Sanctuary

Ian Anderson

Dear uncle, sold her into
Into the purest kind of slavery
Put-out little middlemen profited
From damaged goods along the wayGood angels brought her back
To a last Nepal summer
Debased and horror-faced
A smile might become herNow, she's cozied up, cozied up
And comforted in the warm flesh of SeptemberGone before winter, wondering as to might-have-beens
Somebody's daughter in sanctuary, waitingSeen through softer cage of kindness
Far and further, still away
From time-warp Victorian zoos
Where staring ice cream gameboys playBig paws, worn claws and swishing tails
More damaged goods in the market sales
Too proud for anger, too late for hate
Resigned in dignityGone before winter, purring might-have-beens
Somebody's kitten in sanctuary, waitingGone before winter, wondering as to might-have-beens
Somebody near you in sanctuary, waiting

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