

From Cocoon to Nest

Cassidy Lewis

In February, I knew only dizzy—
red algae spiraled from his bathtub
drain, caterpillars made friends
sitting on my knees. Girl
asleep on the tiles, later
in his room. For, this wasn't
a place I thought I'd return to—
lithe and skinless on a carpet,
the bees sipping nectar
from the spit on my chin. This time
I won't remember the drive home,
only passing out on the bathroom
floor, then again beside the road.
I am forgetting how to stand,
how to turn the wheel.