gorged with the spoils of
your day’s work
you rest
belly swollen, eyes half
slit your stare wanders
comfortably into nowhere
in particular

there is predator
in all of us
often closer
than we like to think

body languidly draped across
whatever you call bed
while you tend to
the necessities of digestion
the surroundings bring comfort
(shelter from the hot
and cold a roof to call
your own – it is good to have
what you want
if only for a time)

the second stretches
motivations, fears, dreams
they dance with he motes of dust
travelling down the shaft of sun
and back into the shadow