

Lovers Retreat

Anne Clark

Look at our young faces
They're growing older with each moment
Harder and less beautiful
With every word we say

Stumbling over bridges
And through the backstreets
Waiting for something
But we don't know what

It could be a promise
It could be passion
Eternal life
Or instant death

Wading through rubbish
And dodging choc-a-block cars
Through the door and up the stairs
We'll find some moments of happiness
Between sheets we've known so often
The warmest place in this hostile town

Afterwards, through dust and comfort filled eyes
We can look upwards
And almost stare at the stars