Meet the Artist

Jason Rubero

Summer sky painted with a color
I could not describe
A forgotten shade that reminds me
I was once a child

Autumn fire alight with nature's glory
I felt a liar, a tongue-tied twisted kid
Trying to recall the scene
With mere words a mute choir

Absolved of the need to shade we played
While sleepy trees shed their leaves
Dark eyes reflecting endless skies
I shouted 'I can fly', still on my knees

Springing seed
Bursting forth from winter's shackle
As I am freed
From all these grown up boundless wires
Adult confusion
I have what I need

Still, I would like more than the glimpse
I caught since I first saw the Mercywheel
I want to meet the Man the perfect Artist
Who can summon all I hear, see, feel

I know you think I'm crazy
Tromping today's roses for yesterday's daisies
But I'm just taking some time
To remember where I'm
Going and I'm coming from

Lyrics Submitted by June

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