

## Stained Glass

Bruce Cockburn

Small windows  
Looking outward  
Show me a sequined sky  
Rubies shine in my glass of wine

Dusk breezes  
On oiled water  
Paint a pointillist facade  
It's ceaselessly shifting world --

Like today I'm far away  
I see your face behind each time-blurred pane

Strings vibrate  
Music leaps out  
In a shimmering intrigue  
Words unsaid whirl away like dust

From the sidewalk-sweeper's broom  
Across a fold in space you touch my hand