

I Write

there are paintings in my attic
no gallery to show
the world how much I love you
and cannot let you go

there's a book which I have written
in a folder in a drawer
and the pages turn in rhythm
to your footsteps on the shore

*I write
in the alley children play
I write
at the coming of the day
I paint
with the colours of the sun --*

*with the wind that shakes the trees
I write*

in my mind I love to wander
with the blackbird on the fence
see that touch of red upon his wing
beauty spares but no expense

and the first time that I saw you
crazy laughter in the rain
when two hearts love one another
then the world is free again

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in the alley children play
I write
at the coming of the day
I paint
with the colours of the sun --*

*with the wind that shakes the trees
I write*

Paul Laurent Lauzon