

The God Of Sleep Has Made His House

Current 93

In a strange land
The god of sleep
Has made his house
Of marvellous design
Under a hill
There is a cave
Which of the sun
May nothing have
So that no man
May know aright
The point between
The day and the night
So that inward
There is no light
And so to speak
Of that without
There stands no
Great tree there about
Whereupon might
Crow or magpie alight
To call or to cry
There is no cock
To crow the day
Neither beast which
Might noise make
Upon the hill
But all around
There is growing
On the ground
Poppy which bears
The seed of sleep
A still water
All the time
Is running over
The small stones
And it gives
Great desire
To sleep
To sleep

And thus full of delight
Sleep has his house