

Paintings From Michael

Courtney Marie Andrews

I liked the one with the sky storm
The one with the abandoned barn
I heard you painted it in prison
Right before they took your brushes away

Michael, I don't know you
But I dream of you sometimes
To tell you the truth
I don't know what you did to deserve such hard times

I'd read to you on Sundays
Right before they took your visits away
I'd kept all the letters you'd send
The ones about being home again

Michael, I don't know you
But I dream of you sometimes
To tell you the truth
I don't know what you did to deserve such hard times

When you paint the pretty women
Do you see them in your cell?
When they take you out for field work
Do you hear the city bells?