

The girl who could paint tomorrow  
Had only enough paints for today.  
She had used them all up on her sorrow;  
And had wasted too many on pain.

Such a gift should only be given  
To one that could handle the task.  
Such a gift should never be given  
To one always coming up last.

Tho' she chose not the gift she was given,  
And she tried to let go of her past,  
She had somehow lost touch with the living,  
And the moment to paint them had passed.

So, she sat down alone by a river,  
And she thought of the picture she'd miss,  
All the wishes she could have delivered,  
With a stroke of her brush, like a kiss.

She could have made so many happy,  
Just to give them all they'd ever dreamed,  
But she'd squandered her paints, probably laughing,  
How careless and cold this now seemed.

So, the girl who could paint tomorrow  
Only cried for the end of today,  
And the dreams to be lived tomorrow,  
With her tears, only washed away.

"Oh how sad", you might say, is this story,  
All the dreams and the wishes just lost.  
And the tale I've told here is just boring,  
And the price for your time, what a cost.

And the girl and her paints aren't your problem,  
Only time wasted and pictures lost.  
If you're so sure this isn't your problem,  
Be quite sure, to've missed her is your loss.

Dawn  
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