

SLEEP

A little before it was dawn
I felt very chilly around my neck.
Shivering in bed for a cosy warmth
I caught the rustle and patter outside
Which were so low and almost imperceptible.
It was a cold night and a long night
And I knew it was raining.
I looked up at the window as I lay
Not particularly wanting to see anything.
The rectangular grey fell over me,
Covered me, and it was like floating somewhere.
I closed my eyes, and I saw the white rain
Falling softly in the darkness.
It was a long night and a cold night
And the travellers did not return.

Manji Kobayashi