

## John Pass / WATER-COLOURS

Using up the time  
on the parking meter  
I find myself looking  
at prints in a bookstore.  
What is it about them  
makes me want to look again  
at everything?

A touch of new snow  
on the forested mountain  
slope, light as cloud.  
I ache to be so  
gentle with the world.

There are the bare trees  
dry with cold. Below them  
the traffic struggles as the light  
changes. I am at the wheel, waiting.

From the window overlooking  
the orchard I can see more  
of the valley and the faraway  
glimmering sea. On the ground  
one apple keeps its colour  
among the frosted leaves.

Always, in a way,  
it is a lie. As I recall  
there were no water-colours.

I spend the daylight  
writing, lost in subtleties.  
It is dark when I walk  
near the stream expecting  
the sound of water.