

## Final Stroke of the Brush

Paint still wet, Iberian red, glistens on the wall  
Long this eve has been, I struggle, my thoughts distracted  
Anxious, concerned, I've been awaiting her phone call

This weekend, my distant lady, has promised to arrive  
Painting this wall, a final touch, everything must be just right  
Uneasy, yesterday our conversation odd, is this love still alive?  
Long, too long, I've waited for our special night

With each stroke of the brush, eve now dark, wall now deep red  
Stark realization, so ironic, its my heart splashed on the wall  
Final stroke of the brush, from her no call, a lover's dream now dead

- Of one called *Spellbound*
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