

# 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