

Nunn Trevor**"Memory"**

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MEMORY

Midnight. Not a sound from the pavement.

Has the moon lost her memory?

She is smiling alone.

In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet

and the wind begins to moan.

Memory. All alone in the moonlight

I can smile at the old days;

I was beatiful then.

I remember the time I knew what happiness was.

Let the memory live again.

Every street lamp seems to beat

a fatalistic warning.

Someone mutters and a street lamp gutters

and soon it will be morning.

Daylight. I must wait for the sunrise,

I must think of a new life

and I mustn't give in.

When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too

and a new day will begin.

Burnt out ends of smoky days,

the stale, cold smell of morning.

The street lamp dies, another night is over,

another day is dawning.

Touch me. It's so easy to leave me

all alone with a memory

of my days in the sun.

If you touch me I'll understand what happiness is.

Look, a new day has begun.

- Trevor Nunn (after T.S. Eliot

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