

# Stay On My Shore

Joan Shelley

Stay on my shore, and don't desert me  
And if you go, the wind will blow you back to me  
And if your boat is broken out on the rocks  
It wasn't anger but in longing  
We feed the birds, syrup and seed  
So they stay near, so we can see  
Flashing red and blue beneath the green  
When the fruit has long since rotten  
Gold in the needles and red dark skin  
Needed all to be empty  
Wrapped in leaves, would end clinging  
In these, so holy  
You've split the cord  
With Cedar and Holly  
In light, indoors  
Let the smoke do the cleaning  
And sweeten our skin with the salt and a stone  
There's the pages of our story  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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