

Battered

I'm well and truly battered
I feel like Lewis Carroll's Had Hatter
Into a leather sofa I am melting
Lounging with a Cheshire cats grin

I'm not capable of moving
All my aching muscles are soothing
Nothing's getting under my skin
The ashtray on the table's smoking

I try in my wisdom explaining
Deeper meanings to everything they're saying
Losing track, forgetting where I'm going
Laughing at the fact that I'm not knowing

I need to get some sleep
It makes me tired when I think too deep
And I can't keep track of all I said
So I bid you all goodnight. I'm off to bed.

By Lee Haigh