

After The Rain

Bruce Cockburn

After rain in the streets light flows like blood --
I can just taste salt on the humid wind.

Here comes that gasoline
spreading hungry rainbow over shiny black tar.

I'm blown like smoke and blind as wind
except for when your love breaks in.

Maybe to those who love is given sight
to pierce the wall of seeming night
and know it pure beyond all imagining.

Engine throb street cruise light bullet car flash
hollow beauty night gleam oily river tension glass...

Ultraflame! glittering dust falling in slow
motion -- clouds tumbling one over another into apparent emptiness.

It's like a big fist breaking down my door --
I never felt such a love before!

Maybe to those who love it's given to hear
music too high for the human ear
and clear as hydrogen to go singing.