

**Song One for EH**  
**Morning Mist**

That first meeting, that first night  
we talked and loved and hardly slept  
'til misty dawn through shutters crept.  
Then slept, despite the Spanish light.

I love the early mist, no matter where:  
I've seen the Taj Mahal's ethereal spires  
pierce the fog to clearer air.  
In Chastleton I draw the blinds  
to find a coverlet of palest grey  
has trees and bridge all ankle deep,  
and lake and island still asleep.

Soft mist does balm the soul,  
rubs out the rough,  
makes smooth and lovely all that's tough  
and old: as your caress, your promised love  
Does pattern o'er the old and grey.  
October blooms as fresh as May.

**Song Two for EH**  
**That's no Picnic**

In the Chunnel, under the cold deep sea  
We sit in the car, a private cocoon.  
You hum the Tristan chord, music in your head;  
I think of driving on the right, of getting there on time.

You think of art, of writing lieder and of Liszt;  
I dream of streets, so French and poplar lined,  
Of fruits-de-mer and farmers' marts,  
Of cruising open-topped, carefree, sun-soaked  
Of loving in some midge-free foreign dusk.

You buy a picnic while I turn the car:  
Fresh walnuts but no nut-cracker;  
And wine because you like the label,  
but no means to draw the cork;  
And nectarines of perfect blush  
but much too hard to eat.

You have bought a great still life,  
A joy to see but flavour-free.  
We buy a pizza, beg a corkscrew;  
Crack the nuts with a stolen log,  
And grow silent as the sun goes down.

**Song Three for EH**  
**Le Poet Laval**

Friends took us to le Poet Laval,  
An ancient village in the Drome,  
Steep steps, bright sun, hard lines  
Of shade. And blue above the pines.

It was so silent there. Just  
slipping feet on cobbles, and cicadas.  
Sun on our backs, we drank the view.  
O, why do we live the life we do?

In the castle, a white-walled room  
with modern art and tapestries.  
We bought one: half of it a dark, dark room,  
the other a blaze of blossom and green,  
a window of Spring, all light and sheen.

**Song Four for EH**  
**B and Q**

I know you're on the train, and coming home.  
Shall I surprise you at Kings Cross?  
Or wait for you at home, champagne on ice  
Or lying in a bath of perfumed foam?

Neither you nor I are Mills and Boon,  
Such corny guff should be beneath us,  
We're not sweet youth, nor even middle aged.  
Are we too old to spoon and moon?

Is our future cups of tea?  
And luke-warm trips to B and Q?  
Stuff that, I say, let passion rule  
Let's do what's good for you and me.

**Song Five for EH**  
**When you flare up...**

When you flare up  
my heart contracts, I feel a childish hurt.  
You tell me I must let you be.  
You cannot change and that is that.  
Your tone is hard, uncaring, curt.  
You are oblivious to me.

Then moments later, as sunshine breaking cloud  
--all smiles, all love, all anger gone.  
But I can't shake the shock, forgive the loud  
recrimination. You are the one  
I love: the reason I am here.  
How can you be so deaf to me, so cruel and unfair?

It takes a livelong day, or days, before  
I'm reconciled, no longer sore;  
and safe once more within those arms,  
that smell of you, that voice so dear.

**Song Six for EH**  
**Seedlings for my Garden**

We are hardly young now:  
you with trouble hearing  
what I whisper in the night,  
me with thick'ning waist and dodgy sight.

Yet we know the luck we have  
and thank the God (that neither  
you nor I believe in)  
that you will grow me  
seedlings for my garden,  
and I will poach you eggs  
and soothe your brow.

It's true our future has a short horizon  
But O the joy, the glory of right now.