

## **Looper**

# **"Impossible Things #2"**

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So there was this boy and this girl  
And they'd never met  
They'd never spoken to each other  
Or even seen each other  
But one day the girl wrote a letter to the boy

The boy was lying in bed one morning  
When the letter arrived  
He heard the postman, and he hoped it might be  
One of the songs he'd sent off somewhere

Coming back with some good news  
All that turned up, though  
Was a letter from his friend from school  
Who'd gone off to art-college in Dundee

But the letter had another letter inside it  
In another envelope  
And that was the letter from the girl

And they began to write to each other a lot  
The boy and the girl  
And for a long time  
One of them would get a letter every day

They wrote about everything  
About themselves and about the world  
And they wrote their own world  
And they lit the whole thing up

And after a while, they began to meet up in the world  
Where other people live, quite nervously  
And only about once a year  
And they would walk around just watching things  
Laughing at stuff that happened

They didn't talk too much  
They'd already said  
Most of what they had to say in letters  
And they were shy  
And at the end of those rare days

They would both go back to their own cities  
And write about how good their day had been  
And say some of the things they hadn't said at the time  
And light the whole thing up

And then life began to happen to them  
Their separate lives in their separate cities  
But although they wrote a little less often  
They wrote still just as long, about their lives

And how the world was coming into their world  
And they kept going till they realized  
They'd been writing for seven years  
And because they had once written themselves a  
beach

On which to dream themselves together  
They decided that to celebrate  
They'd have another one of their rare days  
And for it they would go to a beach

And in his last letter before they went the boy wrote  
"It'll be good and if you want  
You can take my bony hand along the shore"

And so they went  
And they could talk a little bit more by then  
They could talk okay  
And they spent some money  
In the arcade at one beach

And at another beach they built a town  
Out of sand and shells  
And the girl drew out a puzzle on the wet sand  
A puzzle she'd been trying to solve  
In a dream the night before

And they walked out  
And stood on the edge of the sea there for a while  
And when they turned around to walk back to the road  
The boy said, "Do you want to take my hand?"  
And the girl said, "Take it where?"

And although he afterwards  
Thought he should have said  
"Everywhere"  
He only just mumbled

"My hand's very cold," the girl said as he took it  
And as they walked up the beach the boy said  
"We only have to do this until we reach the dry sand"

Then we can stop"

And for a bit they walked in silence  
And although in more than a thousand letters  
They had talked of the stars and of rivers and of love  
And woven a hundred dreams

All they could think of to talk about  
Was a tree in a garden on the other side of the road  
How tall it was and how out of place it looked

And when they came to the dry sand  
They didn't let go of each other's hand  
They just walked on up the beach  
Still talking about the tree

And they stepped over the fence  
And onto the pavement, falling quiet again  
And as they walked along the pavement  
They came to a pole  
And walked one on either side  
And they let go of their hands

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