

C. Thomas Asplund

## **A Comforter**

Still you come to me in the night  
Walking with bare feet whispering  
And still you force me to come round corners that could wait,  
To face a minor premise I am avoiding.

Still you draw me from the logic of time,  
Reasoning with knots and pieces  
Now that I have turned round corners that should wait,  
To leave a minor premise I am enjoying.

Still you push me down a busy street,  
Whispering of dead men talking,  
Until we come to corners that should meet  
Upon a minor premise I am trusting.

Still I come to you in the night  
Wakened to a silken apron's rustling,  
And still I end in corners that must wait  
To trap a minor premise I am hiding.