Perfect Life

Steven Wilson

When I was 13 I had a sister for 6 months. She arrived one February morning, pale and shellshocked, from past lives I could not imagine. She was 3 years older than me but in no time we became friends.
We'd listen to her mix tapes; Dead Can Dance, Felt, This Mortal Coil
She introduced me to her favourite books, gave me clothes and my first cigarette.
Sonetimes we would head down to Blackbirds Moor to watch the barges on Grand Union in the twilight. She said, "The water has no memory".
For a few months everything about our lives was perfect. It was only us. We were inseparable.
But gradually she passed into another distant part of my memory.
Until I could no longer remember her face, her voice, even her name.
We have got
We have got a perfect life.

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