

Baltic Sea

Brazzaville

Weather systems
Baltic Sea
Distant foghorns and some milky tea
Amber scattered
On the shores
Washed up from ancient forest floors

The earth pulls softly at my skin
Beckoning me home again
No more beaches or old guitars
Just a skeleton
Asleep among the stars
A skeleton asleep among the stars

The snow falls wet
In Amsterdam
Rusting bicycles and quiet trams
And bakery smells
And market stalls
And houseboats in their
Dark canals

The earth pulls softly...