

Commune

Roy Harper

I thought I'd heard the sound of my name
And I looked back down behind me
With hair Like the reaped wheat she came
Sure as the west wind to find me
And just for a moment I wish my life
To see our friends all around us
And I turned to her
But held my breath
In the far Norwegian mountains
For there we stood two children of spring
As everything seemed to be gleaming
Her looking breathless, clean out of my mind
And me with my crazy dreaming.
To think of my friends underneath the same roof
In one common destination.
When all we do is remain aloof.
Like we have no close relation.....

And love is my torment....
And I'll take when I can....
But I'll give in the moment...
When you are my woman,
I am your man.

And I watched her making her first daisy chain
As her nipples hung hard in suggestion
Naked, Net bitten we drifted the plain
And the hazy deserve sensation
We dreamt of all the loves we'd know
We never, never thought of the sorrow
With four locks wound on the prim-rose down
In the wood by the empty long barrow
Two silver green-fly. To flicker the back dropping
Flush for the emerald spring-time
And lust for the moment, in the love of another's.
Is dust on a dragon-fly's wing.

And love is no torment.
For we'll give when we can'
And we'll live in the moment.
When you are my woman. I am your man.

And the black cat sings and the forest rings
The nettles tall all around me.
With shafts of sun and moving things
And poems fast and slowly
And fantasy's of luscious thirst
For new lust and fresh waters to seek it.
Like diamond scented reality,
Of sky's drawn back in secret
Somewhere out there with my heart in care
And pleasant the breezes, that caught them
She sits like the earth as I fly to her arms
Like the showering yellows of Autumn

And love is no torment.
For we'll give when we can'

And we'll live in the moment.
When you she is my woman. I am her man.