

## 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