through the dry country
Looking for a good place to rest
Your head upon my chest
And I can feel the pillow of your breast*

You are worth Hundreds of Sparrows