

“ Picnic In The Rain”

Your flowing lilac summer dress lilting in the breeze

Running barefoot in the meadow

Daisies in your hair

The dream that breaks my heart, I see you running wild again

Longing for our picnic In the rain.

Sat amongst the flowers, bread and honey, strawberries and wine

Lemon shortbread — your favourite — sweet and fine

Joy and laughter, raindrops falling light as the world grew soft and quiet

We sat and vowed our boundless love

On our picnic in the rain.

Now the years have turned and faded, seasons come and gone

Still I see your face before me

Daisies on the lawn

Soft rain falls around me now, the world grows soft and quiet as

I still recall our boundless love -

The picnic in the rain.