

Anne Clark, Up

Planes thrust
Up thru' the pink
Northern sky
In perfect time
Heavy bright
White ships
Glide on grey waters
Stained shades of blue
Past your window
Past your view
Sunlight rich
Precious as gold
Unfolds
Unrolls a new day
Clarity and light
Shine a new day
Contact made
And at last I am seeing things anew
Colours come pouring out
From where I stand
With you