

# Pride and vanity

Richard Hill

Lying in my bed, late in the evening, day by day,  
Bit by bit, I fear I did some damage,  
I only hear what I want to hear.  
Right, for many reasons.

Everything's quite clear and then,  
The mists draw down upon my weary eyes.  
When darkness falls.  
Am I dreaming?

What colour and sound would be beautifully wondrous?  
White light and white noise.  
Soft breathing,  
Quietly magnificent.

I was silently sleeping, and yet I knew she was weeping.  
All night long.  
A private cherished feeling.  
Nothing's altered but everything's changed.

That's how it started, I believe. But no-one knew,  
That all you need is one foot in the door.  
It began at the beginning.  
And drew an empty night.

I opened my eyes and gone was the dark,  
Gone was the fear and terror.  
My pride and my vanity,  
Nothing to lose.

© Richard Hill MMXXII