

In The Sanatorium

Momus

In the sanatorium
I've booked a private room
Where you can feel at home
Where we can be alone
Just you, the nurse and me
In mountain scenery

All the time that you've been ill
Your face has looked so pale
Drained by the force of will
Drained by the wait until
My treatment makes you well
Or weaker still

Half in love with easeful death
I cloud the mirror with your breath
Half in love with this disease
That keeps you close to me

Your eyes grow heavy as I read
'The Immoralist' by Andres Gide
Fall asleep my sickly darling
Rest in peace

Men you used to know declare
Their most sincere desire
To travel here and share
The treatment you require
Their letters saying they care
Are on the fire

As I interrupt the muslin
Hanging round the bed
I wake you with the rustling
And you raise your head
And ask again, your voice uncertain
If you're not a burden

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I cloud the mirror with your breath
Half in love with this disease
That keeps you close to me

Your eyes grow heavy as I read
'The Immoralist' by Andr  Gide
Fall asleep my sickly darling
Rest in peace

I wonder, as I watch you sleep
If this possessive streak
Will make me force my love
Or if the trick is cheap
And if you took your drug
And if you're deep enough asleep

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(For love will endure or not endure regardless of where we are)