

RUTH TAYLOR

The Sleep

may it move
slowly through you
and parts of you
and parts of the reward;

to glean a thing of scope
 now made
 to save
 from weariness
 of day

and so
to hear it sing
from every spot,
 bereaved

the long times that we speak
with lonesome talk—
remembering each place

a high steamwhistle
 out of space
 that moves behind
 the answer to our shape

in many homes
the sleep
that weariness of soul
can never take.

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