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ABC Poem

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ABC poem by Neha Rajan

Ash settles in the creases of his clothes.

Breathe in, breathe out, don't think about her too much.

**Caustic laughter rings out from behind him as her hand wraps
around his.**

**Darkly painted fingernails take hold of his cigarette. She smirks,
exhales.**

**Electricity seems to crackle in her eyes, and she's too close, too
close.**

**Fearless—that's how she has always been, but this is ridiculous.
Girls, he thinks, are insane, and he will never understand why she
keeps coming back to him.**

**He takes the cigarette back, blows a smoke ring in her face.
It becomes a game (what else to be expected?) and she's slunk
closer, lips almost at his neck.**

Just do it already.

Kiss me, he thinks.

**Laughing quietly into his chest, she doesn't kiss him, but drags her
hand through his hair.**

**Maybe he should've brushed it properly this morning—hell, that felt
like years ago.**

**Never mind that she'll be gone soon, dissipating with cigarette
smoke.**



One more night with her will be enough.

Please just give me this, he thinks, and then I'll go away.

**Quietly echoing his thoughts, she leans up on her toes and kisses
him.**

Red spots dance in the corner of his vision.

She burns too bright for him to look away.

**They'll find each other again and share more hasty kisses, because
she can't look away from him either.**

Underneath their skin, loneliness crawls and freezes their bones.

Voice soft, she asks if he wants to quit playing the game.

What is she talking about?

**X-shaped barrettes pin her hair back, but wisps of it escape to frame
her eyes, dark brown and watchful.**

**"You're crazy," he says. "What makes you think I'd want to leave
you?"**

Zero idea, she smiles, and kisses him again.

Photography by: Shelby Dixon