

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