## Colour Haze, Pulse

Be in a field now Between raging earth and racing skies Weed fingers reaching Lower your soul to the roots and seek the light

Seed was spread to the mountains Brooded in the boiling seas Examine a dorp of water A universe of vivid shapes is to see

Mind the calm between the stars then Overwealming something is Once you get back and feed some ants son Be calmed for it won't disappear