Camomile

Luka Bloom

Mars sits outside my window Flames dancing in my stove I hold on to the memory of you Camomile

The Plough is elegant above me The cup sits upon my stove I drink to the memory of you Camomile

Camomile in my bloodstream Camomile on my mind

The half moon is out of view
My face reddens by the stove
I remember warm kisses on her mouth
Camomile

No clouds, the night sky is deepened blue Embers dying in my stove I imagine, I am sitting here with you Camomile

Camomile in my bloodstream Camomile on my mind

Camomile ...