

## PRETTY DRIFTERS

Sunlight shivers on the leaves in the wood  
Pretty drifters, they make their way to the floor  
I am standing, still and waiting and I can hear it all  
Peace lives here in a house of stone, cool and steady and misunderstood

Because it's not one grand, striking moment when life throws light upon us  
The universe and connection, burnished with the gold haze of contentment  
It's when we hold the buds of our loves and keep them clutched to our chests  
Crash together like feathers as we fall to our rest  
Neither plucked nor pulled, just worn and fooled  
And falling to our rest

I am levelled when life settles into moments like this  
All so simple, all so little  
Yet salient and crisp  
Flames send up sparks to pierce through the dark  
And the moon has never left  
A moment of alignment, the stars are about to touch  
And your heart beats easy in your chest.

Pretty drifters, the pears are ripe in the bowl  
Pretty drifters, soon I'll make my sister a cup of tea

Maybe a moment of mundanity  
But there's colour there, and it's the brightest to me.