

## The Tear Garden

### "Coma"

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He'd seen her twice before but not forgotten.  
She'd dabbed his head with cotton wool  
and pulled the sheets up 'round his shoulders,  
told him "try to sleep, to dream..."

He'd dream of her in white,  
floating in the river,  
and he shivered as he swam to save her,  
find it's just too late,  
he simply lost the will to live,  
to love again.  
He had a fever...

They laid him on a bed,  
and dead of night she'd come again  
and dab his head with cotton wool,  
pulled the sheets up round his shoulders,  
told him,  
"try to sleep,  
to dream..."

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