

MARIE-ANDRÉE AUCLAIR  
**COLOUR SCHEME**

In my dream  
painters are painting my walls  
with the shabby browns and ancient yellows  
I've known in old houses, colours  
I would not choose, that they extricate  
from my palette.

I did not ask them to paint anything  
or yet.

They are premature, these workmen  
laying left-overs on my walls  
rolling a past over my present.

I don't like any of it,  
but the dream flows so easily  
I am too sleep-weakened to protest.

Unease, like a sharp scent of turpentine  
alerts me.

The dream painters stare  
shrug slightly as if to say, this is  
what we found, what you have.  
What do you want?

They go back to painting, slowly.