

Messenger Wind

Bruce Cockburn

In a horse-powered sleigh at the top of the town
sun coming up paints the snow all around
with rose light
In front of the house where Im supposed to be born
I dont think Im ready to walk through that door
just yet
To be one more voice in the human choir
rising like smoke from the mystical fire
of the heart
The wind that blows through everything
sweeps out the halls of my heart when I sing
to you
It carries the moon and the stars and the rain
Carries the seagulls ad carries my shame
away
Spins me around, stops me running away
from all of the things Im waiting to say
But dont
Here
is bigger than you can imagine
Now
is forever
Sun coming up paints the snow all around
Rose on the roofs and the trees and the ground
And the stream
In my dream
Messenger wind swooping out of the sky
lights each tiny speck in the human Kaleidoscope
With hope