

If You Were Coming in the Fall

Carla Bruni

If you were coming in the fall
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile and half a spurn
As housewives do a fly

If I could see you in a year
I'd wind the months in balls
And put them each in separate drawers
Until their time befalls

If only centuries delayed
I'd count them on my hand
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Dieman's land

If certain, when this life was out
That yours and mine should be
I'd toss it yonder like a rind
And taste eternity

But now, all ignorant of the lengths of time
Uncertain wing, it goads me like
The goblin bee
That will not state its sting

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I'd count them on my hand
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
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