

## Anne Sofie Von Otter And Elvis Costello "Just A Curio"

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In the cold pale sunlight that was slanting down, I spied  
Frost reflecting on the glass and in the air outside,  
Fond relations mouthing words of love and tragedy.  
Though it's cold there's vapour rising from a moving  
stream.

In a narrow, shallow bed of fine linen and starch,  
Where her long hair tumbled once upon her graceful  
arch,  
Lace hung on the counters and the walnut cabinets,  
Teeth ware chattering like schoolgirls clicking  
castanets.

There will be no light to guide as you ascend the stairs.  
There may be a candle as you kneel and say your  
prayers.  
Throw the window wide and open, keep this mark from  
me,  
Just the letter "T" and its most dread companion "B".

How in heaven? Hadn't it been conquered long ago?  
How did it come back again? It's just a curio.

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