

Cockburn Bruce

"You Point To The Sky"

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You point to the sky
the sky
is reflected in your eyes
and i
want to fly
on a carpet of brown leaves
we retrace the steps of change
construct a tapestry of what will come

You point to the sea
i see
what seems to be so free
bound by
empty sky
on a tower of gray earth
far above the spray-struck stone
we climb toward the melting point of time

* * *

here we tumble down the path
comic beggars trading laughs
for scraps from the tables of the wise

(toronto -- november 18, 1970

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