

Birgit

Peter Mulvey

The rain refuses,
a few drops and then it stops,
a few drops and then it stops
The city holds its breath
You come home from work
And I can tell around the corners of our talk
That this waiting on the rain reminds us of waiting for her You and me hand in hand
Into the mist into the cool cool water You come back from out east,
from out there the cool air
from out there the cool air
You tell us you've found us a home
And we who have made a creed of anxiety
Spin and panic and jump the gun
For she is around every corner now we can taste her, we can You and me talking to the dog
In the black black black forest I'm already gone
most of me is gone to the sea
most of me has gone to the sea
I can't finish my sentences
And if she doesn't appear soon
I am going to summon her if only to assuage this aching longing for... You and me hand in hand
from the top of the Eiffel Tower

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