

## **Insomnia**

To sleep, perchance to dream, is that what Shakespeare said?  
Fat chance more like, I can't drop off, thoughts whirling in my head.  
I pull the duvet on and off, too cold and then too hot.  
I toss and turn then toss again, is this to be my lot?

To never sleep but be condemned to a life of endless night.  
The hours go by so slowly, I long for the morning light.  
Sitting up to read a book my eyelids start to sag,  
Too tired to read, too wired to sleep, it really is a drag.

Long ago conversations are replayed in my mind,  
All the witty things I should have said, I wish I could rewind.  
That meeting tomorrow, what am I going to say?  
I'm anxious all night long as I was throughout the day.

Think of nothing, empty your brain, my husband always said.  
Easy for him, not much up there, snoring beside me in the bed.  
Sheep in a field, how many? I really couldn't say.  
I lose count in two minutes and they go on their way.

Drool on my cheek, hooray! I must be nearly there.  
I'm dropping off, great news, though it's dripped into my hair.  
Light peeps beneath the blind, dawn is nearly breaking.  
I'm drifting off to the land of nod just as I should be waking.