THE DAWN

Two loves
married, but bore
no child. When fountains failed,
they begged in blood at hospitals—
desp’rate

for a
miracle, and
each new chemical brought
new promise: finally a babe.
Each drug

changed her,
made her more
perfect, but their trial
medications never left
her veins

alone.
Adolescence
awakened their hungry
memories. She saw her parents
no more:
all she
could see was the
forest calling to her,
filled with natural opiates (though
she did
not know
it yet). Enthralled,
she descried shades of pink
and blue—the purple came later,
piggy-
-backed on
peers seeking their
own rights. The rest of the
rainbow followed: they were the pot
of gold
in this
modest forest—
or maybe that was just
her golden hair. They zzzed colors—
open-
eyed—for
one hundred years.
She noticed the boy b’neath
misty moonlight. He saw rose but
she saw
chartreuse
and tangerine—
anything but his brown
eyes. Dauntless, he ignored reason
and stole

her kiss.
Phosphorescent.
Lustrous.

She lost
herself deeper,
past the trees and mossy
rocks, the hues of his glowing flesh
leading

the way.
She easily
could have slumbered for a
hundred more years in the woods with
him, just

like that.
Happiness does
not make promises. Drugs
did not stop an unsought mir’cle.
She cried,
desp’rate
for pain relief,
h her blood mixing with dirt.
The babe suckled her finger just
as day

vanquished
night. Three loves now,
living in sin with what
her parents craved. The dawn ne’er left
their veins.