

# A Night in Saudi Arabia

*by* Tawnysha Greene

Black asphalt cracked  
and broken beneath  
me,

I walk through nameless  
streets, narrow and winding,

past shops selling scarves,  
spices, skins.

A man offers shoes, gold, perfumes  
sprayed on paper and handed out,  
gestures quiet, unknown until

the paper is in my hand,  
the strip marked  
with fingerprints,

his and mine.

I let go  
and it falls

to the ground where  
there are many more,  
cast down by girls, women

like me.

