

The Rest is Bed

by Angie

Ample is his Bed
He is recumbant Awe
In it he waits till Morning breaks
Excellent and Fair.

Be its Mattress straight
Be its Pillow round
Let no Lantern's yellow noise
Interrupt this Ground

When the Pipes awaken all
His blue Eyes open wide
He rises to another Day
His Duty takes in stride

He speaks in dulcet soft Tones
He judges with pure Heart
His strength is that of nine Men
But he needs must stay Apart

He as Protector never fails
As Lover he is fair
His bed awaits at Day's end
Oh why can't I be there?

(with apologies to Emily Dickenson)

