

## Cressida

Richard Thompson

Love that holds its breath for fear  
Of scaring love away  
I rush my lines, I care too deeply  
Oh, will she keep me for idle games?

I raise my eyes to see her there  
Shining in a daydream  
I raise my eyes, I see too much  
I know her touch, what her touch would mean

I stare into, I stare into  
The dying flames