**Draft 2**

**My heart sleeps without waking**

*My heart sleeps without waking in the arms of sadness.*

–*from* La Vie En Rose

Life goes on.

May is the month of heat and thunderstorms.  
I bring Elaine to the zoo

but all the animals are hiding in the shade.  
Half an hour in

we sit dumbly in front of the penguins,

envying their wallpaper glaciers.  
Elaine understands, makes few demands.

When we get home I prepare dinner,  
she washes up. As usual

I cook too much, or eat too little.  
The gods have left too much hair

in their bathroom drain; no air  
comes through to us.

Back in my room

my fingers fidget across the keyboard,

as if I could propel a breeze with that.  
I talk to old friends, make new ones.

My words sink down like dregs.  
At night I loosen the curtains,

crank the fan to a higher speed.  
As I drift off the sky crunches into rain.   
Dimly I feel the wind

beating against the windows,

curtains flung across rattling grills.

My heart sleeps without waking.   
I have dreams of you. In the morning  
I rise for work, quietly leave

my sleeping heart.

**My heart sleeps without waking**

*My heart sleeps without waking in the arms of sadness.*

–*from* La Vie En Rose

Life goes on. May is the month of heat and thunderstorms.  
I bring Edith to the zoo but all the animals were hiding in the shade.  
Half an hour in we sat dumbly in front of the penguins,

envying their wallpaper Arctic.  
Edith understands, makes few demands. When we get home I prepare dinner,  
she washes up. As usual I cook too much, or eat too little.  
The gods have left too much hair in their bathroom drain; no air  
comes through to us. Back in my room my fingers fidget  
across the keyboard, as if I could propel a breeze with that.  
I talk to old friends, make new ones. My words sink down like dregs.  
At night I loosen the curtains, crank the fan to a higher speed.  
As I drift off the sky crunches into rain.   
Dimly I feel the wind beating against the windows, curtains  
flung across rattling grills. My heart  
sleeps without waking.   
I have dreams of you. In the morning  
I rise for work, leave quietly my sleeping heart.