

Missing Children

Cowboy Junkies

We only see them briefly
Perhaps just one edition
Their end-of-year photo stares out
We only see them briefly
And it's mugging politicians
Cock-eyed, their faces stare out

But for some their image still burns bright
Like the glow of a tiger or a light
Switched-off, but once stared-at
With such intense concentration

We only see them briefly
Then it's idle conversation
Their perfect frozen bodies surfacing
We only see them briefly
Then it's fear and degradation
Their dusty, bloodied bodies lie limp

But for some their image still burns bright
Like the glow of a tiger or a light
Switched-off, but once stared-at
With such intense concentration

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat
What dread hands and what dread feet?
What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil, what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terror grasp?

We only see them briefly
Then it's shame and flagellation
Their end-of-year photos stare out

When the stars threw down their spears
And watered heaven with their tears
Did he smile, his work to see
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

We only see them briefly
Then reach to change the station
Their frozen perfect faces stare out