

Julian's Eyes

Brett Anderson

Softening the winter with his eyes
Sitting in the meadow in disguise
Feeling his way, touching the stone
Watching the day through a telephone
Colours in the carnage of his hair
Lose it in the debris on the stairs
Feeling his way, touching her hand
Making his way, to the bandstand
He's in the sky, he's in the tide, he's in the trees
and the buzz of the night
Feet in the sand, watching life through Julian's eye's
Softening the winter with his smile
Sitting in the doorway counting tiles
Feeling his way, touching life, watching the day
through quiet eye's
Elephants and spiders in his head
Capital letters, green and red
Feeling his way, making a start
Watching the day, through cut glass
He's in the sky, he's in the grass, he's in the wind
and the curve of the stars
Feet in the sand, watching life through Julian's eye's