

BUNK MATES

Half wakening I am aware,
curled up in curve behind my knee
someone is gently nudging me,
and then, remembering, I smile.
My Scottish Terrier is there
and he has been there all the while.

We make a pair, the dog and I,
duet united as we sleep,
like twins connected at the hip,
each pledged the other's soul to keep.
We snuggle, struggle to get by
together through our dreamland trip.

Before I fall asleep again,
to let him know I'm staying here,
I lightly nudge him, marking claim
to my half of our slumber den.
To make his like intentions clear,
from time to time he does the same.

We harmonize our sleeping sprawl.
No need for nudging any more.
Inside my eyelids, shadows fall
as clock ticks measure out my snore.
I feel him nestled next to me
and sleep contented; so does he.

by Lee Netzler