

## A Song

I wish you were here, dear,  
I wish you were here.  
I wish you sat on the sofa  
and I sat near.  
The handkerchief could be yours,  
the tear could be mine, chin-bound.  
Though it could be, of course,  
the other way around.

I wish you were here, dear,  
I wish you were here.  
I wish we were in my car  
and you'd shift the gear.  
We'd find ourselves elsewhere,  
on an unknown shore.  
Or else we'd repair  
to where we've been before.

I wish you were here, dear,  
I wish you were here.  
I wish I knew no astronomy  
when stars appear,  
when the moon skims the water  
that sighs and shifts in its slumber.  
I wish it were still a quarter  
to dial your number.

I wish you were here, dear,  
in this hemisphere,  
as I sit on the porch  
sipping a beer.  
It's evening, the sun is setting;  
boys shout and gulls are crying.  
What's the point of forgetting  
if it's followed by dying?

Joseph Brodsky (1989)

Verschenen in: So Forth: poems.  
New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1996.