

All clear  
Good Lord  
Did well to be ignored  
Your falling temperature like cooling kisses  
All through your head  
A made-up water's edge  
A summer gone on tabling fabled blisses

And I'd love to see you waving  
From the far side of the swim  
Gathered in by a waiting troop of the open- hearted  
Where colour field meets canvas  
And the picture breathes you in  
Where all the stories meant for you have already started

Bright girl, dead town  
Walking tall but blown around  
The secret chainmail gown of your father's blessing  
Bright girl, dead town  
Open mouths for miles around  
I still see you keeping those dough boys guessing

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