

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.