Parisian Dream

Laura Veirs

Your painting
Scratched lines of blue and gold
You open me up
Was folding into myself
A deck of cards
Face down empty on the shelf

Your song with
Emphasis on one and two
Then I couldn't keep time
You took me into a dream
Exploding soundtrack
That I treasure as mine...

I was bent over
My chest and invisible line
Sinking
But then the light
The lamp that I held
In my blistered hands
You the fuel and
Me the fool for not noticing

This Chinese junk we're on With strapping strong
You cast free the lines
Let's float here
Together clearly we better
Slip out to the brine!