

Where You Can Find the Pieces I've Left of Myself

by Kelli Lage

The shred of sun poking your eyes even when your visor is down.
The candle flame that you have to blow on two or three times before it finally goes out.
The rolling fog soaking into your hair.
The hold of dusk that you can't shake off your boot.
The itch of something familiar in your head, that you can't place when you smell wet dirt.
The crest of gold in the back of your mouth.
The flicker in the streetlight during thunderstorms.
The lace sewn into dresses of late summer.
The aftertaste of glory in the back of your mouth after waking from a dream.
The burrow in the mattress that your hips sink into.
The part in the folktale where you stop to watch everyone's faces.
The touch of wind that upturns a dog's ear.
The mahogany tree at the core of your irises.
The dusting of sugar on a cake your hands made.
The soaking cherries that mimic lipstick I smeared over my mouth,
when dreaming of time traveling to you in all eras.

