

When You And I Were Young

The Clientele

when you & I were young
we would press our white faces from the car
& the rain on the windows would run through the gathering dark

& the lampposts shone & dogs would run into the dying frame
where the park was glowing dimly through the silence of the lanes
& the radiators hum rose above the falling leaves
where so fragile & so young you had drifted into sleep

I've been for a walk
& every face I see seems to be mine
night-time comes
the birds have flown
a fever glows in every line

I love this season
this weary night
the flint the dreams the silent pines
the eeriness
is in the feeling
that I have finished everything

& a child from the school was running back to her car
& her white face cried she was deaf & afraid of the dark

& the whispering house grew still as we stared into the night
in the garden & the lamps & the window's fading light
& though Christmas was the same, we had seen another year
turning softly through the flames