

## Costa

Robert Wyatt

Orange,  
Fierce orange of the egg shaped fireball  
Plopping into the ocean  
As the earth tips backwards towards night

Orange,  
Scratched orange of the gas bottles  
Delievered, for lack of pipeline  
Dragged to the door by the man in a wig

Orange,  
Soft orange of two full moons  
One high, one low in a puddle mirror  
Floating in a pathole of the unmade road