

# The Painter

Angelo De Augustine

Oh my darling I paint with patience  
Adorned my easel and read  
On the solemn and forlorn faces  
With colors of the wind  
Like the painter I sign my name  
Where I wanted to be found  
But you already know  
How the story ends now

Like the poet who came before us  
Now nestled in the grave  
Never one to rejoice in chorus  
Or look you in the face  
More like the ocean that find its home  
On the bright crest of a wave  
As the moon would shine  
On its breaking face

Run far away from your kind  
As you carry the life that you left far behind  
Lost for words to convey  
As the artist relies on the eyes to relay

Oh my darling I wield my wishes  
Along the canvas end  
Crimson, cad yellow, baby blue  
Amaranth are my old friends  
All the colors that lend their blessing  
Of kindness at a glance  
As the light would show  
You how they dance

As the light would show  
All the light would show  
And life would throw  
You once more chance