

## Ian Anderson "Sanctuary"

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Dear uncle, sold her into  
Into the purest kind of slavery  
Hood-eyed little middlemen profited  
From damaged goods along the way

Good angels brought her back  
To a last Nepal summer  
Debased and hollow-faced  
A smile might become her

Now, she's cozied up, cozied up  
And comforted in the warm flush of September

Gone before winter, wondering as to might-have-beens  
Somebody's daughter in sanctuary, waiting

Seen through softer cage of kindness  
Far and further, still away  
From time-warp Victorian zoos  
Where staring ice cream gameboys play

Big paws, worn claws and swishing tails  
More damaged goods in the market sales  
Too proud for anger, too late for hate  
Resigned in dignity

Gone before winter, purring might-have-beens  
Somebody's kitten in sanctuary, waiting

Gone before winter, wondering as to might-have-beens  
Somebody near you in sanctuary, waiting

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