

## Sleeping At The Wheel

Roy Harper

Through the window  
Just a wall  
Shapes are forming  
Blackbirds call  
Early morning spirits  
Moving hands  
Tick-tocking ages  
In the half-light of the still  
Before the lark  
Where I can feel my shadow  
Touch your silence  
in the dark  
Sleeping at the wheel  
reaching for oceans before us  
for us to feel  
together, tonight  
Playing eagle  
firing eyes  
ever willing  
sweet surprise  
Welling in the belly  
Of their chase  
Tracing out the angel  
In the half-light on your face  
Before the lark  
Where I can feel my shadow  
Touch your silence,  
in the dark  
Sleeping at the wheel  
reaching for oceans before us  
for us to feel  
together, tonight  
Then suddenly  
I hear you say  
"Time to get up  
It's gone midday,  
Cup of tea love"  
And I realise  
I must have dropped off  
drifted into dream before the lark  
yielded to the ether of our secret world  
in the dark