

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.

