

# The Little Flower Girl

Ian Anderson

Down at the church the flower girl sits. Legs innocent, apart.  
I make the picture puzzle fit to start your heart.  
Painted sister stopped beside. A word upon her saintly lip.  
Perhaps admonishing the child inside the open slip.

I don't know where she might go when she runs home at night.  
It's for the best: I wouldn't rest when I turned out the light.  
No little flower girl singing in my troubled dream  
just an old man's model in a pose from a magazine.

I have touched that face a dozen times before. And I have let my pencil run.  
Laid down washes on a foreign shore, under a hot and foreign sun.  
My best sable brushes drift the soft inside of her arm.  
Her chin I tilt, her breasts I lift. I mean no harm.

I close the door. She is no more until the next appointed hour.  
Northeastern light push back the night: painted promises in store.  
No little flower girl singing in my troubled dream  
just an old man's model in a pose from a magazine.

Down at the church my flower girl sits. Legs innocent, apart.  
I make the picture puzzle fit to start your heart.  
My golden sable brushes drift the soft inside of her arm.  
Her chin I tilt, her breasts I lift. I mean no harm.  
I mean no harm. I mean.....