

Prema Bangera

Rain-Marked Black Wires

He created her out of the static,
connecting the humming voices
whispering through the grained magnolia sky.

His name: the oblivion traced in adagio,
stroking the cold slaps of neon light
against her small back. Her wine-shimmered lips
haunting familiar motel beds,
the ones he cannot remember.

She once sat across him, dressed
only in wired dahlias,
with her auburn-marked breasts visible.

Her name: the rainfall unmooring
his cheap cologne-fingertips, tangled
in her ochre hair. Her body
once covered in paisley-petaled twines,
now seamless.