

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