

## **Annie Haslam**

# **"Turn Of The Century"**

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Realising a form out of stone  
Set hands moving  
Roan shaped his heart  
Thru his working hands  
Work to mould his passion into clay  
Like the sun  
In his room, his lady  
She would dance and sing so completely  
So be still, he now cries  
I have time, oh let clay transform thee so, love  
In the deep cold of night  
Winter calls, he cries, don't deny me  
For his lady, deep her illness  
Time has caught her  
And will for all reasons take her  
In the still light of dawn, she dies  
Helpless hands soul revealing  
Like leaves we touch, we learn  
We once knew the story  
As winter calls he will starve  
All but to see the stone be life  
Now Roan no more tears  
Set to work his strength  
So transformed him  
Realising a form out of stone, his work  
So absorbed him  
Could she hear him  
Could she see him  
All aglow was his room bathed in this light  
He would touch her  
He would hold her  
Laughing as they danced  
Highest colours touching others  
Did her eyes at the turn of the century  
Tell me plainly  
How we meet, how we'll love  
Or let life, so transform me  
Like leaves we touched, we danced  
We once knew the story  
As autumn called and we both  
Remembered all those many years ago  
I'm sure we know

Was the sign with a touch  
As I kiss your fingers  
We walk hands in the sun  
Memories when we're young  
Love lingers so  
Was it sun thru the haze  
That made all your looks  
Warm as moonlight  
As a pearl, deep your eyes  
Tears have flown away  
All the same light  
Did her eyes at the turn of the century  
Tell me plainly  
When we meet how we'll look  
As we smile time

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