

# Rheostatics, One More Colour

Jane Sibbery  
second verse by Martin Tielli

"Is it lasting?"  
... And in asking  
The sphere becomes a line,  
A dotted line,  
And to follow it  
You must make a jump each time.

A dotted page. A dotted hillside.  
A blast of dots.  
A blind reader. A flock of sheep,  
Or a blast of trumpet shots.

Here. All we have here is sky.  
All the sky is is blue.  
All that blue is is one more color NOW.

To measure the tower's invisible sway  
Inside the moving skies.  
The cough of a swallow  
That softly lies there  
As loudly as it died.

Same as the vendor who likes to sing  
As loudly as he can;  
All he says is, "It suits me fine,  
That's the way I am."

"Speak a little softer."  
"Work a little harder,  
And shoot less with more care."  
"Sing a little sweeter, and love a little longer...  
And soon you will be there."

Here. All we have here is sky.  
All the sky is sky blue.  
All that blue is is one more color NOW.

And these are some reasons  
And just like the seasons,  
They turn and then they fly.  
The honkless geese near the goatless ledge geese  
In the speckless sky.  
The speckless sky.

I hear you.