

Bed

Sleeping Partner

SHE snores, remorseless, through the night.
With tractor-factory flair she roars.
It is my privilege and plight
To lie, sound-shocked, but love the cause.

Cacophony was ne'er so sweet
As in my nightly tempest bed,
Where whimperings and snorts compete
To surf the sound waves in my head.

The changes in a thund'rous theme
Follow swiftly 'til bright morn.
Their source, soft-pillowed, claims a dream
And purrs, snore-snuggled through to dawn.

In the morning, blue-eyed dawn
Follows naughty, snorty night.
Loveliness is now reborn.
After darkness, comes delight.

Morning makes a happy sprite
To lift my heart or ease a pain.
It matters not that in the night
I'll face the fusillades again.
