

Cockburn Bruce

"Feast Of Fools 642"

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At the feast of fools

humour can sometimes be cruel

but under certain conditions

you have to forget the rules

At the feast of fools

everybody has a voice

nobody goes to the bottom

except by their own choice

It's time for the silent criers to be held in love

it's time for the ones who dig graves for them to get
that final shove

it's time for the horizons of the universe to be glimpsed
even by the faceless kings of corporations

it's time for chaos to win and walk off with the prize
which turns out to be nothing.

At the feast of fools

outlaws can all come home

you can wear any disguise you want

but you'll be naked past the bone

At the feast of fools

people's hands weave light

there is a diamond wind

flowering in the darkest night

It's time for the silent criers to be held in love

it's time for the ones who dig graves for them to get
that final shove

it's time for the horizons of the universe to be glimpsed
even by the faceless kings of corporations

it's time for chaos to win and walk off with the prize
which turns out to be (a big fat) nothing.

It's time for the singers of songs without hope to take a
hard look and start from scratch again

It's time for these headlights racing against
inescapable dark to be just forgotten

It's time for Harlequin to leap out of the future into the
midst of a world of dancers

It's time for us all to stand hushed in the cathedral of
silence waiting at the river's end.

(Burritt's Rapid Nov. 6/77

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