

## Julian's Eyes

Brett Anderson

Softening the winter with his eyes  
Sitting in the meadow in disguise  
Feeling his way, touching the stone  
Watching the day through a telephone  
Colours in the carnage of his hair  
Lose it in the debris on the stairs  
Feeling his way, touching her hand  
Making his way, to the bandstand  
He's in the sky, he's in the tide, he's in the trees  
and the buzz of the night  
Feet in the sand, watching life through Julian's eye's  
Softening the winter with his smile  
Sitting in the doorway counting tiles  
Feeling his way, touching life, watching the day  
through quiet eye's  
Elephants and spiders in his head  
Capital letters, green and red  
Feeling his way, making a start  
Watching the day, through cut glass  
He's in the sky, he's in the grass, he's in the wind  
and the curve of the stars  
Feet in the sand, watching life through Julian's eye's