

Caroline Lavelle, Dream Of Picasso

tonight I shall sleep with the ghost of Picasso
and I'll draw the arms of the city close around us
'that one he died' I'll tell him, and he'll say
'so did I it's no big thing'
and he'll paint a blue halo round my head
and then he'll slip cool and calm beside me in my bed
and he'll say, come on, come on
tonight I shall sleep with the knowledge and freedom
that the one who comes will be wanting only me
and when he does, that river, will flow across the moon
a silent stream
and he'll tell me that he loves me just the same
and that he's dreamt about me dancing in the falling rain
and he'll say, he'll say come on, come on