

Siberry Jane

"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 tress
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 louder
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...

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...

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