

**This Is Changing**  
**by Amelia Meister**

the newness of your breath in my ear  
was enough to forget oceans  
I hid in a valley and watched us climb  
No travellers cared  
To question two lovers without  
water bottles or tents to last the night

Mountains seemed insignificant  
In the sight of new love

I cannot travel anymore  
Like this  
My mouth is parched for wanting  
My clothes tattered from hope

How do we descend together  
And not reach the underworld?  
For I do not want death to haunt our bedside  
But winds to scatter the seeds that we have  
nurtured within the fruits of our love  
To grow into a field that we can lay in  
Without staring at clouds that fly by  
Like dreamscapes