

Peter Hammill

"Yoga"

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On Tuesdays, she used to do yoga,
while I'd sit and watch the box
in a vegetable way,
but always ready to say
to myself that I was an artist,
implying that she was not.
It's funny the way that self-pity
can take over from self-esteem -
well, I was the prince of pride,
and though I'd cheat I never lied,
as if that were enough to make her happy,
as if that could satisfy her dreams.

Too late now to say that I'm so sorry,
too late to say that I can change and mend
the things that hurt ... she didn't need to worry,
she always knew I'd get there in the end.

Now I'm tying myself up in contortions,
don't know if yoga will do me any good.
It's about time I tried, though I'd rather be inside
from the cold, studying tantra -
still, I never did that when I could.

I never did the things that really mattered,
there seemed to be some key I couldn't find
to unlock myself;
I could have done it with her help,
but I was too busy scrabbling for each moment -
now I don't know what I did with all the time.

Sometimes I'd play the wild rover,
sometimes I'd just get smashed all day...
on Tuesdays she used to do yoga,
on Tuesday she went away

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