

## Missing Children

Cowboy Junkies

We only see them briefly  
Perhaps just one edition  
Their end-of-year photo stares out  
We only see them briefly  
And it's mugging politicians  
Cock-eyed, their faces stare out

But for some their image still burns bright  
Like the glow of a tiger or a light  
Switched-off, but once stared-at  
With such intense concentration

We only see them briefly  
Then it's idle conversation  
Their perfect frozen bodies surfacing  
We only see them briefly  
Then it's fear and degradation  
Their dusty, bloodied bodies lie limp

But for some their image still burns bright  
Like the glow of a tiger or a light  
Switched-off, but once stared-at  
With such intense concentration

And what shoulder and what art  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat  
What dread hands and what dread feet?  
What the hammer? What the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil, what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terror grasp?

We only see them briefly  
Then it's shame and flagellation  
Their end-of-year photos stare out

When the stars threw down their spears  
And watered heaven with their tears  
Did he smile, his work to see  
Did he who made the lamb make thee?

We only see them briefly  
Then reach to change the station  
Their frozen perfect faces stare out