

Morpheus

Patricia Barber

Downright tired in this winter white
Though my best sleep is dressed in black
Ample hours to dream, still I lack
Repose, and wander through the night

A drink or two, blackjack straight through
Till dawn, ever unrequited love
Nothing brings peace, Heaven above
Send Morpheus to me, for I am due

Will you sing softly? Will you keep
Watch as the light begins to wane?
Steadfast and sweet, will you remain
God of my dreams, and let me sleep?