

Counting

Marianne Faithfull

Now is the glimmering spinning beginning
Of something I've prayed for and counted the minutes
To be in the shadows of sheltering meadows
Of night, here with you in my arms. This is the moment that pauses to hold us
As you and I move in a background of wonder,
Surrounded by countless enclosures
Of nocturnal unspoken music of joy. Counting times you have stood at the foot of my ivory
tower
And waited, and called out my name by the hour,
And counted on the wings of my heartstrings
To carry the sound, I have counted on pleading,
You see how I need you, come down.
And now between twilight and midnight I come to you,
Down in my gown of soft moonbeams and starlight,
Bright is the evening, the breezes have fenced us
And nestled against us — You're here —
And warm. And mine till the time
When the dawn will awake you,
The morning will shake you,
The highway will take you. But now all the rays of the moon making bouquets
Will swim through the luster of lingering street lights
We count on the night to hold everything even,
And count on forgetting that you will be leaving,
And destiny's folded and then in the dawn you'll be gone.
But now as the gardens of softening night time
Are blossoming slowly around where we are,
You and I come together
And walk through the dreams of the stars. So here while the song of the deepening evening
Is singing to me from the light in your eyes,
We can count on each other to move to the beach of tomorrow
And know where we've been.

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