

It is the rain I almost remember most.

Snapped in a crumbling iron frame as we huddle beneath dripping girders.

Black daggers flicker ceaselessly across the surface of the canal.

And you are saying, only the maddest would see us tonight...

That was our world.

Our rain.

"Our" - I think of it always this way.

This rain just blurs and stains, grubby droplets misting across the glass.

HENNIKER POINT

But if I gaze through I know I will see the sky over Stratford Marsh cease to rage,
and dissolve to the face of a girl in a raincoat,

half-stopping,
half-turning,

on the platform steps at Maryland.
Freezeframe.

I see your face always this way;

that startled, unsure half-smile has become my constant scenery.
Suddenly there's broken glass and a trickle of blood on the sill.

I see your face always this way.

From up here,

I can look out at the whole world, and hate quietly,
while cold grey Atlantics fall from the sky.

Our rain washed magical, moondrenched spaces.

Secret places.

That was our world.
We planned it to last.

Not to break,
not like that.

Nothing should break like that.

But it broke all the same.

Into meaningless chattering fragments.

Into hard pure shards of toughened glass on a sunlit motorway.

Now thick air hums again with the sickening stench of summer.

Death stench.

I hate the sun.

I crave rain and solitude.

That's why I am here.

Up here.

And I'm wanting to walk in our rain again.

See where we sat and
where the sky spat

shattered wire at us;

that danced on the water like daggers;

and beneath the bridge where you lay back on your raincoat whispering

let those bastards see us now

- and the rain paled then to a murmured caress;

I always remember how softly the rain fell,

always remember how soft your pale skin felt

- your skirt soaked and clinging your hands cold and clutching and
everything changes if only we dare -

And afterwards, hands held in silence,
the only sense left in a sad world -

- a sense of loss. Everything changes;

waking up late one afternoon; sun through the window, your hair on the pillow

- through the park, an old tow-path is filling with shadow

- lips tremble gently, sad eyes will stay closed -