

# Tonight, I Write Sadly

## Christopher Logue

Tonight I write Sadly by Christopher Logue , from Songs

Tonight I write Sadly. Write  
For example: Little grasshopper,  
Shelter from the midnight frost  
In the scarecrow's sleeve, advising myself.

The night wind throbs in the sky.

Tonight I write so wearily. Write,  
For example: I wanted her,  
And at times it was me she wanted. Write,  
The rain we watched last fall

Has it fallen this year too?  
She wanted me, and at times it was her  
I wanted. Yet it is gone, that want.  
What's more, I do not care.

It is more terrible than my despair  
Over losing her. The night, always vast,  
Grows enormous without her, and  
My comforter's tongue talking about her

Is a red fox barred by ivory, well,  
Does it matter I loved too weak to keep her?  
The night ignores such trivial disputes.  
She is not here. That's all.

Far off someone is singing,  
And if to bring her back I look,  
And I run to the end of the road,  
And I shout, shout her name,

My voice comes back the same, but weaker.

The night is the same night; it whitens  
The same tree; casts similar shadows;  
It is as dark, as long, as deep, and as endurable

As any other night. It is true: I do not want her.

But perhaps I want her...  
Love's not as brief that I forget her.  
So, nevertheless I shall forget her, and,  
Alas, as if by accident.

A day will pass in which  
I shall not think about her even once.  
And this the last line I shall write her.

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Lyrics Submitted by Vicky Ayeach

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