

## Cockburn Bruce

### "In The Falling Dark 451"

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and the lights lie tumbled out like gems  
the moon is nothing but a toothless grin  
floating out on the evening wind  
the smell of sweat and lube oil pervades the night  
and the rush of life in flight at the speed of light

a million footsteps whispering  
a guitar sounds -- some voices sing  
smoke on the breeze -- eyes that sting  
far in the east a yellow cloud bank climbs  
stretching away to be part of tomorrow's time.

earthbound while everything expands  
so many grains of sand  
slipping from hand to hand  
catching the light and falling into dark  
the world fades out like an overheard remark  
in the falling dark.

light pours from a million radiant lives  
off of kids and dogs and the hard-shelled husbands  
and wives  
all that glory shining around and we're all caught  
taking a dive  
and all the beasts of the hills around shout, "such a  
waste!  
don't you know that from the first to the last we're all  
one in the gift of Grace!" (Ottawa 9/3/76)

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