

Marty Willson-Piper "What Is Her Name"

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One day in the attic
I became ecstatic
Never such a photograph I'd seen

Although the picture faded
And the light up there was shaded
I held onto the stranger's face and dreamed

The air was still and musty
And all the treasures dusty
I climbed back down the ladder to the hall

The steps were weak and creaking
My heart I felt was breaking
I fell down and I landed on the floor

What is her name?
Sarah or Jane?
Constance or Charmaine?
What is her name?

Where is she from?
Rebecca or Yvonne?
Sabrina or Siobhan?
Where has she gone?

Sat down in the kitchen
Inventing tales of fiction
About this beauty I held in my hand

Around her throat a locket
Her hands were in her pocket
And soon my heart had issued a command

In her eyes was sorrow
Her thought though I could follow
Her cheeks were pale as moonbeams in the sky

Her mouth it makes me wonder
Inside I felt like thunder
I'd guess her name or at least though I would try

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