I Think They’re Asleep

Christopher C. Moore
Gettysburg College, moorch02@alumni.gettysburg.edu
Class of 2013

Follow this and additional works at: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury

Part of the Poetry Commons

Share feedback about the accessibility of this item.

Moore, Christopher C. (2012) "I Think They’re Asleep," The Mercury: Year 2012, Article 6. Available at: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2012/iss1/6

This open access poetry is brought to you by The Cupola: Scholarship at Gettysburg College. It has been accepted for inclusion by an authorized administrator of The Cupola. For more information, please contact cupola@gettysburg.edu.
I Think They're Asleep

Author Bio
Chris is a history major, class of 2013 from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. He studied abroad in Spain.

This poetry is available in The Mercury: http://cupola.gettysburg.edu/mercury/vol2012/iss1/6
I Think They’re Asleep

Chris Moore

I wonder if she remembers
the long nights curled in her basement,
afraid of getting caught,
listening for the footsteps that made the old floorboards
squeal above our heads.
It wasn’t love,
though that’s what we called it for awhile.
It was the way her hair fell down
past her silk shoulders and how
the sweat dripped from her temple
over her soft, crimson cheeks
and down her neck.
I wonder if she remembers the way her heart would beat
faster and faster
and how I would rest my head on her chest
and listen to her breathe
deeper and deeper
as if each breath were her last.
We weren’t thinking of what was to come—
we glued the pedal to the floor
of the red Corvette and took our hands off the wheel.
We were young,
we will always be young.
We threw ourselves at each other like lonely dreamers
but only after she told me,
I think they’re asleep.