

Malcolm Guite

Is it a memory?

Is it a memory or another dream
That golden afternoon in which we walk
Together through the meadow? Touch and talk
Are mingled as we sit beside the stream
And watch the minnows swim against the flow.
They dart between dark shadows and the gleam
Of sunlight in green water—come and go
Like us from depth to height—suddenly seem
Translucent in the glancing lights that show
Where their quick-stirring forms are flickering.
We watch and hold each other's hands till evening,
And as we watch, our souls dart to and fro
Between the lights of speech and depths below,
The silent depths where touch is everything.