

red in three

by Alyssa Froehling

I

how i do write to someone who is never born
i know you exist because when i wake up i find
your few molecules soaked through my sheets
and i imagine you as a magma castle princess
ruler of red in the swollen summers i spent with
your father on a park bench as he sang and ate
burgers from wendy's on buttered pretzel buns
and i kept quiet with my hands folded over
each other tightly
fossil-like ripples forming over my mouth
and i thought about how powerful i could
be if i only had the courage to take up space
and stop wishing my body away.

I

how do i write to someone i create in my memory
the force was a craving and i was eating almond
milk ice cream from his mouth in the trunk of his car
parked in front of an elementary school
with you curled inside of me like crumpled scarlet origami
i released you out the windows
i rolled them down all alone
supposedly to let you fly
i felt as guilty as the weighted clothes
of a drowned child.

I

how do i write to someone i can
only find in the curve of the hardboiled sunset
disappearing into the blood vessels
running through the whites of my eyes
i only whisper to you now through my skin
into the pools where it's scratched raw and off
staccato with breath
after hours of early morning
dry diphenhydramine crying
saying i miss that i missed you
and all of you that is me and all of
you that is not and never will be.