

ON THE WALK

On the walk where we were other people wander,
A woman will delight in a young man's foolery,
A man will delight in the beauty he can see.
Words will be woven, lines will be spun.

Old romances fading, new ones serenading,
Lovers will be locked in a life of chancery,
Others looking round for a chance of love to be.
Ones will be chosen, hearts will be won.

Passing by your window people of today go,
Faithfully repeating a lovers' history –
All the joys of meeting, and parting painfully.
Hearts will be broken, new loves begun.

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*An old song of looking back wistfully at an old stamping
ground, now full of new people – or are they just us in a
new existence?*