

## **Again**

The sun will rise and heckle us from sleep;  
Tonight we throw ourselves our annual dance.  
The world revolves; we join our hands and leap.

This stay of dawn we take will help us keep  
Alive the spitting torch of our romance.  
The sun will rise and heckle us from sleep.

We always swap a smile and rose, and reap  
The hopes we sowed last year that bloomed by chance.  
The world revolves; we join our hands and leap.

We revel, laugh, and whisper—sometimes weep.  
I kiss you and we break our daily trance.  
The sun will rise and heckle us from sleep.

Between our hands, we clasp our torch and sweep  
Around our kitchen-ballroom's small expanse.  
The world revolves; we join our hands and leap.

We're borne on this commitment that we keep:  
We're eye-to-eye—or not—but we advance.  
The sun will rise and heckle us from sleep:

The world revolves, we join our hands, and leap.