

With You Asleep In the Morning

The giant round sun rising orange and so swift
hovers on edges of lovesleep adrift
threequarters
rising
ascending to full
bright in my eyes in the morning

I roll over softly in bed with you
and feed my arm around your breast
so soft
so smooth
so warm and so full
with you asleep in the morning

The poets are sleeping and this one is mine
no help from the muses who think they're divine
it's me who
loves you
so perfect and full
like the sun on the earth in the morning

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