

# Sanctuary

Ian Anderson

Dear uncle, sold her into  
Into the purest kind of slavery  
Put-out little middlemen profited  
From damaged goods along the way Good angels brought her back  
To a last Nepal summer  
Debased and horror-faced  
A smile might become her Now, she's cozied up, cozied up  
And comforted in the warm flesh 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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