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*by Peter Moring & Lou Marshall Gould*

### **At the dusk of day**

At the dusk of the day

A bit of a turmoil some would say

The dinner planned to be grand was now forgotten

Instead only two bags of salty crisps were taken

washed down with good tall glasses of red wine

as the long Thames wound beside us and the London fog that seemed to have a corner in this fine tale

It was late December but still you could see the lights on the river faintly shimmering and remember

Or was it a glittering warehouse so far and kind calling us once more to shift in place and time with this not so distant shore

At the time of dusk when there's a scent of white musk in the air

I see you so gently

I see you so clear

Still I couldn't see where the river banks were set along the moonlight tide nor the 210 miles of water that stretched beside

A New and Happy Year was at the door

Passing by our million steps indeed much more

Up and down we walked in the streets that lay before us

In and out turned the underground lines so complete in their core planning

Up and down stepping onto buses it felt quite cold under our feet

A journey and time so sweet that never will pass in my mind or feel too old

it was just so cozy, so complete, this tale is being rightly told Tempted

by the spicy avocados with caviar and the red wine poured at dusk sweet and stained on our lips in a lovers timeless lasting kiss we climb to reach each other along this not so distant shore

At the time of dusk when there's a scent of white musk  
in the air

I see you so gently

I see you so fair,

Suddenly tomorrow is today

fini

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