

I'd like a Yellow Shirt

The Yellowness of your shirt reminds me of Cake.
Maybe with white soft icing and a clump of cream.
Yes, it's making me hungry, that simple association
Between you and something to be eaten.
Don't think I'm dirty. It's just the right color for memories.
After the cake I think of bright yellow balloons
that I used to get for free with advertisements printed in black letters
upon it's yellow, pregnant side.
That shirt is Yellow like a dog-caused spot of snow in January
That we used to joke about as kids. Telling each other
To eat it, that it would be sweet like ice cream in the sun.
Sun and hot summer days of barefooted-ness and prickly dry grass.
The yellow bars of sunlight that would tickle
Through the blue pool water to caress the speckled bottom.
I would dive through those and look behind to see the bubbles.
Rising, returning to the warm surface from which it came.
See where that Yellow shirt leads?
I think I need a yellow shirting hanging in every room,
And on the ceiling above my bed
So that it's the first thing I see in the morning.
Then I'll probably want cake for breakfast,
But then again, maybe you should just wear your shirt more often.

-Marie Ursuy