

Sanctuary

Ian Anderson

Dear uncle sold her into the purest kind of slavery.
Hood-eyed little middlemen profited from damaged goods
along the way.

Good angels brought her back to a last Nepal summer.
Debased, hollow-faced, a smile might become her.
Now she's cosied up, cosied up and comforted
in the warm flush of September.
Gone before winter.
Wondering as to might-have-beens.
Somebody's daughter in sanctuary, waiting.

Seen through softer cage of kindness, far and further still awa
y,
from time-warp Victorian zoos
where staring ice cream gameboys play.
Big paws, worn claws and swishing tails.
More damaged goods in the market sales.
Too proud for anger, too late for hate: resigned in dignity.
Gone before winter.
Purring might-have-beens.
Somebody's kitten in sanctuary, waiting.

Somebody near you in sanctuary, waiting.