

## ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING

The days of Giverny were just passing through

It's all gone I said to my friend

Our two roads led us away from each other

Such was the curse of the traveller, que sera,

This light of hope could not last forever or eternity.

On the beach, Josephine's little blonde plaits were like basket weaving

The very mention of her name

In the distance, Chisel Hill possessed one golden rule.

All summer long we were looking, but now September's blue played out to leaves

Leaves leaving the branches of trees

If anyone asked me, I would say this was a lucky day, a freeway,

I was set free.

I left a note saying I was going off to buy a hat in the windy town,

But, I had gone fishing.