

THE SHARED BED

'Tis not for us, in separate beds to lie,
Each self alone, impatient for the light,
Sans seeking foot, sans press of arm or thigh,
With which to ward the Demons of the Night.

For demons ride, and settle where they dare,
Where none doth guard to keep them from the place,
But fear and loneliness and pain and care,
Are banished by the warmth of close embrace.

When some unease doth cause your heart to leap,
In still of night, and wakes you from your rest,
Close-held, you sigh, and snuggle back to sleep,
Hips 'gainst my thighs, my hand beneath your breast.

This sharing of a bed, my darling wife,
Does symbolize our sharing or a life.