

## Tom Shaw

### "Letters From Cochabamba"

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Gold red black green purple silver  
Each at the end of a line of noise  
Thankfully craving more frequent vibrations  
Your music is taken out by space-time plays

Memories wrote your thoughts on a wall  
Or maybe someone else just gave you a poem  
With the closest of friends most furthest apart  
Please draw me a picture, anxiety's showing

Spending your time learning hablar boliviano  
Please take some pictures on your camera  
Alternative reality dream's getting old  
Awaiting word from Cochabamba

Watching the scene both sober and stale  
Ears full of khomus craft harp sound  
Letters from transatlantic email  
I'm missing having you around

My tree tall freind is covered in you  
An aroma, 3 in a smokey sea of sound  
Writing on an ice cream wrapper in 08  
Return from the land where community's crowned

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