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Innocence, Experience Now One: The Sick Rose Undone

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Pat McKeage *Innocence, Experience Now One:*
The Sick Rose Undone

Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray to Blake his soul to keep
May all the angels come,
And Michael, my favorite,
Snuggles down between my breasts.
We shall have our own crimson rites
And wink on chimes to a circle glow--
Who are we to bungle
In this our own unerring wake,
Suffused as always with the holy one
Who on this a howling moon-slit night,
Comes as always to our delight,
An invisible worm beneath his lancing feet,
A rose dancing between his teeth.