

You sang in the swell  
Coruscating with such  
Ordinary colours of the coast  
The champaign fielding neighbourhoods  
Where you've come to know contentment  
In cataracts and torrents  
Coalescing summer songs with  
New partners for slumber

In spite of this I am beside myself  
And despite this you are the same without me

You belong further in  
Winter body  
I was meant to keep you warm  
Please come home  
But I am anchored  
Because I can not contain you