

# jennifer barber

## ASLEEP

I showed you the scar above my hip;  
you stroked the back of my hand.

It seemed I was thinking of  
moving back to your city

but the city had moved elsewhere,  
farther downriver, so the streets

were tangled, narrower, more  
dangerous, though what the danger was

eluded me. Rain fell slowly at first,  
then faster, then more steadily

on the outer lip of the window ledge,  
your voice blurring in the drops.