

Lorraine Feather "I Took Your Hand"

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It was barely twilight when the string quartet began to play.

At the stroke of twelve, the dancers failed to pull their masks away.

Then I found you weren't the same as anyone,
And the very room began to shine.

I was trembling badly, but I took your hand in mine.

Though in all my life I never once believed in second sight,

Something odd indeed, but just as real, came over me that night.

All at once my mind was filled with photographs
Of a thousand moments yet to be.

I was on the ocean,

I was drifting toward the land.

I loved you when I took your hand.

I felt you near me as the years flew by.

I hoped you understood

They could not ever dim your beauty.

Of course, it would have been insanity

To say that to a stranger,

As you were to me,

No more than a stranger.

I could dimly see the shadows crossing hands and circling around,

Only faintly hear the music, as it languidly unwound,

But I clearly saw the heart and soul of you,

And I heard each halting word you said.

As we touched, no more than it's polite to do,

And your warmth went rushing to my head.

Then you asked if I would like to dance,

And I said no,

Said no.

I wanted so to dance,

But I could hardly stand

When I took your hand.

