

## Dylan Thomas

### "Love In The Asylum"

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A stranger has come  
To share my room in the house not right in the head,  
A girl mad as birds

Bolting the night of the door with her arm her plume.  
Strait in the mazed bed  
She deludes the heaven-proof house with entering  
clouds

Yet she deludes with walking the nightmarish room,  
At large as the dead,  
Or rides the imagined oceans of the male wards.

She has come possessed

Who admits the delusive light through the bouncing  
wall,  
Possessed by the skies

She sleeps in the narrow trough yet she walks the dust  
Yet raves at her will  
On the madhouse boards worn thin by my walking  
tears.

And taken by light in her arms at long and dear last  
I may without fail  
Suffer the first vision that set fire to the stars.

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