

Phillip Larue

"Paperchase"

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Find a way to distinguish patterns
In the thread of the living.
Pick a path through the rough and tumble
Look within without misgiving.
Darkness falls on December,
Gathered in, we recall.
Wait, don't let it wear you down.
Call me, and I'll be right round, come what
May never wears a frown. So call me -
And we'll treat the world as on wedding-days
On and on through the Paperchase.
Pitch a ball across a dusky courtyard
See the shadows slink away;
Toss a coin into a feckless fountain
And - brittle hope - it's your lucky day!
Winter finds us together
Heaven knows our design
Wait, don't let it wear you down.
Call me, and I'll be right round, come what
May never wears a frown. So call me -
And we'll treat the world as on wedding-days
On and on through the Paperchase.

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