

P J Loughran

"Liam and Patrick"

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Liam the lover entertains his congregation
They smile, the pleasures all theres
And they laugh and they applaud as he holds their
attention
The master of ceremonies, he is king.

But pretty soon time will take him away
Alone without a soul to soothe, he will stay
And he cant seem to see or understand
That theres more to understand

Patrick the painter sets his quill to the canvas
He smiles, hes where he loves to be
And in magenta and lime, he will fly
Across the cream oasis and black India line

But pretty soon time will take him away
Without a real life to live, he will stay
And he cant seem to see or understand.

Liam makes her laugh
As Patrick paints the feel
Of her hair
Across his face

He says goodnights
He cleans the black ink from the quill
Left with a space the others filled

And there they lay
The lovers grin relaxes as
Dalmatian-spotted, callused fingers
Stare across the room
and see the other cry

Liam and Patrick am I
And both are restless...

