

I Part:

1.
Let me tell you how it was,
I know I can do this,
I have the powers:
I take them there.
I have the right.

My words may be poor
but they will have to do.
There was a time when I could not do this:
I remember that time.

2.
O but memory is not one but many –
a long music we have made
and will make again,
over and over,

with some things we know and some we do not,
some that are true and some we have made up,
some that have stayed from long before,
and some that have come this morning,

some that will go tomorrow
and some that have long been there
but that we will never find,
for to memory there is no end.

3.
There was a time, I remember, when we had no
music,
a time when there was no time for music,
and what is music if not time –

time of now and then tumbled into one another,
time turned and loosed,
time bended,

time blown up here and there,
time sweet and harsh,
time still and long?

II Part:

4.
Let me tell you how it is,
for you are the one who made me more than I
was,
you are the one who loosed out this music.

Your face is my music lesson
and I sing.

5.
Now I do not mind if it is day, if it is night.
If it is night,
an owl will call out.
If it is morning,
a robin will tune his bells.
Night, day: there is no difference for me.

What will make the difference is if you are with
me.
For you are my sun.

You have sun-blasted me,
and turned me to light.

You have made me like glass –
like glass in an ecstasy from your light,
like glass in which light rained
and rained and rained and goes on,
like glass in which there are showers of light,
light that cannot end.

III part:

6.
I know you are there,
I know I will find you.
Let me tell you how it will be.

7.
I will go out now.
I will let go the door
and not look to see my hand as I take it away.

Snow falls.
So: I will go on in the snow.
I will have my hope with me.

I look up,
as if I could see the snow as it falls,
as if I could keep my eye on a little of it

and see it come down
all the way to the ground.
I cannot.

The snow flowers are all like each other
and I cannot keep my eyes on one.
I will give up this and go on.
I will go on.

Text by Paul Griffiths
(after the novel *let me tell you*, 2008)