

Sheffield Nocturne

Don't close the curtains: the dark wants to come in
and the stars are plentiful as apples in autumn.
Somewhere there's a city, buried in sleep as we
should be, but it is too cold for love or dreams
in this high room where we must suffer winter.

We could speak of *once upon a time*, but it is cold.
We could speak of the colour of the sky, but it is cold.

You say you hear music. I hear an owl far off
or is it a new soul calling across the rooftops?
Let's count the lives we might have had
until each star has turned for home
until the empty orchards set their fires and burn.