

# FOLLOW THE HERON    Karine Polwart

The back of the winter is broken  
And light lingers long by the door  
And the seeds of the summer have spoken  
In gowans that bloom on the shore

*By night and day we'll sport and we'll play  
And delight as the dawn dances over the bay  
Sleep blows the breath of the morning away  
And we follow the heron home*

In darkness we cradled our sorrow  
And stoked all our fires with fear  
Now these bones that lie empty and hollow  
Are ready for gladness to cheer

So long may you sing of the salmon  
And the snow scented sounds of your home  
While the north wind delivers its sermon  
Of ice and salt water and stone