

*Wendy Cope*  
Macedonia 1987

A little crowd had gathered in the square.  
We read our poems and they were polite.  
Then there was dinner in the open air  
Outside the castle. A warm summer night.  
The local bigwigs lit up their cigars  
And asked us for a song, and, straight away,  
You stood. I see you underneath the stars.  
I hear your voice. I hear it to this day.  
I too can sing but I am English, so,  
Although I wanted to, I didn't dare.  
And still, though that was twenty years ago,  
A male voice singing German takes me there.  
Bach and Schubert won't let me forget  
That evening, five days after we first met.