

## **SHE**

She pulls a cloak  
of flowered bedsheet  
to her shoulders  
and lies upon  
a field of sleep

Small clouds of worry  
lift upwards from the  
depression in her pillow  
That her head softens  
with its unassuming beauty  
and the grace  
of affection  
she shares with her bed

Pointed are the arms of stars  
that guard her slumber  
and keep her peace  
in safe-keeping

While the winds that blow  
through the forest  
of her dreams

Shall support  
the weight of more  
than one world