

Yellow

i call & ask you are sitting in your yellow chair
in the kitchen waiting as usual you say to see what
will happen as you do now these days, for someone
to come, something to come clear, waiting to break
fast because you have had just a few sips of water
this morning, which is not usual (it is unusually early),
& also not true as in accurate but true as in memory,
yours, of having eaten nothing & the thin
scree of complaint in your voice arcs in the air,
electrical.

i say *yellow chair* and yellow lets me recall to mind brightly not only the
chair but you in it.

Something has turned inside you

know there is something you

should be doing there

is no one who tells you. it is like having yellow, yellow!

with nothing to fix it to.