

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

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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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