

LAVENDER SUNSHINE

TONI SCORSESE

One, two, three? In real life.

A crooked smile, an inviting touch on the shoulder, an exuberant thank you.

He didn't understand the air around him had changed. Yeah, he didn't want to.

But – it continued.

He liked it.

She didn't mind; she delighted.

From 1241 she could see his lavender sunshine. (*Spread it about, won't you?*)

She was the stimulus, aware of its effect on those around him; she delivered it.

She liked it too.

Like, love, comment! In cyberspace.

A shout out to the pic, a nod to the prose, a quip on the clip.

She knew the air around her had changed. Yeah, she was afraid to. But – it persisted.

She liked it.

He didn't mind; he appreciated.

From 1241 he could feel her lavender sunshine. "*Yeah, OK, spread it about!*"

He was the catalyst, aware of its power on those around her; he engendered it.

He liked it too.

What a most unusual insight.

The lavender, the lilt, the light was remarked by those around them; they welcomed it.

They liked it.

So did those around them. Grateful for this moment, they spread it about.

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(You Know Who You Are)