

China Girl Sleeping



Dragged down by the weight of the world

on her shoulders

She climbed onto the dragon's back and saddled herself
Behind the mighty, ferocious head of the rumbling beast
She curled herself cat-like, eyes closed, ready to leave
Her hair the colour of moonless night, sternly pulled back
From her unfurrowed brow – age yet to leave its footprint
To reveal ochre-tan doll-like mask of an expressionless face
The wide sensuous mouth was pursed in gentle contentment
Guarded over by a slightly snubbed, proud-looking nose
The eyes were shielded by the long-lashed flickering lids
They trembled in anticipation as she entered her secret garden
Housed in the temple of forgetfulness, home to her dreams
This was her place, nobody else's, here she was truly free
Leaving envious others to watch on in awe-struck wonder
No painter could capture the beauty of China girl sleeping

John James composed this on the Goldline Express from Belfast to Enniskillen