



RED BRIDGE

by Marie Papier

after Paul Klee

I almost fell off
the red bridge

but the yellow moon
shining in the blue night

said: see that pink tower
with a black roof?

There lives old Uncle Paul
a smart painter who can make

any old thing into a bright
new toy. Knock on the door

he'll let you in and show you how
to transform dull greys

into a rainbow.

