i sleep where
by Alyssa Froehling

i sleep where i can
see you. birds stuttering into your mouth and out of the
abandoned static of the sky. our
arguments are agape and groaning outside
clattering but secure windows.

i sleep where i can
swim. i feel safe
against the iridescence of your new skin.
a film of salt to be
consumed and to consume me.

i sleep where i can
sing. four albums
and 52 songs stuck inside your car
as we shout the words again
counting the sun cooled breath between us.