

Trying Not To Wake Her

by J N MacNeill

Too soon to start the day; I turn in bed.
I'm trying not to wake her. I won't get
to sleep; my mind won't stop. And so I'd better
keep a cheerful topic in my head.

My put-down to the politicians' rhetoric
will do the trick; I polish it
again, and cap it with some salty wit.

But now I'm standing in the dock, and yet
I can't recall the charge. The smarmy little
prosecutor paints a damning scene.
I want to know how good his view had been.
Then "I will ask the questions" comes the gritted-teeth
reply. "Well, ask! That's all I mean."
The judge instructs me not to intervene.

Too tired to start the day, I must unwind.
Still trying not to wake her. I can't get
to sleep; my thoughts won't rest. And so I'd better
keep a pleasant focus in my mind.

If I were left alone I'd be upset
— of course — but in a while, I do confess,
I'd want someone to share some cosiness,
to be in tune, to play a sweet duet.

With unromantic frankness, no finesse,
I tell her she could always choose the song,
and I would be most pleased to sing along.
Assuming she decides to answer yes.

I dwell on intros that we might perform;

then slide my hand to nestle somewhere warm.