

Early hours

I went to bed, but got back up, at two o'clock in the morning
So wide awake my eyes wouldn't shut and there's no real chance of me yawning
Popped the right pills to help me nod off and I'm waiting for them to kick in
But that was over four hours ago so I don't think there really working
I tried total silence in a pitch black dark room nothing to disturb me at all
In belief that fatigue would soon be upon me and soon off to sleep I would fall
But I was deluded my thoughts they intruded a million questions unasked
A passion for learning while tossing and turning is an insomniac's pain in the ass
I tried counting sheep one by one as they leap one in my mind with a skip and a hop
Alas about two hundred, I was stricken by hunger with a craving for minted lamb chops
I toss and I turn but my consciousness burns and I know that I'll never drop off
And I'm left with the wish of flicking a switch, that makes the whole world bloody stop

By Lee Haigh