



For you!

Wandering barefoot through the sorrow, trying to
wake from a dream of pain, of loneliness and
self-negation i was small and hungry
and out in the rain. The years flew by
the words "a Contender" i fought without
a hope to share, the Cathedral peels the
orange The lemon An artist cleans his
brush with a tear, the Children laugh,
fall down and tumble, get up all grown
the man, his art, if only i had the
world to give her, if only she would keep
this wounded heart. Goodnight Louise..... Randy 2013