

SLEEP FUNCTION

and sleep tried tonight would be tearful and so
I shall sit here and wait till the time comes to leave,
then I'll walk through the city and down to the station
and catch the first train to the east.

And in the watered darkness of the murky semi-dawn,
thick charcoal cloud lines will emerge and disclose weird dim peninsulas
and islands, in a sham atlantic, opal bay of sky,
- a secret seaboard other-world, flickering in transit,

miles above the blackened smoothbacked mounds of Wiltshire, then -
Then sunrise... or something.

I can picture all sorts if I try....

Try me.

I suppose

it's better this way

better for both of us

I was a minor implosion in the side of your life,
[That's all.]

that's all. Nothing more.

[Nothing more to be said]

I'll forget you.

[- except that maybe I love you a little -]

I'll forget you.

[but no more than a little. And no more. And now I'll]
Forget you.
[forget you....?]

Except that I can't see the point in forgetting.
[Except that I can't.]

Multicoloured buses crawl through still unwoke streets on a winter morning.

All sorts.

Empty, and weirdly alert, senses ring electrically.

I shiver in unwarmed alien space that gently vibrates and

is filled with the scent of neat diesel.
back to sleep.

Bristol turns over and yawns and stare at the wall and wait for the sunrise.

Out there somewhere in darkness you turn over and stare at the morning sun.
I've never seen your face in the morning sun.

Are you very beautiful?

