

## Warm Foothills

Alt-J

Dry dunes cater for jumping boys  
From the nape of her neck he made his descent  
They watched men hurl from rock to sea  
Like sternum to button, lined lip pinches in between

Your foothills, your warm

Iris swims quietly beside me  
Oh the weeds and larger leaves sway  
And stretch themselves beneath  
Blue dragonflies dart to and fro  
I tie my life to your balloon and let it go

Your foothills, your warm