

I am aware of myself being alive.
I can hear my own breath of life.
I am alive in a room of silence
I am alive and waiting for myself
to do something living.
sleep is killing me.
I shall submit,
I think I shall say a neat prayer
to ~~MYSELF~~ my sleep,
to my sleep, overpowering and mysterious.
My religion for tonight is my sleep,
and my dreams will be the usherettes
of the church of my REM-brain.
Since no religion lacks a priest
my silent soft breath
shall be my priest
and my bed will beheaven.