

I can remember it so well,  
the bed of roses where we lay,  
the crown of thorns I was so keen to give away.  
All the warning signs ignored,  
the passion's played.  
I could foresee what was to come,  
I had a sense of what might happen.  
The river runs and very rapidly  
becomes a torrent, sweeping us  
towards our ricochet.  
It takes a lifetime to unravel all the threads  
that have tied us in our webs of tourniquet.  
I stake no claim on memory.  
I stand on ceremonial quicksand.  
I look for something with solidity  
to hold:  
something lasting, something pristine, with no sense of  
decay.  
Can you remember how that was?  
Can you remember?  
It takes a lifetime's understanding of the flow  
to surrender, let the current sweep you away.  
What if I'd told you I would never let you go,  
I would hold you every step along the way.  
It takes a lifetime to unlearn all that you know  
to return the things you borrowed for a day.