

Sleepwalk

I will tell you a story
of a bird that built a nest
but his mate had flown.

His mate did not return.
A nest without the mate
is like a crown of thorns.

I will tell you a tale
of a man came home too late
and found his wife was gone.

He calls out her name now.
It bounces off the walls
and hits his face with scorn.

A home without a woman's
like a baby in a belly
who will never be born.