The Talking Pillow

by DonJuan Writer

O**nce,**
To a crash slumber on my bed, so late,
I learned my pillow could communicate.
As I lay my head of lead at the head of the bed,
My talking pillow said,
"Let me be the foundations for the constructions of your dreams,
I shall bear the burden from and for your neck,
Close your eyes, banish the moonbeams,
I'll free your worries with a rain check.
Allow the cloak of closed-eye, minds-projector dark,
Enforce neuron pathways for inner quests on which you'll embark.
Here is your chance,
For the mighty mind molecules to do their sleep dance.

For every trial you face, every care,
I am placed,
Just in case
Here,
To be there,

So,
Come rest you weary traveller,
You hunter-gatherer,
Of confusions,
Bring your seclusion's,
Rest,
For you know it's best,
To accept the night of deep."
I said, "Will you shut up pillow, I'm trying to get to sleep!"

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