

# Haar

Beyond the haar,  
you lie.

In a slumber,  
sweet as treacle,  
and so much softer than today.

Beyond the haar  
are yesteryears.

A time before your absence.  
The presence of feeling  
everyday motions  
that form home.

Beyond the haar  
is the unknown.

Maybe the comfort of horizons  
or the beauty of your rest.  
Maybe the release of pure catharsis  
or skies free of clouds  
and mess.

Beyond the haar  
is something other.  
A home  
from homes before.

Beyond the haar is something other.  
A love,  
beyond known lore.

# Slow

Time outside  
time.

Cooking up something.  
Planting some seeds.

The groove  
of new textures.  
The warmth  
of your feet.

I can hear the birds,  
greeting.

Today is a warmed orange,  
bathed in yellows and golds.

Before the morning  
meets afternoon,  
we'll toast.

# Late falling leaves

The day came and went,  
but you stayed.

Sunlit and stubborn,  
making nests  
out of nothing.

# Green velvet

Green soothes me.  
Especially the type of green  
so near to blue  
it brings my attention to  
water and land.

Bold and bewildering.  
Retro and real.  
It makes every day  
feel like an occasion.

**by Francesca Sobande**

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and openness that are part of them.  
Thank you to everyone who is GEM.