

Rolling

As I rolled over in my bed,
A thought suddenly popped into my head.
My brain went into overdrive,
MY BRAIN, IT IS ALIVE.

I made a quick mental note,
And here it is, what I wrote.
Why, oh why, when I'm asleep,
Do I dream and take a peek.

At the stars and at the sky,
At the fridge and at the pie?
Then it all gets in a muddle,
And causes me too much trouble.

So I lay awake and look around,
Trying not to make a sound.
I rolled over once more, onto the floor,
I hit my head and was no more.