

## It's the Colour of My Heart

Before you came everything  
was what it is'  
the sky the limit of sight  
the road a road, the glass of wine  
a glass of wine.

And now the glass of wine, the road, the colour of the sky  
are the colour of my heart  
while it breaks itself down  
into blood.

Sometimes a gold colour—a colour of eyes' delight  
that sooty colour, the colour of disgust  
the colour of dry leaves, straw, thorns  
the colour of red flowers in a blazing garden  
poison colour, blood colour, the colour of black night.  
The sky, the road, the glass of wine  
are a sodden cloak, an aching vein,  
a mirror changing every moment.

Now that you've come, stay—let some colour, season, thing  
stay in place.

One more time let everything  
be what it is:  
the sky the limit of sight  
the road a road, the glass of wine  
a glass of wine.