## Cockburn Bruce "Lily Of The Midnight Sky 442"

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over the slow slide of continents over the salt pans pipelines masts and pavilions shimmering crescent moon recedes into working dawn

lone crow against pallid sky single plume of white smoke on yellow speckled plain yellowing leaves sparkle in cold breeze -wave patterns among wave patterns particles disperse and rejoin dissolve and reform like the lining of a womb still

the cold of your absence blows from the silent tv the parking lot the balcony with clothes waving good-bye/hello

in the rising day you keep fading away don't i know that you're always around i can reach you if i try Lily of the Midnight Sky

solders of sunrise -- shooting into a forest of flowers slow motion petals float into pink crimson white grow wings flutter into mountainous distance flutter like a stadium full of applauding hands i raise a fist to the marauding sun that has hidden you away i'm the rag in a bottle of gasoline longing to ignite ich will alles all of you -- shining on the panther skin of night mirrored in a black lake in a night that glistens like blood on gold

nobody else could be you if only i could see you i should be able to touch you somehow i can reach you if i try Lily of the Midnight Sky while you look from on high spare a smile as i put on my dog mask and howl for you i can reach you if i try Lily of the Midnight Sky

(BOULDER, 11/11/84

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