

## The Yeast In The Sugar

This Is the Kit

Give it a second, it needs some time to form  
The yeast in the sugar the jar on the ironing board  
The needle, slow moving  
The orchestra tuning

A tapping of toes, a clicking, a ticking down  
Then I'm counting in time, but counting in 1, 2, now's  
A skip in the breath  
Returns as a pain in the chest

But oh my lands, my islands, I landed here  
See my eyes, my wide eyes these lenses clear

A cyclical motion, the spinning of yarn from flax  
Then measured, and woven, and coated in paraffin wax  
But I didn't find it  
It's just I didn't see it yet

And oh my lands, my islands, I landed here  
A stone's throw from an I can't find the time to disappear