

## Robin Williamson

### "Postcards From"

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Sea, dark, indigo and deep  
Horizon straighter than it's ever seemed  
Aqua, a cure to the touch  
On my way from Praslin to Mah?

Space, blue bright, split in view  
Breathing shapes out in verdure  
In easy company I can be  
In Mesnibus time hangs lightly

None so small, none too sure  
None so small, none too sure

Sky, off white, city full  
Constrict to construct, shift the scene  
Held up, tied down, pushed around  
Seasons slurred on the Harrow Road

None so small, none too sure  
None so small, none too sure  
None so small, none too sure  
None so small, none too sure

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