

Stained Glass

Bruce Cockburn

Small windows
Looking outward
Show me a sequined sky
Rubies shine in my glass of wine

Dusk breezes
On oiled water
Paint a pointillist facade
It's ceaselessly shifting world --

Like today I'm far away
I see your face behind each time-blurred pane

Strings vibrate
Music leaps out
In a shimmering intrigue
Words unsaid whirl away like dust

From the sidewalk-sweeper's broom
Across a fold in space you touch my hand