

*Hotel des Mimosas*

The rain falls hard on the quayside  
At intervals we tap the barometer  
A child cries irritably  
In the silence of the room  
One can remember a whole lifetime...  
Yet it is that picture by Huart  
That picture of lupins returning  
To make the same inevitable point  
That dominates the morning light

We retreat in silent fear  
We who have built our bridgeheads to the enemy  
Our faint knowledge  
The same march to the same tune  
Thank God you will be left to answer for us.