

# Meter and Line

## Tennis

some things just slip from my mind  
sweet memories leave me blind  
just like a love song meant for the dead  
how should the rite be read  
I remember the warm embrace  
I remember the way you taste in my mouth  
speak to me in three quarter time  
oh my love is a slave to meter and line  
oh glorious, oh glorious, oh glorious  
hope of my heart a 'trembling  
like a winter flowers cold springing  
I see her lying there unchanged  
drifting along the astral plane  
even as she was growing then  
you could still find her looking into my mind  
heavy voice with a velvet look  
there's a stillness in place of breath that she took  
closer to me than my anatomy  
somet hings just slip from my mind

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