

LEONARD TRAWICK

Waking

It's waking up one remembers—
The middle of the night in a foreign town,
Brass bed, coarse sheets, trolley car
Grinding and flashing in the next street;

Or the nurse suddenly there, the tubes, the bright steel;
Or, naked on a stale mattress, watching
Streaked panes glorify with sun, while a touch away
Quiet shoulders stir with slow breathing.

Once I woke, head on my knapsack,
Cold, stiff from the rocks I was lying on,
Roused by the glare of a three-quarters moon
That moved all night across the sky

And still was there when daylight showed again
The miles of bush and grass and the side of the road
Where two drunks dumped me as the sun went down.
No matter, no one was waiting for me;

I lay down on a level spot
And watched the stars come out
And became part of the dark.
Sometimes one remembers the moment of sleep.

