

for Kayne

*I know another has painted you,
his quiet masterpiece,
But were his soft strokes really true,
for all the world to see.
My gift are my words to you,
though I color and sometimes shade.
I see your canvas in gold & blue,
background with shadowed pain.*

*But I'm not whole
If we're apart
And separate hearts
Are bound to close*

*I'm not going to lie to you
I've done that too many times.
My rhymes, and my feeling are true,
When I search for the morning light*

*But I'm not whole
If you're not free
And I can't lead
If you don't follow*

*I'm not going to lie to you,
Alone I slowly die.
Help me to keep our canvas true,
Facing the morning light...*