

3.4 Bed (2008)

Traitor, seducer
I sink into thy arms
and the soft dark
with trust each night.
Thou lullst me down
within that dark lake,
to swim with other mortals there.
And then begins thy play:
merciless, dost stand
between me
and my heart's desire,
tempting, assuring
smiling every time anew.
Fitful I rise a brace or more of times
only to succumb again
to the torpor
of thy warm embrace.
But then again
I wrestle with thy billow
as with some ship upon the wave,
I shift with every swell
and settle down again.
But thou, thou will not
let me rest
depriver, robber
O thou harrier of my poor brain.
Mocker, thief
why not tell me straight
thou will not entertain me
through the hours -
and then I'd know
to occupy myself elsewhere.
But I'm thy fool, how must
thou laugh at me, make fun
among thy heartless friends
of this poor brow that
goaded cannot find
a simple span of sleep
but needs must check the back
of every passing hour until
the gloomy-fingered dawn
begins to show. O traitor thou!
How can I ever trust thee more?

Thameside - Oct 2008.