

SOMEONE WRITES IN PURPLE

Someone writes in purple. Yellow background often seeming loud. Sorry fate, to be the crasser color. But yellow laughs. After all, it says, I am no gray or peach. I am the one who calls the shots. We let it keep it. The marriages of might and hue. Since when are we the chosen two. Supposing there is imminence, then what to make of catalogues?

If you tilt your head the sky is striped and netty. Perpendicularity, passing, intersecting. Sketching maps and yarn. The sky should catch its breath, hold it, wait for it to fall. Skies and stars don't trip or stumble. Tall and distant, like that uncle in the movie, with his eyes as blue as silver. Rarely looking down, horizon-stricken, counting down to ninety.

Boxes of tomatoes, blocking the bottom of the shelf. They can wait and last. None will speak or yell at you, once open. This can be consoling. Advise yourself of future projects and be sure to call ahead. Maps converse and change their ways. Let them finish. When you journey on, you draw. One can never lift the pen, so stop the car. Now period.

Beside the light some body lurks. Some one blurry indistinct. Unheard of. He is no tomato. If only he will move, beside himself, toward the light, you can tell him who he is. Participation is mutual. He should help out. There are limits to your powers. Ask him what he favors. Who he lies to when. Tell of business. Do not frighten. Hanging over.

The pole is rusty and askew. This should have been forgotten. Shade and shadow in black and white. Someone call the giant. He can come right over, living so close by. Habitat at large. An open door is windy, closing it is pain. Once he stepped in boats, sinking, wrecking, thrashing. He is sorry and confounded, now avoiding transportation.