

An Idea of Canoeing

The Innocence Mission

Circles outreaching and growing wide,
endlessly outreaching, into the hour,
into the hour,
the idea of this: water in flower.

The colors, greens, yellows,
and state park sign arrows,
though I don't like boating at all,
or being on the water,
somehow gleam into the hour.

And will I see you walking now?
And will I be this reaching out,
here and now?
The understanding and the light,
reaching into the hour,
into the hour?

Will I cross the street to you,
in the traffic breaks,
in the light of this,
in the light of this love,
here and now?