

FOURTH PRIZE WINNER

Restless

Just at the edge of night-time
The tightrope brink of sleep
Senses break the surface
Once submerged so deep

Fear and hope and passion
Mix a deadly brew
Hold back slumber, give me time
To rest and think of you

Suntanned hands so slender
Lightly caress my mind
Bringing back compassion
I thought was left behind

Your perfumed hair, responsive touch
My caring, sharing girl
You were gone so long I near forgot
How wonderful your world

Speak silently through my darkness
Walk slowly through my dreams
I hear you, see you, closer now
Than reality it seems

Your movements grace each moment
The abyss of sleep awaits
Come with me now into the night
Of memory's sweet embrace

I trace a finger down your cheek
Around your lips a smile
Whisper your invites, tell them soft
And lay with me awhile.

Philip Westlake

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