

Cotton Cat, Home comings

"Come back to me"
said the oak to the swallow.
"Your wings are so weak,
I regret I can't follow you
but I can be your shelter
when the night comes on."
"Oh, you make me laugh"
said the bird,"I've no notion
of living here.
I wanna see lands and oceans.
I have no use for someone
who can't follow me."
And she flew away,
she crossed fields and mountains,
she got lost in the desert
and I've heard from the hot wind
thet only her shadow returned
to the oak tree.
She said:"Hold me tight!
I know you were right
and I shouldn't fight
for the gold or the light
but for you.
I've seen the whole world around.
There's nothing I've found
so now I am bound for home."
"Come back to me"
to the wave said the island,
"I'll show you a place
called the Harbour of Silence.
Your roar will sound in it
like a whisper of God."
"Don't be silly, my dear"
said the wave "I am hungry
to see all the seas
and all the strange countries.
I'll never come back again
to this lonely place."
And she flowed down south
till she smashed herself
on the bare rocky shore,
and I've heard from the shell
that only the froth returned
to the island.
She said:"Hold me tight..
Young enough
to lose all I had
I left my home
and I flew like that bird,
I looked for the wonderland
of beauty and fame.
Like the wave on the rock
all my dreams have been shattered,
the towns I lived in
were much bleaker than desert
and more than for water
I longed for my own home.
But where is my oak?
Where is my island?
Is there any home,
any harbour of silence
and anybody I still
can return to?
To say: Hold me tight...

