

## Foreign Skies

Kathryn Williams

When the moon pull rushes in  
Crashes into sand  
It lingers in the last sunlight  
And holds onto every strand  
I'm as still as boats on land  
Sitting next to you  
Breathing in a foreign sky  
More shades than the word blue

Air as warm as runny honey  
Pours golden on my skin  
The wind plays games with olive leaves  
And brushes the grass into lines

I'm as still as boats on land  
Sitting next to you  
Breathing in a foreign sky  
With more shades than the word blue