
Waking in the City

Spenser Isdahl

Rusting cars slide past the window
And steam rises from a sewer grate.
Dust settles on the walls. I wonder
How everything got so bright
While we slept.

A birdcall disturbs your breathing.

The T.V. shudders, just
As we left it: muted and on
Spongebob, a dancing shadow,
If shadows had colors
And eyes.

Your fingers grasp the sheets.

Flowers in the cracked concrete
Grow and multiply, shrivel
In the shady morning light—
I close my eyes and let it
Burn my skin.

I hear your eyes flutter open.