

the warmth

Paris Paloma

It's thawing
And melting the ice
White goats are grazing on the mountainside
It's golden
Blinded by the sight
Of the water
Moving in the last of the light

I used to think that I
Was running from the night
But I've been following behind
The light, all this time

It can't hurt me
It's still there but it can't now the warmth's returning
The warmth is coming back and now, no it can't hurt me
It's still there but it can't now the warmth's returning

Moving slowly, tracking laughter through the trees
The sound of the safety that's evaded me
The calling of the birds
The warmth returns
To my extremities, long dead from freezer burn

Moving softly on my feet
I thought it ran from me
But the beckoning sunbeams
Are nearly in reach
Nearly in reach

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In the clearing
I reached it
With hands out like a child
Lifting up to eat it
I ate up all the light
And it shone through my teeth
And I tasted sunbeams
Emanating from me
From me, from me

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