

**Tom Houlton**

**[My face is old now]**

My face is old now, frost and snow  
Crustate my hairs and eyebrows, a great flow  
Of white from top-to-toe. Each day I feel  
My bones grow old with waiting for the feel  
Of earth against their sides instead of flesh,  
That time when all that I am will slide through the mesh  
Of the world up into a vast, unyielding sky  
Untouched by bird, unseen by any eye.

And I know you are there, amongst them all.  
They took you away, at night I lie awake and call.

I think about the time we met, how long ago  
It was, before we ever knew the flow  
And ebb of love like beaches touched by waves  
From dawn far into the nights, before the words  
Began to stick and move in different ways.

I see it all, like spring it follows  
All before. Even now, after all these years apart,  
I can look inside, and find you here,  
Like spring, eternal spring, inside my heart.