

Diminished

Peter Hammill

Was it only my imagination or were we once agreed, in full accord, that we would meet in time for reconciliation, for the scratching of old debts and the settling of old scores?

Once upon a time you think you'll live forever - only goes to show, in truth, that you don't even know you're born.

Round and round we trod our drilled, diminished circles, measured out our days in pleasantries - what treasures we forswore.

It was only my imagination, I thought I'd got away with what I'd done before. I'm unprepared for this investigation.

I'm so scared of what's in store.