

## FANTASY

I am tired, so very tired, yet I cannot sleep  
My mind is like a Mardi Gras where figures dance and leap  
Sleepily I lay yet urge this happy throng  
Forget the cares of day and sing this joyous song.  
They beckon as they dance; loathe I am to leave  
With charms they entrance the darkened veil to cleave.  
I am there amongst them all and then they all have gone.  
I awake to cockerel's call; 'tis morning, pale and wan.

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