



MOROCCO:
COLOURS IN THE DUST

By Wayne Visser

I leave behind the dusty brown
Of narrow streets and sun-fired clay
Back home to England's verdant town
Of scholars' spires and skies of grey

I leave behind the market maze
Where every hue is staked and strung
And count the march of Christmas days
In gleaming malls with carols sung

I leave behind the emerald bliss
Of gardens in the golden sand
And smile to see the blooms I miss
Still traced upon my lover's hand

I leave behind the hooded eyes
Of faces drawn like timeless maps
And brush the mask of my disguise
With bright new paint across the cracks

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