

Mah-Jong

Moriarty

How much time did I take
How much time did I wait
Why did you have to come so late

The spot was empty
It hurt beyond reason
A board was loose
And screeched like a bird

The air was heavy
And reeked of treason
Of things left hanging
There without a word

Six after six
Seven after seven
Speak no more
You will be forgiven
A tumbleweed of odours
Caught in a limbo
The man at the door
His arms akimbo
And all the others
With tiny little eyes
Swift like tads
Nervous like flies
Six after six
Seven after seven
Speak no more
You will be forgiven

Taiwanese rain slid along the walls
A warm shower to keep me cold
Drenched in sweat and holy water
I waited for you and your heart of gold

But my own heart
Ticked along with my clock
And the pit-pat
Of rain on my skin
I could hear his shoes
They were soaking wet
And he sported a dimple on his chin
I know that you never believed in fate
But he was on time and you were always late