SOFA A million years ago, he said, "If you'd rather, I could sleep on the sofa,' and I said "No". It was autumntime, wet streets outside. there was a park, and then him and me and a huge white bed. trees tapping against the window outside, and the two of us half-sleeping in each other's arms or thereabouts, till an alarm rang out at dawn. remember us kissing goodbye in the rain next morning at the bus-stop at the top of the street; goodbye. Half a million years ago - last time - we kissed goodnight, whispered goodnight, sadly sighed goodnight, *before he - you - tiptoed off to sleep on the sofa. eaving me to slip under the covers - your covers - alone. It was springtime, windy and cold. "." We'd huddled in front of an electric-fire and shivered hands-held back from the pub. , . I slept in the bed, you slept on the sofa, we neither of us slept. Tonight - maybe we're both just tired. Heads swimming, hopes dashed, it's been a long day, a long week; Christ, it's been a long time. I stalk the room, headache still burning from last night's drinking; rejyou're already collapsed on the sofa. And we neither of us can create a peace between us. It was always bound to end in tears. Angry words hang in the air, heavy as the fog that freezes outside Wintertime. Angry tired words; we can't go on with this much longer. I can feel you slipping slowly from my world; and distantly I watch myself pass up this chance to reach out and stop you, keep you. How could 1? I slept with you tonight - but how could I? - and does a tear run slowly down your cheek onto the cushion of the sofa. as one runs down mine onto your pillow?; (That could've been my last chance back there And do you too savour it half-proud tasting the accusation "you made me cry