

Couches

CAROLINE KING

The best of the city sleeps
this way. After ballad nights,
a living room's belly button
offered dehydrated
love, the *thud-thud*
of friends through the floorboards.

Tectonic plates
threadbare along the streets. You ever watched
the faces of the dreaming?
Hamlet said he could live in a nutshell
and count himself king
of infinite space. Unshrinking people

understand him, claiming
sidewalk petri dishes
paying tolls through nightmares
for a murmur,
I've been told,
that all the city is their shadow.