

## Yellow Walls

The sky must be shining in the bold day beyond  
If doves coo already their coy little song.

The steam must be rising from the sun on the street,  
Heat that would burn the smooth soles of my feet.

Somewhere cicadas lay tucked in their nest,  
Exhausted at last from the night's loud unrest.

Our feet tangled under quilt, broad and white,  
And my eyes crunched up under harsh morning light.

Little eyes that don't know of the world beyond lashes,  
Cars parked in driveways, wrecked from near crashes.

How cigarette smoke floats through crepe myrtle branches  
when one harsh laugh through blue morning dances.

Boots kick doors and shoulders stretch out windows,  
Ears ring still from the night's maddest bellows.

Eyes closed to due dates and chest pain and scales,  
Blood slowly drips from under my nails.

Drip, drip drop, a red splatter stain  
What once was clean, cut open—a vein.

I roil, I roll, I tangle in sheets,  
Seeing how flesh under blade bleeds.

I hadn't a clue when I woke up that day,  
Doves eat their young and skin melts away.

But only when daughter dares to awake  
Can time steal love and mother's bones break.