

But I just went to bed

Weak eyes are all bloodshot
my hair a rat's nest
I've been up for days
you can probably guess

stained shirt it is flung
with abandon it stands
sturdy rock of Gibraltar
it thumps as it lands

like paper mache
they practically tear
I rip off worn pants
they don't have a prayer

I brush at my teeth, thick grime does not budge
tar pits in the desert, fearful bottomless sludge

splash on hot water, some places are missed
stood dripping with pleasure, pure wedded bliss

slide into the covers, sink deep with delight
in heavenly sin, on this decadent night

awakened abruptly, alarm that I dread
like a nympho at sunrise, "But I just went to bed".

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