## On Waking

by Linda Jenkinson

I wish that at eight

It wasn't too late

For the poetry to rise to the top

That the ideas, that woke me at two and four,

Hadn't ground to a stop.

That the dreams which seemed so reachable

Remained with me fresh and new.

But alas, instead when I lift my head,

They run into the bed

And are forever hidden from view.