

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