

Anna Tsuchiya

"Lovers Retreat"

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Look at your young faces
They're growing older with each moment
Harder and less beautiful
With every word we say
Stumbling over bridges
And through the backstreets
Waiting for some thing
But we don't know what
It could be a promise
It could be passion
Eternal life
Or instant death
Wading through rubbish
And dodging choc-a-block cars
Through the door and up the stairs
We'll find some moments of happiness
Between shets we've known so often
The warmest place in this hostile town
Afterwards, through dust and comfort filled eyes
We can look upwards
And almost stare at the stars

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