

## **Sam Broussard**

### **"Your Sleeping Face"**

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I was carving clouds one night  
sculpting cities in my dream  
skylines of rain and light  
a bridge of sun and steam  
I wake up if I'm kicked  
but I could not sleep again  
Your face was a peaceful prayer  
my whisper was amen  
I had a dream of freedom  
bells rang in the streets  
By sundown we were drunk  
we danced on cool concrete  
I sang and woke myself  
what the hell was that song  
then I saw your sleeping face  
and I stayed awake 'til dawn

No matter the beauty  
of these dreams of grace  
may I never wake  
from your sleeping face

Last night I left my body  
I was floating above the bed  
I could have gone through walls  
but I watched you sleep instead  
I could have hunted with the owls  
watched a neighbor while she bathed  
entered night-blooming flowers  
or ridden the backs of radio waves  
Instead I watched you breathe  
my spirit quite possessed  
by the rise, the fall, the miracle  
of the softness of your breast

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of these dreams of grace  
may I never wake  
from your sleeping face

