

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.