

## Creation Dream

Bruce Cockburn

Centred on silence  
Counting on nothing  
I saw you standing on the sea  
And everything was  
Dark except for  
Sparks the wind struck from your hair  
Sparks that turned to  
Wings around you  
Angel voices mixed with seabird cries  
Fields of motion  
Surging outward  
Questions that contain their own replies...

You were dancing  
I saw you dancing  
Throwing your arms toward the sky  
Fingers opening  
Like flares  
Stars were shooting everywhere  
Lines of power  
Bursting outward  
Along the channels of your song  
Mercury waves flashed  
Under your feet  
Shots of silver in the shell-pink dawn...