

# Kirsty McGee, Plane Vapours

do you remember one morning last winter  
when frost sealed all the windows  
you could see your breath in candyfloss  
clouds in the sky that were cut through by plane vapours  
and the blue of the morning was colder than your hand

when you took my small hand  
into your large hand  
and you pressed the two together  
and they fitted like a glove

the coat that you were wearing  
was of many different colours  
but i pulled a thread out of the hem  
and it was brown just like your eyes  
you said that i was something  
that was steady and reliable  
i held your world together - i was cotton in your coat

and you took my heart  
but i don't think i noticed  
till i woke up here without it  
on the morning that you left...

morning here is cloudy  
there's a fire out on the leaf pile  
and the leaves are getting wetter  
all the trees are getting blacker  
in a week or maybe two weeks  
frost will seal up all the windows  
and i will lie and think of you  
standing in your coloured coat

and the way you loved the winter  
more than any man i've ever known  
and the way your skin looks amber  
in the turning of the light

i saw you in the street  
and you said nothing much had happened  
you said nothing much had changed  
but your eyes had changed their colour  
maybe they were a little redder  
or maybe just the light  
could be i was tired (when i'm tired i don't see right)

and you took my small hand  
into your large hand and you pressed the two together  
and they fitted like a glove  
and you said i'll see you  
(maybe next week next month next year)  
i'll see you (and then you turned away)

and the clouds in the sky  
were cut through by plane vapours  
and the blue of the morning was colder than your hand