

We are young and still have time

1. Heat on skin as the sun bores down
on wood varnished by sticky sweet cider.

Air smelling of spring, summer in the distance,
I smile at you while soaking up the promise of a day.
2. We walk side by side along the gallery wall
with its monochrome photos of distant cities.

We say how we will go *there* someday,
and we believe it because we are young.
3. Coorying in amongst the dim candlelight,
pressed up against the foggy glass alcove.

Seasons changing, the patio a distant memory,
we laugh about this as we toast the year.
4. Friday night, I wait for you on the steps,
ten minutes to go until the band starts up.

We've missed the preshow pint (*no bother*),
really, I just want your company in the dark.
5. Music blares from speakers stacked like Lego,
as strobe lights cast blue-violet filters on our skin.

The throng of revellers fall and rise against the stage,
the band they are like ministers preaching to the masses.
6. Over the bass and drum, I whisper, *I love you*
and through the snare, you mouth, *I'm glad we're here*.

All around us, the future feels bright and never-ending,
we believe it because we are young and still have time.

Andrés N Ordorica