Meditations on Asphalt
Cassidy Lewis

1.
Saturn has left her hands, slumped beneath the flesh of her stomach. Cold are her moons as they feel eternity for the first time. They stumble from mother like drunks on this street.

2.
New year’s, she bites the scorpions—bleeds on the carpet with each breath. She is not held in winter, won’t move till Jupiter’s upon her back and her toes are grazed by a red storm.

3.
This night, mother is gone. Baby sits roadside, finds mother in street sign, in the soles of his shoes. This night hasn’t been night at all, has instead left the sky soft, the scorpions still crawling.