

Upon This Earth

David Sylvian

Looking by chance in at the open window
I saw my own self seated in his chair
With gaze abstracted, furrowed forehead, unkempt hair I thought that I had suddenly come to die
That to a cold corpse this was my farewell
Until the pen moved slowly upon paper and tears fell He had written a name, yours, in printed letters
One word on which bemusedly to pore
No protest, no desire, your naked name, nothing more Would it be tomorrow, would it be next year?
But the vision was not false, this much I knew
And I turned angrily from the open window, aghast at you Why never a warning, either by speech or look
That the love you cruelly gave me could not last?
Already it was too late, the bait swallowed the hook fast

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