

Have you got a Biro I can borrow?

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I'd like to write your name

On the palm of my hand, the walls of the hall

The roof of the house, right across the land:

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll ~~seem~~ <sup>look</sup> to this side of the hard-bitten planet

Like a big yellow button with your name written on it.

Have you got a biro I can borrow?

I'd like to write some lines

In praise of your knee and the back of your neck

And the Double Decker bus that brings you to me:

So when the sun comes up tomorrow

It'll shine on a world made richer by a sonnet

And [2] half a dozen epics as long as the Aeneid.

~~Oh give me a pen, give me some paper.~~

Oh give me a pen and some paper

Give me a chisel or a camera,

A piano and a box of rubber bands:

~~Give me~~ <sup>I need</sup> room for choreography

And a dark room for photography —

Tie the brush into my hands!

[From last light to first]

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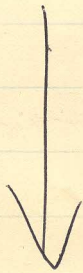
I'd like to write your name

From the belt of Orion to the share of the Plough

And the snout of the Bear to the belly of the Lion:

So when the sun goes down tomorrow,

[~~From start to finish~~ <sup>From start to finish</sup> there'll ~~never~~ <sup>- never</sup> be ~~for~~ a minute,  
Not a moment, of the night that hasn't got you in it.



- C.W.E. James

Cambridge

Dec 6<sup>th</sup> 1967.

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[From ~~the~~ last light to first] there'll never be a minute,  
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