## My Daughter and Vincent van Gogh

Words & Music by Anne Hills and Allen Power

My daughter and Vincent van Gogh Are here for the national show The crowd gathers 'round us, we're waiting in line She's anxious to see him, her hand is in mine She's just read his letters, she's going to be nine The Washington cherry trees blossom with snow For my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

The child and the man disappear Down hallways that lead far from here To a tangle of forest, and ocean of wheat Where there's honey-gold quinces and green chives to eat Till the breezes of evening blow salty and sweet There's a tumbling sky, there's a world turning slow For my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

And I'm standing at a distance Holding a bowl of potatoes Beneath bright singing poplars

She's making her way through the streets With his brown leather boots on her feet She walks down to the boats resting on the wet sand She's gathering irises into her hand As she watches the sunbeams dividing the land For the reaper who's moving so gentle and low Near my daughter and Vincent van Gogh

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