

Upon This Earth

David Sylvian

Looking, by chance, in at the open window,
I saw my own self seated in his chair.
With gaze abstracted, furrowed forehead,
Unkempt hair.

I thought that I had suddenly come to die,
That to a cold corpse this was my farewell.
Until the pen moved slowly upon paper,
And tears fell.

He had written a name, yours, in printed letters:
One word on which bemusedly to pour.
No protest, no desire, your naked name,
Nothing more.

Would it be tomorrow? Would it be next year?
But the vision was not false, this much I knew;
And I turned angrily from the open window,
Aghast at you.

Why never a warning, either by speech or look,
That the love you cruelly gave me could not last?
Already it was too late: the bait swallowed,
The hook fast.