

# Barberini Square

## Cherry Ghost

Where the fountains freeze  
and teetering heels fall to their knees  
in disrepair  
a dozen limping midnights  
leave me there Where the vandals loot  
and no magnum opus  
dares to stoop  
the cupboards bare  
drag your heels to Barberini Square I close my fist around  
the poles from north to south  
no blushes to burn  
long, long gone  
nothing to no-one  
moving on, moving on I have watched the trains  
pulling away time and again  
from platforms stains  
with lovers tears  
and grateful arms the same Just a name to sing  
cross white hot coals  
a winter wind  
to climb the stairs  
and grace my lips on Barberini Square I close my fist around  
the poles from north to south  
no blushes to burn  
long, long gone  
nothing to no-one  
moving on, moving on In a certain light  
your face could launch  
a bare knuckle fight  
with scowls to spare  
drag your heels to Barberini Square I close my fist around  
the poles from north to south  
no blushes to burn  
long, long gone  
nothing to no-one  
moving on, moving on Long gone, long, long gone

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