

Talia Green

Orange Crayon

If I were placed inside a box of crayons
I'd fit between the yellow and the red,
a niche for wildfire in my head,
an orange scaled to brilliance of dawn -
I'd streak across the skies of Vietnam,
cast sunset on the mountains up ahead
to outline mountaintops with golden thread -
ignite their peaks before the evening's gone.

I wouldn't be sweetest tangerine;
I like my fruit with quite a little kick,
a sour, natural antihistamine
to clear the sinus, strong and doublequick -

Though some prefer a softer yellow-green,
I'd draw a vibrant orange for the sceptic.