

Cockburn Bruce

"Don't Feel Your Touch 448"

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In front of a newborn moon pushing up its glistening
dome.
i kiss these departing companions -- take the next step
alone.
I just said goodnight to the closest thing i have to home
oh -- and the night grows sharp and hollow
as a junky's craving vein
and i don't feel your touch, again.

To be held in the heart of a friend is to be a king
but the magic of a lover's touch is what makes my spirit
sing
when you're caught up in this longing all the beauties
of the Earth don't mean a thing.
oh -- and the night grows clear and empty
as a lake of acid rain
and i don't feel your touch, again.

The last light of day crept away like a drunkard after
gin.
A hint of chanted prayer now whispers from the fresh
night wind
to this shattered heart and soul held together by habit
and skin
and to this half-gnawed bone of apprehension buried
in my brain
as i don't feel your touch, again.

(Toronto, June 1987

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