

We'll Never Argue

Stephen Duffy

A catalogue of ill gotten forgoterries
Knocking at your door at nine
Tumbling down like sand castles
Your eiderdown
Slipping off your skin and mine
But something strikes
At my window one night
I awake imagining you
Standing out on the beach
With a pocket torch and a lock of hair
And not knowing what to do
There are plenty of boys in the sea

But none of them love you like me
We'll never argue, we'll never sigh
If I never see you
We can't say goodbye
The streets all muscle in with hunger
For the nights I should've slept with you
You didn't answer the phone
I drove across town through dusk
Cathedrals, museum and school
But by the time I arrived
Your room looked like you'd gone away
And were sure never to return
A pile of magazines
My letters under coffee cups
Unanswered and unconcerned