

Human Hands

Bowerbirds

When I wake, I wake by the brook,
To an untamed thunder,
And the northern flicker flash about
as the soup in the sky grows thicker.
But I tip my cap and curtsy and I take no offense
Because there is no hate in your darkest cloud.
No ill intent.
Yet there is hate all around.

On its hind legs, rears this storm, and the pines bend
from its wily sword.
Yet there is no war, no war,
No quarrel here at all.
And the deer shake in their hooves and shield their fawn.
And when the rain comes, the rain comes.
No judgement falls.
Yet there is hate all around.

There's a rusty prick in the tall grass,
Where the barbed wire waits for a blind horse in a gallop
and its sealed and sudden fate.
There is hate in the grip of our human hands.
There is hate in the grip of our human hands.
There is hate in the grip of our human hands.
Yes, there is hate all around.