

Cockburn Bruce

"Little Seahorse 429"

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Little seahorse
swimming in a primal sea
heartbeat like a
leaf quaking in the breeze
i feel magic as Coyote
in the middle of the moon-wild night.

In the forge-fire time
your mother glowed so bright
you were like a
voice calling in the night
and i'm watching the curtain
rising on a whole new set of dreams.

The world is waiting
like a Lake Superior gale
a locomotive
racing along the rail.
It'll sweep you away
but you know that you're never alone.

Little seahorse
floating on a primal tide
quickening like a
spark in a haystack side
i already love you
and i don't even know who you are. (Toronto 14/12/75)

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