

SOON

"Just take me home."

And the latenight rain-filled streets were dark and foreign.

And cold air stung my throat and eyes,
and water seeped through holes in my shoes, squelching.

"Where were you? I needed you -"

["I needed you." For once you needed me. You needed - someone.]

And you don't take my hand.

So wearily I trudge a pace or so behind you, as the rain drips off my fringe.

You needed me. For once you needed me.

And for once I wasn't there.

For once I had something to do other than hang round waiting for you,
unnecessary, in the way. Un-needed.

You were supposed to be pleased, to rejoice in my independence,

in the fact I could pass an evening away from you.

I guess you never even noticed until you decided you wanted to go

and I wasn't there to go with you.

And I suppose even you would realise you couldn't just go and leave me.

Even you would realise that.

I can imagine the puzzled expression that crossed over your face,

as you looked round and failed to see me.

I can imagine how quickly it changed to annoyance, to outrage.

To disbelief. I wasn't in sight; how could this be?

Well I'm smiling now at least, in this dark, in this wet,
in this cold city night.

Even though I've failed to please you yet again.

Even though you're not speaking to me, or so I guess at least.

You're marching ahead and you're not holding my hand,

and what am I doing, I'm smiling.

I don't mind anymore, it doesn't matter anymore; you don't matter anymore.

You can't hurt me anymore.

All of a sudden you can't hurt me anymore.

Tonight - tonight something happened, something changed.

And I know it'll all be over between us soon.