

kaddish for a southern romantic.

magnolias are blooming again,

preaching petal
scriptures in peppered and floral tongues i
know and will always know — they
smell the same as

that april morning i wiped you from

my mouth and you
met my glow with, “i’ve met a man,” and i
laughed so violently my ribs purpled with
winecup bruises.

redbuds are blooming again, too.

they dress
themselves in pink spikes every year —
every year the same as

i think

florals for spring! groundbreaking!

the devil doesn’t wear prada,
he wears a wedding band carved
with your name i giggle
because laughter is a resurrection: the ache, you, my beloved dead,

your name

which i haven’t mouthed since
your wedding since

you shimmered dogwood white and
you told me if i loved
you i would never call
same as every year

i —.