

Cockburn Bruce**"The Thirteenth Mountain 445"**

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Sable sky anoints the earth with crystal 'neath my foot
wide-eyed, white-plumed owl plays upon his magic
flute
silver-circled moonlight cresting waves of shadow
blue,
and the river is secretly flowing

shining stars dance high above the cobweb treelimbs'
grace
faery castles crowned with light fly banners of white
lace
tangled boughs of holly watch with eyes of scarlet hue
and the wind is silently blowing

are no men is only Man seeking one love
searching vainly for excuse among the stars above
eyes too tired to see the river flowing 'neath the ice
and too numb to see the purpose behind knowing...

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