

## Constellations Echo Lanes

The Clientele

Dust of football fields still rising  
To a cardboard moon  
Wreaths of dark linoleum are  
Sailing to the moon

Tea at the refectory  
Then your fingers start to freeze  
As the nights draw in  
And we drift like smoke

White nights rise  
Birds all night  
Calling from the downs Whin  
Flowers bloom  
Empty rooms  
Walls turn into flowers  
And inside you something changed  
Something falling away

Constellations echo lanes, the pylons and the still parade