

# Baez Joan, Milanese Waltz, Marie Flore

Baez Joan

Blessed Are...

Milanese Waltz, Marie Flore

Marie, Marie Flore was a small girl of ten whom I met in the south end of France

Stepping out of a crowd was the daughter of someone with flowers for me,

□we were friends at a glance

She spoke no English but sat by my side in the car

And pointed out places en route to the village of Arles.

Marie, Marie Flore came to table that night as I dined in an ancient hotel

The room was outfitted with things from the seventeenth century and they suited her well

She would eat nothing but sat in her chair like a queen

And laughed at my French but seemed always to know what I mean...

Marie, Marie Flore came to hear me that night when I sang for the people of Arles

She stood back in the shadows of a ruined arena, her frame in my mind was never too far

In the rush that did follow I found she was holding my hand

And ushering me through an evening the elders had planned...

Marie, Marie Flore, I will always remember your eyes, your smile, and your grace

The gold that flowed with your laughter remains to enlighten the image I have of your face

For I have known children whose faces are wiser than time

And you, my Marie, are most certainly one of that kind...

Marie, Marie Flore, all the odds say I