

Cockburn Bruce**"Shipwrecked At The Stable Door 338"**

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The man who twirled with rose in teeth
has his tongue tied up in thorns,
His once-expanded sense of time and
space all shot and torn.
See him wander, hat in hand --
"Look at me, I'm so forlorn --
ask anyone who can recall,
it's horrible to be born"!

Big Circumstance comes looming
like a darkly roaring train --
rushes like a sucking wound
across a winter plain
recognizing neither polished shine
nor spot nor stain --
and wherever you are on the compass rose
you'll never be again.

Left like a shadow on the step
where the body was before --
Shipwrecked at the stable door.

Big Circumstance has brought me here --
wish it would send me home.
Never was clear where home is
but it's nothing you can own.
It can't be bought with cigarettes
or nylons or perfume
and all the highest bidder gets
is a voucher for a tomb.

Blessed are the poor in spirit --
Blessed are the meek
for their shall be the kingdom
that the power mongers seek.
Blessed are the dead for love
and those who cry for peace
and those who love the gift of earth --
may their gene pool increase.

Left like a shadow on the step

where the body was before --
Shipwrecked at the stable door

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