



Daddy is a painter,

and he says things using colours
instead of words.

He creates collages with shapes –
his canvases are portraits, landscapes

of an abstract world.

But daddy can also paint

without holding a brush.

He paints by sowing seeds,

by trimming the dormant shrubs.

He paints by dutifully feeding

the roses.

He paints a painting so green

that bees and butterflies can join in,
along with the many birds

that sing as we play.

Daddy is a painter,

and every year

he paints me a garden.

by Luciana Francis

