

The Best Thing

Simon Carly

I was his foreigner
And he was mine.
We ate on terraces
And drank the cheapest wine.
And he believed in me
Down by the serpentine.
How was I to know
it was the best thing
To come along for a long time.

I turned the page
And saw three children with smiles.
I looked to see
What I could make of the youngest child.
And as she blew the candles out
She turned five.
How was I to know
It was the best thing
To come along for a long time.

What do the people at the end of the world do
About time? What about time?
Their secret sleeps with me.