

Cockburn Bruce**"A Long Time Love Song 441"**

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can't trace this conversation --

words fragment and fall

into blue shadows by a white-baked wall.

through shimmering spaces a single thrush calls --

a song when it's over is no song at all.

(Chorus:) and you know I long to feel that sail

leaping in the wind

and i long to see what lies beyond that rim

oh, ever-new lover and friend

sing me that love song again.

time measured in summersaults

and flickering kids' play --

cross-world and southward it's a fine summer day

translucent life-span evaporates away

to bead on the cool grass in a cyclic ballet

(repeat chorus)

(25/XI/74

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