

Insomnia

My strategy's simple when I can't sleep
I think of the men I've bedded, not sheep.
It's quite a big flock - there are decades to count -
but averaged out, not a shameful amount.
I like to imagine them in single file
queueing to pass through an ancient squeeze stile.
I wrap myself up in each well-loved fleece
ignoring the smell of damp wool and grease.
I usually find that by ram number eight,
I'm feeling exhausted and in no fit state
to dream any more of the men from my past,
so I slaughter the rest, then drift off at last.