

**The stopover**

Inside the lift  
a young girl repeats the old black number  
“You gotta press it once you’re in,” she scolds

and bounces away into the third floor  
her rhythm against the sogged, top surface of beats down  
the hall.

The green door of my room takes up crying heat  
from a concrete lot across the way,  
jet fuel waving through the joy  
of Latino brothers cooking at their window.  
Later, through the closed glass,  
a younger, curly brother is propped up on the dinner table,  
legs swinging as they joke shirtless.

I make a shower from trashcans of cold water,  
bathing in odd stages  
beginning with toes.

*Bonny Cassidy*