

## Life's Mistress

Bruce Cockburn

She is passing in a warm breeze  
bars of light that cross the floor  
one smoke-gray, curled, tiny feather  
skips aside

By her middle hang the keys  
made to open any door  
even the one that lets in the cold wind  
from outside

She lives in a house of colour  
guarded by cats three in number  
and one great dog of gentle manner  
in among the trees

\* \* \*

Silence  
carries  
no apprehension here  
in the warm sun  
by the window sill  
i can just sit still  
and watch her go by...

Queen of field and forest pathway  
understands the speech of stones  
she weaves peace upon her loom  
life's mistress