

Counting

Marianne Faithfull

Now is the glimmering spinning beginning
Of something I've prayed for and counted the minutes
To be in the shadows of sheltering meadows
Of night, here with you in my arms.

This is the moment that pauses to hold us
As you and I move in a background of wonder,
Surrounded by countless enclosures
Of nocturnal unspoken music of joy.

Counting times you have stood at the foot of my ivory tower
And waited, and called out my name by the hour,
And counted on the wings of my heartstrings
To carry the sound, I have counted on pleading,
You see how I need you, come down.

And now between twilight and midnight I come to you,
Down in my gown of soft moonbeams and starlight,
Bright is the evening, the breezes have fenced us
And nestled against us