

POETRY

# Asleep No More

by Federica Santini



"Reverse Glass Painting" by Christian Weber

Buried deep you sleep  
under the gleaming asphalt  
of every downtown,  
within pots and casseroles  
of tears held back at dinner,  
in the purple mornings,  
face gray, eye swollen  
behind each pained smile  
locked in your wasted time.

Buried deep with pleated  
skin, your knotted limbs,  
hair of chalked wheat,  
you are in the coffee pots  
as rumbling dawn breaks  
under every bus station  
when you look at the shadows.  
Draw your coat a bit closer  
at street corners of catcalls,  
cemeteries of lies in bars  
at the bottom of drinks,  
unwanted children and words.

Buried deep you sleep  
and have slept very long.

Wake, woman, wake.