

## **Bruce Cockburn**

# **"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 and 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 perfumes  
and all the highest bidder gets is a voucher for a tomb  
blessed are the poor in spirit, blessed are the meek  
for theirs 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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