

St. Paul's Cathedral at Night

Trembling Blue Stars

Got a postcard from her:
St. Paul's Cathedral At Night.
Spent a couple of days
trying to read between the lines:
now I don't have to read between the lines. Talking in an empty cinema,
walking back through Parliament Square.
St. James's Park at Christmas-time:
glimpsing the lake through the evening lights. I didn't want there to come an end to our time.
I know I'm in no position to miss her,
Shouldn't hold her so close when she goes;
Still I wonder what she was thinking
As she travelled home

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