

High Winds White Sky

Bruce Cockburn

High winds
White sky
Wild birds do glide
Tattered smoke fades
Embers in the pipe
Move like
Life beginning

High winds
Pyramids
Glittering ring
Blood of the king
Daughter of the stars
You are
Life beginning

The wind's travellers' tales tease the tops of the trees
the ships have all sailed to the mouth of the sea...

High winds
Wheel turns
The spider spins
Hands draw us in
River-scented skin
Moves in
Life beginning

Falsehood lies panting like a fish in the palm...