Abecedarian Poem For Ryan
All this time, I’ve been shaping letters trying to break backs of adjectives and form a proclamation of love that isn’t cheesy. But, all I’ve done is sever my fingertips. I’m downing lakes, my chest is swelling, and colors over earth have never pounded so vividly.
Free my soul, when my skin is withered, if only to meet his.
Gather your suns and gods, so I can show them his face. If I don’t bite my lip, I’ll spill everything that is unholy. Most lovers would’ve had me wire my jaw shut and held their ears until screams waned. But, he kicked out demons scratching at my throat. I’m getting lost again in the stomach of it all.
Mirrors have never spoken to me, so I’m fine with turning to nectar dripping from the sky and tucking the orange of all our sunsets into my back pockets. When witching hour latches onto my body, I quiver for his limbs and skin to besiege me.
Rural towns rituals, I’m done pleading to you. My lover seized the rattle in the back of my teeth. Screw ‘til death do  
us part. I’ll love you to the heel of heaven.
Vacant bones could become the talk of graveyard sideshows with an ounce of life from his veins.
X-rays tell our daughter, granddaughter, and great-granddaughter that you revived me. When we are long dead, our love will be knitted at our Zenith.

By Kelli Lage