

THE AMBASSADOR OF SLEEP

(i)

She came out feet first,
Had to slap her to cry;
She always felt so displaced,
A slave to mercy's sake,
When we cut her hanging thread,
Her senses all surrendered:
Suspended in technology.

Had to teach her how to dress,
Leave her something to sit on;
She left us lingering,
A lonely corridor,
While she swam in a white room
Towards a holy thing:
Lo and behold, a lash of God's eye.

We roll her body like a bell,
Roll her till her hips chime:
She was awake, but unaware,
So it was a simple ceremony:
Woman, do you take this machine to be-
(Yes, forever, and sustaining)
Woman, release all dignity
To the touch of this machine;
You cannot deny,
You can no longer decide-
Yet, you refuse our love,
Like a conscious decision.

(ii)

The Ambassador of sleep
Comes to take me in his velvet arms,
Weigh me,
In his sleeves.

And he knows he will not wake me-
He knows what I need,
As his delicate tubes
Fill from my arms.

The Ambassador is watching,
The way the life in me moves,
Injecting in so gently,
My dependence on him.

And he likes me in the early hours,
With his strangeness by my bed,
To take my lily arm,
Darkness from my vein.

The Ambassador of Sleep,
The Purveyor of Dreams,
Is tempting out the fever,
Still hostage in me.