

**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.