

An Imperfect Picture

*A lovely rainbow seeping out of the clouds;
A lonely child among his moldy thoughts;
The grasses swaying ever so gently
Beckoning those golden rays, "come touch me!"
But what could have been a picture so perfect
Reached out and touched this jaded heart of mine.
And if I were to paint a picture as such,
I'd probably redo it and paint a smile to touch.
But then again, as I sit here and watch
I realize in this silly heart of old, that
Sometimes it takes just that little imperfection
To render a picture whole!*

Elena Brugnera©2005