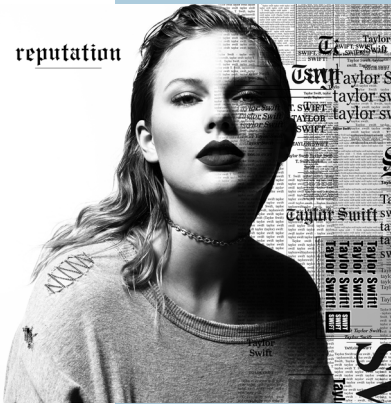


Forevermore

Rachael Gay

I recite the precious bridge of the pop song
as a silent prayer, moving my lips without
the accompanying vocalization.
My tongue still tries to push out this hallowed,
much caressed phrase stripped
of its piano chords and glittering production
metamorphosed into sacred text,
a begging only the immortal hear
with straining ears. A tightly wrapped
request delivered to an equally silent god.
My never-still fingers twitch, rounded with
invisible oranges underneath palms,
pressing down the imagined ivory keys of a piano.
In a last attempt my voice cracks to life
to emphasize the first word of every line *please*
an untangled riddle *please*
a pleading, the chaining of the suitcase to the
basement floor, knees on hard stone
hands following, a still parallel lithograph
please please please



Taylor Swift

“New Year’s Day”

Reputation

11/2017

Big Machine