

For Better or Verse

In the cold dark hours of morning
As I toss about my bed,
A thousand lines of poetry
Come tumbling through my head.

Every line is brilliant
I know, for I'm right there
Spinning clever rhyming couplets
With a casual *savoir faire*.

I really should climb out of bed
And write the damned things down
For this gifted creativity
Deserves its true renown.

But there she lies beside me,
With a body soft and warm.
She cuddles up and holds me tight,
And now my mind is torn.

Flesh on flesh, feels, oh, so good!
Her warmth—that silky feeling.
What was that line? What was that verse?
My tired old mind is reeling.

The couplets fade, I yawn and turn,
It's cozy 'neath these covers.
And as to that poetic verse,
Tomorrow there'll be others.