

## 2am

Grit and yawn and stretch and wait  
Seeping worry, rush and late  
Turn and shift and hot and guilt  
Words and pictures, smeared and spilt  
Make it, break it, let it be  
What's the point of life, of me?  
Dry exhaustion, dull despair  
Wide-eyed darkness, no-one there.

Cloudy blurring, peaceful flow  
Velvet breathing, deep and slow  
Dream floats soft in sparking fear  
Do it, find it, don't go near  
Ugly panic, staring eyes  
Failure, crisis, endless tries  
Jarring wakeful, climb too steep  
Clutching at the edge of sleep.