

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