

The Colour Of The Sky

Pale Saints

It was always you
I can't recall the colour of the sky
But that's not important
We were walking down the hill
When I noticed that you were limping
So I bent down to examine your paw
I can see something
A speck of white in your pad
I've got it in between my fingernails
It's growing
I'm pulling it
It's growing
Why doesn't it hurt?
Why doesn't it hurt?
Hurt?
It came out cleanly
There was no mess
A gigantic anchor made out of bone
We left it at the side of the pavement and walked on

I could hear you laughing