

Selene

Cassidy Lewis

Her as a moon embodied: she falls from crescent to quarter
to January & plants her chariot shoreside. This has been
a long age of driving through night, directed by her
silver stallions. The cellos ring like wind chimes,
her breath ticks North.

She forgets her footsteps in the snow & leaves her shoes
melting in the halls. Her feet are met by boys with soft names:
Endymion, who sees a corridor bred by silence where she sees
a foothold. There is no solace in meeting only at dusk,
when her eyelashes are dampened by wind & she can feel
his mortality clinging to the walls.

Let her instead practice tapering, letting time age
like old bones & sink like ash in a storm—timeless
is something she holds in her compass. Rather,
she reaps history & lets Endymion fall bronzed,
she will see him tomorrow.