

## Cockburn Bruce

### "Hills Of Morning 430"

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underneath the mask of the sulphur sky  
a bunch of us were busy waiting,  
watching the people looking ill-at-ease,  
watching the fraying rope get closer to breaking.

Women and men moved back and forth  
in between effect and cause  
and just beyond the range of normal sight  
this glittering joker was dancing in the dragon's jaws

Let me be a little of your breath  
moving over the face of the deep --  
i want to be a particle of your light  
flowing over the hills of morning.

The only sign you gave of who you were  
when you first came walking down the road,  
was the way the dust motes danced around  
your feet in a cloud of gold.

But everything you see's not the way it seems --  
tears can sing and joy shed tears.  
You can take the wisdom of this world  
and give it to the ones who think it all ends here!

Let me be a little of your breath  
moving over the face of the deep --  
i want to be a particle of your light  
flowing over the hills of morning

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