In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind.  
My ears are ringing, singing their own song.  
*The poet's danger is an idle mind.*  

Your husband's somewhere close to the divine—  
Or better, though ideas like that are wrong.  
*In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind.*

If you're the sun, his skin's tan from the shine.  
(Poor senseless thing, that haunts me all night long.)  
*The poet's danger is an idle mind.*

And when you catch my eye, I always find  
My tongue's too numb, mouth's empty as a yawn.  
*In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind.*

These melting flames could burn, if they combined,  
My hazy vision clear, like fog at dawn.  
*The poet's danger is an idle mind.*

Remember kings and cities undermined  
By rest that stretched out days and years too long?  
*In idle hours, your thoughts and cares unwind:  
The poet's danger is an idle mind.*