

Child

Peter Hammill

I don't know quite what's happening
and my eyes don't see too clear;
all I know is I need you here,
if only to shield me from the mood of the world
and hold me and say it doesn't matter....
but I'm like a child whose dreams are shattered,
Crowding round me: images of broken thought,
lines of my life now overgrown.
All I can feel is I'm so alone,
without even your bright eyes to reach into my mind
and say that in my life I've done right,
and I'm like a moonchild in the sunlight.
So cast your thoughts upon me, wherever you are,
that I may feel you close beside me
and hold your hand, for you to guide me
through all these catacombs which freeze me
with their touch;
unknowing, knowing so much, my mind cries out
and I'm like a child when the light's out
With a child's fear of the dark