

Kara Johnstad

"Paris"

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Passing umbrellas
A thought held in time
As the skyline of Paris
Dissolves into chimes
And they sit, talking openly
They share

The love and the laughter
Like boats on a sea
They are carried through lifetimes
A sweet odyssey
A discover a friendship
Quite rare

The sun on the window
Which dries her wet hair
Gazing on the fountain in the square
Humming he contemplates
Stretching the time
Or is there a time?

Textures and colors
Impressions of others
Monmartre is filled
And the painters discover
To grasp, like a clock
They keep time

Marking the seasons
By splashes on canvas
A rough stuccoed wall,
A blue window, some pansies
A mirrored window, he recalls

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Which dries her wet hair
Gazing on the fountain in the square
Humming he contemplates
Stretching the time
Or is there a time?

