

A Long-Time Love Song

Bruce Cockburn

Can't trace this conversation --
Words fragment and fall
Into blue shadows by a white-baked wall.
Through shimmering spaces a single thrush calls --
A song when it's over is no song at all

And you know I long to feel that sail
Leaping in the wind
And i long to see what lies beyond that rim
Oh, ever-new lover and friend
Sing me that love song again.

Time measured in summersaults
And flickering kids' play --
Cross-world and southward it's a fine summer day
Translucent life-span evaporates away
To bead on the cool grass in a cyclic ballet