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Red

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Red

Dallie Clark

Telling you I will bestow
color is not enough.
Why, for example, would I offer
red, mere, red,
when pomegranates, rubies
and poppies are dammed up inside of me?
Why speak of sane
muted blue,
when azure, indigo and
aniline oceans swell and dip for you
like moontides beneath my skin?

I choose not to cast common
minutes or hours at your feet,
when it is a gathering of seasons,
I long to show you. Gifts
of amber bonfires
heavy with autumn,
first snows, secret and silent in winter,
the naked growth
of chartreuse springs,
and dimpled shade beneath
the great, canopied oaks
of summer - all these await you.

And it would be foolish to let shapeless
forms fall from my lips.
Instead I save
the inner rooms behind them
and carefully scented
language born only for you.
I am protecting these still, slumbering
words, rooted deeply,
words in dark red,
destined for unearthing
only when the gentle, but chosen,
daylight comes.