

Clark Anne, Makes Me Feel At Ease

Makes me feel at ease
walking to a time
a place
that's pouring out its colours
That's flaunting all this brightness
to show all of its loss

where trees cast a swirl
of golden shadows
all around them
spindly hands
splaying sad fans
of ochre
cinnamon
and rust

protectively
linking arms above
sheltered by this silence
to keep this secret hidden
warm
beneath a low sky