

Sam Broussard**"Her Comb and Her Perfume"**

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The brilliant wake of falling stars
lights up a poisoned sky
Beyond this window there are things
not fit for human eyes
She sleeps in peace behind me
as I drink away my dream
The poison soothes my nerves
and streaks the sky with clear moonbeams
She appears underwater
hair in waves floating around her
and if I drink so much that I drown at her feet
the vision will be complete
The outside terrifies me
It's hard to leave these rooms
My world is here
near her comb and her perfume

She kicks the covers clear
and now sleeps naked to my sight
Behind her belly it could be
a child grows there tonight
The carelessness was her idea
some disease that she has caught
To bring a child into this world
what a horrifying thought
What the hell can she be thinking
for years I'm wrapped around her finger
Is there some need to further seal our love
and am I not child enough?

If this child is demon spawn
This world is still too crude
My God we crucified a God
who fed a multitude
A spot upon her deepest wall
hears me knocking just down the hall
We pace, we measure, eyeing each other we wait
A showdown at Heaven's Gate

