

Colour Fields

Elbow

All clear

Good Lord

Did well to be ignored

Your falling temperature

Like cooling kisses

All through your head

A made-up water's edge

A summer gone on tabling fabled blissesI'd love to see you waving

From the far side of the swim

Gathered in by a waiting troop of the open- hearted

Where colour field meets canvas

And the picture breathes you in

Where all the stories meant for you have already startedBright girl, dead town

Walking tall but blown around

The secret chainmail gown of your father's blessing

Bright girl, dead town

Open mouths for miles around

I still see you keeping those dough boys guessingI'd love to see you waving

From the far side of the swim

Gathered in by a waiting troop of the open- hearted

Where colour field meets canvas

And the picture breathes you in

Where all the stories meant for you have already startedBright girl, dead town

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