

One More Colour

Jane Siberry

"Is it lasting?"
And in asking the sphere becomes a line
A dotted line and to follow it
You must make a jump each time

A dotted page, a dotted hillside
A blast of dots a blind reader
And a flock of sheep
And a blast of trumpet shots

Here, all we have here is sky
All the sky is is blue
All that blue is is one more color now

A basket of apples by the back door
Beneath the sweater pegs
The autumn leaves lift along the street
A pair of dancing legs

Same as the vendor who likes to sing
As loudly as he can
And all he says is it suits me fine
That's the way I am

Here, all we have here is sky
All the sky is is blue
All that blue is is one more color now

I've seen this thing you won't believe
Why it's big, bigger than the biggest trees
High as the mountains, wide as the widest skies
And that's both sides, well, at least as big as me

Speak a little softer and work a little harder
Shoot less with more care
And sing a little sweeter and love a little longer
And soon you will be there

Here, all we have here is sky
All the sky is is blue
All that blue is is one more color, one more color
One more color, one more color now

These are some reasons and same as the seasons
They hold and then they fly
The goatless ledge, the honkless geese in
The speckless sky, the speckless sky

I hear you
I hear you
I hear you