

John Ralston

"Bed"

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Box of chocolates on your bed
With the get well note you never read
The wilting flowers pass through time
Like ruined hours you wished you'd never spent

Let me sleep right where I lay
You weren't invited
To the bed that I have made
Uninvited, uninvited

A party owl screaming, deafening
Guilty shakes like thunder crashing
So amphibian and what has never been
Bound to happen is locked and listening

Let me sleep right where I lay
You weren't invited
To the bed that I have made
Uninvited, uninvited

Someone underground
Dancing upstairs
Tapping tiptoe
Peeking windows
Never catch quite
Thought you saw
Never mind
Twisting fingers
Braiding your whole head

Let me sleep right where I lay
You weren't invited
To the bed that I have made
Uninvited, uninvited

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