

Where Have the Women Been Sleeping?

Cassidy Lewis

The ones who swim
from shore to stars, who know only
barefoot and desert cloak. In wintertime,
their naked is masked by night sky,
found in the forest behind neighborhood
houses, in their feet on the sand. For
they chew evening flowers in
their molars and lounge on pool
chairs in the lawn—sucking God
from their fingers, thinking maybe
this is where they'll come
to know awake.