Robert Wyatt, Costa

Orange,
the fierce orange of the egg-shaped fireball
plopping into the ocean
as the earth tips backwards towards night.

Orange,
the scratched orange of the gas bottles
delivered for lack of pipeline,
dragged to the door by the man in a wig.

Orange,
the soft orange of two full moons
one high, one low in a puddle mirror
floating in a pothole of the unmade road.