

3.5 Sleep (2007)

May I not steal
a little of your sleep, my love?
My own will not suffice
to feed my sanity.
Each night I watch
you drifting down, away from me
then wake and watch for your return.

I play among the shallows of that lake
the dark lake named Forgetfulness,
the concourse of all human souls
where name and form and vaunted self
are taken off like clothes and laid aside:
so naked each, they enter on the darkened tide,
transmuted mass of glowing particles
washed through, at one with all,
and sojourn there a while until
by dawn, mysterious palindrome,
from one they re-emerge,
take back their outer form
and join the world again.

Thameside - Dec 2007.