

PÃ-ctic

Joan Miquel Oliver

On a picnic morning without a warning
I looked at you and somehow I knew
 On a day for singing,
 My heart went winging
A picnic grove was our rendezvous
 You and I in the sunshine
We strolled the fields and farms
 At the last light of evening,
 I held you in my arms
So when days grow stormy
 And lonely for me
I just recall picnic time and you.

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