

The insomniac.

It must be an age thing. I never used to have this bother.

Yince upon a time I slept as soond as a cadaver;
I'd slip atween the sheets an sleep withoot the least palaver.
Away far back I had that knack, but noo it seems I've lost it;
I'm up an doon ten times a nicht, by mornin I'm exhaustit!

At end o day I drift away as ma heid hits the pillae.
In slumber deep I snort an wheep an blaw like Puffin Billy.
But in an 'oor on maybe twae, wi slumber scarce begun,
I stert up juist as wide awake as under midday sun.

Then sleepin is ayont ma pooer, though it's ma dearest wish.
I toss an turn for half an 'oor then get up for a pish.
I reach ower for ma bedside book an read anither chapter,
Then sleep enfolds me in her airms, ma comfortin kind captor.

At bricht daybreak I spring awake, I turn ower an take stock.
Ma een I claw, an damn it aw, it's only five o' clock!
Through curtains' chinks the cruel sun blinks, ootside the birds are roosin.
I pu the covers ower ma heid an coont up tae a thoosand.

Then thank God for sma mercies, sweet oblivion ower me flows,
And in the bosom o soond sleep I sink tae ma repose.
Then crash! A cruel cacophony aboot ma heid gaes flingin.
I think on earthquakes, then I ken it's ma alairm clock ringin.

I must confess thae restless nichts continue tae perturb me,
But still I hope I yet may sleep wi nuthin tae disturb me.
It seems tae me that when I dee, an life's nae longer active,
The notion o Eternal Rest is really quite attractive!