Cotton Cat, Home comings

"Come back to me" said the oak to the swallow. " Your wings are so weak, I regret I can't follow you but I can be your shelter when the night comes on." "Oh, you make me laugh" said the bird,"I've no notion of living here. I wanna see lands and oceans. I have no use for someone who can't follow me." And she flew away, she crossed fields and mountains, she got lost in the desert and I've heard from the hot wind thet only her shadow returned to the oak tree. She said:&guot;Hold me tight! I know you were right and I shouldn't fight for the gold or the light but for you. I've seen the whole world around. There's nothing I've found so now I am bound for home. & guot; "Come back to me" to the wave said the island, "I'll show you a place called the Harbour of Silence. Your roar will sound in it like a whisper of God." "Don't be silly, my dear" said the wave " I am hungry to see all the seas and all the strange countries. I'll never come back again to this lonely place." And she flowed down south till she smashed herself on the bare rocky shore, and I've heard from the shell that only the froth returned to the island. She said: & guot; Hold me tight... Young enough to lose all I had I left my home and I flew like that bird, I looked for the wonderland of beauty and fame. Like the wave on the rock all my dreams have been shattered, the towns I lived in were much bleaker than desert and more than for water I longed for my own home. But where is my oak? Where is my island? Is there any home, any harbour of silence and anybody I still can return to?

To say: Hold me tight...

