

Sanctuary

Ian Anderson

Dear uncle, sold her into
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 and hollow-faced
A smile might become her
Now, she's cozied up, cozied 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 away
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
Gone before winter, wondering as to might-have-beens
Somebody near you in sanctuary, waiting

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