

Weary Heart

My eyes are tired and sandy, grating lids weighed down
by memories and nightmares.

I try to close my aching eyes, but they won't stay closed
for very long, rolling up
like shades upon a tightly wound rod that barely fits
inside the window frame.

How do I handle thoughts of you so far from me,
my child, for I cannot sleep.

I lay upon my downy bed, finding no comfort,
for each turn finds the crease
into which I could slip and drown; trying hard to fall
asleep to no avail.

We're lost, you and I, with a cavern between us
and no bridge to span the gap.

I toss and I turn, my heart and mind wide awake, with
no end to the darkness.

Heavy eyes await the first light of day, to shine bright
and blind me with the truth.

The barest dawn passed me an hour ago, as did hope
for a good night of sleep.

My breathing eases, daylight has come to rescue me
from one more endless night.

One more day I rise less rested than when I lay down.
Tomorrow dawns anew.

Susan B. Lovejoy