

ODE TO MY BED

Sleepy, softy, drowsy, pillowy, sweetie bed.

Oh bed, how I love you.

You smell of me and my lover.

You hold me, lull me, in your giant silky arms
and cradle my head in your soft down pillow.

During the day I dream of you
in anticipation of my return.

Dear bed, bathed in mellow pink light.

Oh bed, with your open window breeze.

I pull your covers under my chin
and sigh with satisfaction and peace and warmth and rest.

Wind chimes ring to me, birds sing to me,
wind whistles to me, moon shines on me, sun laughs at me.

In bed I discuss, plan, argue, love and coo with my lover.

In bed I dream and go to that other place
with no dream, no memory, nothing.

Soft, gentle, sweet, darling dear bed.

I'm coming.....very soon now.

Charlotte Bell

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