

## Zoë Phillips

### "Boat"

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If photographs could tell a story,  
would these postcards be in black and white?

Shaded by the leaves that bind so freely  
Cracks in the trees let through the light

Do the trees whisper on the sidewalk?  
Do the waves in the water talk?

[Refrain]

If I sketch out an atlas on the lake skin  
drift as wood as I wait  
If I take back the compass to the water  
would I find you or would it be too late?

Should I put the flash on the camera?  
I'd be scared for it all flicker by  
As we floated in the glitter of the mere  
I didn't expect your reflection in the sky

Do the trees whisper on the side walk?  
Do the waves in the water talk?

[Refrain] x2

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