

## Again

Peter Hammill

I stretch my hands,  
clutch vacant laughter  
in silence and sweet, sweet pain;  
without demand,  
but with a longing  
for what will never come again.  
I smell your perfume  
on the sheets in the morning--  
it linger like the patterns  
on the window after rain,  
a past that lives,  
if only for the present...  
which is gone and will never come again.  
to your sad eyes,  
turned away, mine say  
'Do you? Did you? How?'  
As the darkness  
slides away the day  
shows what was  
and makes what is now.  
I see your picture  
as though it were a mirror  
but there's no part of you  
outside the frame  
except the change that you gave to me:  
this will never come again.  
I am me,  
I was so before you,  
but afterwards I am not the same.  
You are gone  
and I am with you:  
this will never come again.

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