

Michael Franks "Abandoned Garden"

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In your abandoned garden, sunlight still prevails:
The jasmine climbs the trellis fragrantly, the
jacaranda ultravioletly sways.
The blossom, each of them by your hand planted,
Will, even if I tell them of your sudden
Disappearance from us,
Not believe the tale.

Though the samba has ended, I know in the sound
Of your voice, your piano, your flute, you are found,
And the music within you continues to flow
Sadly, lost Antonio.

You were my inspiration, my hero, my friend;
On the highway of time will I meet you again?
If the heart ever heals, does the scar always show
For the lost Antonio?
For the lost Antonio?

In your abandoned garden, beauty is unchanged:
The hummingbird still hovers for the scent the
frangipane so seductively displays.
Camellias, each of them by your hand planted,
The sadness of your sudden disappearance still
unknown to them,
Await the kiss of rain.

Though the samba has ended, I know in the sound
Of your voice, your piano, your flute, you are found,
And the music within you continues to flow
Sadly, lost Antonio.

You were my inspiration, my hero, my friend;
On the highway of time will I meet you again?
If the heart ever heals, does the scar always show
For the lost Antonio?
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