

Bed

*On First Waking
to a Mirrored Wardrobe*

LORD, You brought me through the night,
Sleeping dreamless, wrapped up warm —
But now, this morning, is this right?
Dare I ask. . . is this the norm?

What a blank, abysmal blight —
Demon dawn should so devise!
Bags of character in sight:
Both of them beneath the eyes.

Rumpled, crumpled, pillow-propped,
With its morning cup of tea —
The sort of thing that should be stopped,
And not inflicted, Lord, on me.

Tousled, frowsled, saggy-jawed,
Bleary, dreary, what a sight!
I wish you hadn't shown me, Lord,
Now you've brought me through the night.
