Love Letter to A

Abandon aspiration, alliteration for the heartbeat, the pause, the hum under you, A, frame pending art, arbitrary as nature, amber alert of sudden petals, what creates this shade but our heads pressed together in pain?

The night you escaped, I called you, and you came without glancing back.

A language absent ardor, I lean instead on that small leap, inevitable swallow, your patter, patois. Magic in the unexpected arrival, *abracadabra*, absent you, death’s silent partner, there’s nowhere to aim.