

Shoshana Sleeping

Jethro Tull

Sleep: the time's not yet
Early birds soon crowing
Wake when dawn declares
Woman risen from childish airs
I watch, across the room
Dancing shadow, torch outside
Lights path down cobbled lane
Which I have walked, will walk again

Sweet field lily, sweet Shoshana
Names to conjure fragrant danger
Fingers tremble, trace the line
From nape to sacrum down the spine

Poisoned prize a trophy
Freely taken, hardly won
A minute, holds back hours
Bud emboldened, forest flowers
Moist under my hand
She sleeps; breath comes quickly
A sigh parts silky lips
Soft-swell breasts, proud golden tips

Sweet field lily, sweet Shoshana
Names to conjure fragrant danger
My fingers tremble, trace the line
From nape to sacrum down the spine

Sweet sadness fills my heart
Offered chances best not taken
Unsullied, no vain glory:
Chapter, verse, another story
Brushed eyelids gently closed
Beauty framed in dawn-light
Savoured moment blessed
A kiss, farewell, and leave to rest

Sweet field lily, sweet Shoshana
Names to conjure fragrant danger
My fingers tremble, trace the line
From nape to sacrum down the spine