

Sleep

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I have a lover and his name is Sleep.

Every day I wait for night to be back in his warm embrace

Doing homework I feel his breath on my neck

During class he attempts to seduce me.

The more I have of him

The better I feel.

Life has been pulling us apart,

I don't know when we shall rendezvous again.

But I hold onto a hope that we can be together once more.

