

Bruce Cockburn

"Lily Of The Midnight Sky"

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Over the slow slide of continents
Over the salt pans
pipelines masts and pavilions
Shimmering crescent
moon recedes into working dawn --
Lone crow against
pallid sky
Single plume of white smoke on yellow
speckled plain
Yellowing leaves sparkle in cold breeze -
- Wave patterns among wave patterns
Particles
disperse and rejoin
Dissolve and reform like the lining
of a womb
Still
The cold of your absence blows from
The silent TV, the parking lot
The balcony with clothes
waving good-byehello

In the rising day
You keep fading away
Don't I know
that you're always around
I can reach you if I try
Lily of
the midnight sky

Solders of sunrise -- shooting into a forest of flowers
Slow motion
Petals float into pink crimson white
Grow wings
Flutter into mountainous distance
Flutter like a
stadium full of applauding hands
I raise a fist to the
marauding sun that has hidden you away
I'm the rag in
a bottle of gasoline
Longing to ignite
Ich will alles
All of
you -- shining on the panther skin of night
Mirrored in a
black lake in a night that glistens like blood on gold

Nobody else could be you
If only I could see you
I
should be able to touch you somehow
I can reach you if
I try
Lily of the midnight sky

While you look from on high
Spare a smile as I
Put on
my dog mask and howl for you
I can reach you if I try
Lily of the midnight sky

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