

ELUNED LLOYD

By cold hard corridors
of silent wind
fast and cold I sat.

By fires of leaping flame
and smoke flecks
black and gold.

By singing and dancing
in a ruby red room.

By stretching me out
on a candyfloss pillow
and pressing me sickly into
unknown spheres.

By pulling the
softwhitecover tight
over my silent form
with silence a dozenfold
with Bartok playing senselessly
over my retiring
feelings of sleep.

You are morguing me.