

## 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!