

Sleepless in Braybrook

Come out and see me
come out into the backyard
 into the dark
come out, I've become something else
something

lesser

I'm down here
near the incinerator
 behind the clothes line
I'm wrapped up in a sleeping bag

that's right, a sleeping bag

in the middle of the week
at 1.19 am
staring at the stars
the ones not washed out
by the CBD

I'm down here
and I can see the shadows
 bouncing off the fence
and I've calmed down

I have

I could be any man
anywhere
staring at any sky

I've become something else
something
not quite me
 it wouldn't frighten you
it's something you could love
maybe at least enjoy

this is my sky

lay off the beauty sleep
come out and see me

or I'll disappear