

## *Bed*

# *Sleepless*

HOW long the night, when Sleep draws not the veil!  
How odd, the darkling doubts, the this and that:  
The job, the social whirl, the Christmas mail,  
The future, God, mortality, the cat.

Get back to counting sheep — another flock  
(What is meant by sheep at half the price?).  
Beside the bed, the calm, green-figured clock  
Declares it's two-eighteen: well, how precise!

An orange lamplight slants from silent street:  
Cold comfort in a look-warm, lukewarm kiss.  
How can sleep become a small-hours treat?  
A loved one's measured breathing says, "Like this."

But strangely, when it comes, I shall not know  
That Sleep's warm mantle proved to bear my name.  
I shall not feel a touch as soft as snow.  
I rather think that Death is much the same.

Four-thirty-two, and bright as I began!  
I do not fret, but start to count my breath.  
When sleep for me is part of Nature's plan,  
Then Sleep will come, as surely as will Death.

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