

"To Sleep"
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SP.292

Done,
wanting no more of the day,
a matter of minutes
Until peace
a quiet comfort,
hugged
by warm blankets,
surrounded lovingly
by one hundred pillows.
Standing in anticipation
at the foot of my bed,
muscles relax
one
by one,
I undress myself,
--my clothes
one
by one.
Warm summer night
windows open
cracked, curtains flutter,
naked
breeze
across my skin,
Slight sweat,
cool.
Release,
leave my feet
down
into oblivion.
Falling
gently,
coming softly to rest
on seas of warmth,
among waves
of fleece,
in a cloud,
weightless,
painless,
careless.
Last movements
twisting, turning

searching
for perfection, yearning.
My hands,
figure-eights,
exploring
finding solace in the sheets.
Last thoughts
fleeting
unremembered
as I drift
off.

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