

Idle Thoughts

Temporary Black-Out

HOW sweet it is, to sit at height of day,
When urgent worldly pressures have imposed
Demands and duties in their tiresome way,
To close my eyes — and simply keep them closed.

What then, the brassy clamour that's beyond?
Imperatives, impeded, may embark
Against me, but their hopes are frail and fond
That I shall fret within my one-man dark.

Instead, I drift on deep and gentle tide
Of nothingness, while unawareness grows,
And thoughts fragment and dissipate and hide,
And naught distracts me from my little doze.
