

# Kirsty McGee, St. Mark's Place

i watch the rivers in st mark's place  
and how they wash away the dust  
and how the incense from st mark's church  
colours in the air like rust

and we sit  
like old men on benches in the rain

i watch an ocean in the subway  
carry leaves across the tiles  
an iridescent thing that floats  
the memory of a four-year smile

and we sit  
like old men on benches in the rain

on some wet, enchanted evening  
beneath the candy-coloured light  
i will softly sit beside you  
and we will listen to the night

and we'll sit  
like old men on benches in the rain  
to listen to the bells  
chime out again