

# Ian Anderson, A Week Of Moments

A week of moments a clutch of days  
Ten thousand minutes of a Passion Play.  
Medley of quavers informs the tune.  
It's all too much: over all too soon.

Sweet condensation on chilling wine  
Traveler's palm, flamboyant tree  
Fast photos ripped and lost consign  
A week of moments to faint memory.

A week of moments plucked from the page  
Found far horizons, a sunset stage.  
Suitcases bulge, in silence packed  
A chapter closed: no looking back.

The lightest touch upon my arm  
No fierce restraint, no call to stay.  
Hushed room maids glide like pawns to king  
With pool attendants in chess piece array.