

# 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