Honorable Mention
Adult Age Group

Back When
Back when you
were a copper mine
waiting to be realized
and I was barely a penny.

Back when slushies sweated,
gas stations birthed fire,
and we shifted to lovers on the run.

Back when we saw our past lives
through a telescope
and you turned into a carnation,
limbs and all.

Back when a writer in a back alley
sold us prose to
raise as our own.

Back when we called God
from a christened telephone booth
and saw the Tower of Babel
filled with oranges.

By Kelli Lage