

It was time when you spent everyday by the ocean. A million pebbles made up the beach, each worn round and soft by the swelling sea. Each one different, each one special. They got so hot in the sun; they warmed your bum when you took the time to sit with them. The wind told you stories. On the warmer days it would whisper, but on the cooler ones it would roar. The clouds would come down to meet you; they'd kiss you, placing dew drops on your rosy cheeks. The haze hugs you, envelopes you. You don't need to wonder what's beyond it, because you already know.



When you close your eyes you can feel them. The trees, the toadstools, the trembling thorns. You've never slept so soundly, dreamt so vividly, felt so rested. You empty your heavy cans of mud and fill them with paint.

The primaries: red, blue, yellow; you can make the whole rainbow with just three colours. Sunlight drips from finger painted windows on to your bare thighs. You peer out, and theres the moon smiling back. The teeth of a cheshire cat gleam back at you. It opens it's mouth and swallows you whole. Wandering in warm waning waters; wooden windpipes, that whisper wisdom. Wild worms witness winter, witness war. The winter withers walls;

withers warmth. You worship the wise waxing moon. Wish worries withdraw, wrapping wrecks with warmth.

## CONTENT (?)

