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# 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.