

## Bed Poem Prompt

We spend so much of our lives in our beds and yet so few poems seem to be written about beds. Slink Moss's poem one April about his bed made me go looking for other bed poems. **Let today's poem center on thoughts of bed: sweet sleep, insomnia, the marriage bed, the family bed, the sick bed, the deathbed.** Maybe your poem could be about all the different ways you've experienced beds through your lifetime. When very young, did you leap into and out of bed, clearing the closest few feet, so the monster beneath the bed wouldn't grab your ankles and pull you under?

My bed is a boat  
Floating on a sleepy sea  
Tossing or quiet  
Floating on dreams  
Landing at morning

Slink Moss

Bed is too small for my tiredness;  
Give me a hillside with trees.  
Tuck a cloud up under my chin.  
Lord, blow the moon out, please!

Rock me to sleep in a cradle of dreams;  
So that I may slumber in peace.  
Tuck a cloud up under my chin.  
Lord, blow the moon out, please!

Bed is too small for my tiredness;  
Give me a hillside with trees.

Tuck a cloud up under my chin.  
Lord, blow the moon out, please!

Anonymous  
Folk song/ lullaby

### Tonight I've Watched

Tonight I've watched  
The moon and then  
the Pleiades  
go down

The night is now  
half-gone; youth  
goes; I am

in bed alone

Sappho  
Translated from the Greek by Mary Barnard  
collected in *Acquainted With the Night: Insomnia Poems*  
edited by Lisa Russ Spaar

### Insomnia Song

Is it me tossing  
or is this bed  
a small boat  
in an unprotected  
cove?

Haul  
anchor, I suppose.  
That is: turn on

a light and read  
all night.

Book  
open on my knees:  
its pages: white  
sails spread.

Fleeing hell,  
that's in the head.

Gregory Orr

collected in *Acquainted With the Night: Insomnia Poems*  
edited by Lisa Russ Spaar

### The Sick Room

When I was frightened by the spots upon the wall  
I called them spiders and they moved and ran  
Until my parents came to me.  
I could not tell the daylight dreams  
From dreams when all is dark.  
This was the room where all my fears began.

The doctor came, and he was Doctor Gloom  
For he was dressed in black. He put the spoon  
Into my mouth until it touched my throat  
And I was almost sick. He did not know  
The bed became my grave and sheets became my earth  
And this was loneliness like days upon the moon.

R.A. Simpson (Australia)  
in *This Same Sky: A Collection*  
*of Poems From Around the World*  
selected by Naomi Shihab Nye