

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