

# *Come To Bed*

GEOFFREY JAROK

It's a sad day for woman.

She sees dreams,

Like a debtor looks at bills.

No brilliant plans,

No stoic hope that hasn't fallen to the floor,

In clumps of hair.

The occupation that has tattered her feminine countryside,

Raised walls in the name of disease.

I'm the only one who will hold her,

And she won't break down in my arms.

She lies on the bathroom tile exasperated.

Slid like a spider down,

Down a waterspout from the mouth of the toilet.

I'm in the other room praying,

That she doesn't hear my tears rustling the sheets.

Can she just get up and die safely in my arms?