

Baez Joan**"Milanese Waltz, Marie Flore"**

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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 Ill see you again, by
plan or by chance
But if not, youll be there when Im dreaming of rain over
Paris, or sun in the south end of France
Marie, Marie, Marie Flore...

Joan Baez

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