



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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