

The Light

Rudyard Fearon

The Light

Corn golden, cotton white,

 Sleep lull me to bed.

 body tired, mind weak.

 rest rest rest.

 stop. i cannot go on.

 Darkness snuff this Light.

 rest rest rest.

 heavy sand, gnarled feet.

 rest. we must rest.

the bugle calls. you must not flee.

 lie with me.

 we alone; buried in the sand.

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