

## **My Bed That Is You**

Crumpled in my bed that is you  
smells of you is  
pain with pleasure.

Outside  
dry inside  
parched and cracking too  
like dry heaves hurting;  
exhausted in sleepless quest.

Even brand new sheets on my bed that is you  
smells of you is  
pain with pleasure.

© Sabrina Santa Clara, 1990