

# My Proud Days

These bright mornings  
The colour of newness.  
Stopping still awhile, I am a tidal point,  
I am a happy amateur.  
We are nacre, we  
Brightly shine, we are  
Pilots and tall ships, we are a new unit.  
The light of the flame flows upwards in brief symmetry;  
These soft preludes  
My proud days  
Rise up around me,  
The night to your star,  
The glass to your wine.