Pink

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2005/iss2/20
Pink is the color of June.
Month six of the family calendar
we have displayed on the fridge.
This month’s picture is my sisters
and me in pink bathing suits.
It is noon and the pink roses
are especially picked for my pleasure
then placed in my favorite pink vase
that centers the house.
It’s the first and last thing we see
as we enter and leave our home.
My exuberance shines as I race
home after the last day of school.
My flushed cheeks resonate my
favorite color—pink.
I pick the roses from the vase,
smell them, admire them.
I run outside and trip on the door
way cutting open my knee so
deep I know it will leave a scar.
Too caught up in the day’s happiness
I ignore the pain and wipe the slowly
dripping blood with one of the pink petals
I peeled from the rose.
Like a pig I snort as the silky petal
sticks to my knee.
It acts as a band-aid.
I turn and look back at the
front door framed in the pink heart
wallpaper of the hallway.
I see my Mom mouth
“Are you alright?” and I shake
my head up and down as I lick
my lips forgetting the pain and smiling
in spite of it all.