

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.