

# One More Colour

Jane Siberry

"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  
And a flock of sheep  
And 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

A basket of apples by the back door  
Beneath the sweater pegs  
The autumn leaves lift along the street  
A pair of dancing legs

Same as the vendor who likes to sing  
As loudly as he can  
And all he says is it suits me fine  
That's the way I am

Here, all we have here is sky  
All the sky is is blue  
All that blue is is one more color now

I've seen this thing you won't believe  
Why it's big, bigger than the biggest trees  
High as the mountains, wide as the widest skies  
And that's both sides, well, at least as big as me

Speak a little softer and work a little harder  
Shoot less with more care  
And 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 is blue  
All that blue is is one more color, one more color  
One more color, one more color now

These are some reasons and same as the seasons  
They hold and then they fly  
The goatless ledge, the honkless geese in  
The speckless sky, the speckless sky

I hear you  
I hear you  
I hear you