

Jane Siberry "One More Colour"

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"is it lasting?"
And in asking
The sphere becomes a line
A dotted line
And to follow it
You must make a jump each time

A dotted page
A dotted hillside
A blast of dots
A blind reader
A flock of sheep
A blast of trumpet shots

Here - all we have here is sky
All the sky is is blue
All that blue is is one more colour now

A basket of apples
By the back door
Beneath the sweater pegs
The autumn leaves
Lift along the street
A pair of dancing legs

Same as the vendor
Who likes to sing
As loudly as he can
And all he says is
It suits me fine
That's the way I am

Here - all we have here ...

I've seen this THING you won't believe
Why it's big - bigger than the biggest trees
High as the mountains
Wide as the widest skies
(and that's both sides)
Well - at least as big as me

Speak a little softer

Work a little harder
Shoot less with more care
Sing a little sweeter
And love a little longer
And soon you will be there

Here - all we have here is sky
All the sky is is blue
All that blue is is one more colour now

These are some reasons
And same as the seasons
They hold and then they fly
The goatless ledge
'neath the honkless geese
In the speckless sky
The speckless sky
I hear you
I hear you
I hear you

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