

on the bed in the blue room,
as hymns to the silence
float on the stove-warmed air,
in supplication, you and i,
in supple, subtle, supplication,
turning fornication into wine,
into wintered, stove-warmed,
hymn-singing wine.

take me back,
to when i lay, surrounded by blue,
by your arms, by your kiss,
by your stove-warmed,
wine tingled skin,
surrounded by your whispers;
the bedsprings moving
to the bass and drum,
our pulses slowing, to the bass,
to the drum,
and our movement,
slowing, yet constant,
insistent, a blues riff a slide guitar,
a harmonica blowing,
take me back to the whispering refrain,
oh yes,
oh yes, take me back.

see my eyes, as they close
on the present that is past,
looking to the future
that is now,
and what did i see?

in the blue room,
with the bass and drum
and the love made flesh,
in the stove-warmed air,
amid the chill
of a copenhagen winter,
with our lives unfettered,
and our senses pleased,
what did i see?

was it this me?

Noel Harrington