

Camomile

Luka Bloom

Mars sits outside my window
Flames dancing in my stove
I hold on to the memory of you
Camomile

The Plough is elegant above me
The cup sits upon my stove
I drink to the memory of you
Camomile

Camomile in my bloodstream
Camomile on my mind

The half moon is out of view
My face reddens by the stove
I remember warm kisses on her mouth
Camomile

No clouds, the night sky is deepened blue
Embers dying in my stove
I imagine, I am sitting here with you
Camomile

Camomile in my bloodstream
Camomile on my mind

Camomile
Camomile ...