

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