

Relief Column

He would not select yellow crayons,
insisting on red,
insisting that orange and goldenrod
were the hue and tone of the past.

Brown and black and gray and green,
dark green, khaki green, and red
are shades he remembers, the pigments
fired against his memory
of his mother's pretty face,
his mother's calming voice,
with his mother's reaching arms
stretched out in desperation
as the soldiers pulled her away,
drug her away,
ripped her away from his need;
to relieve their own.

Created: 1999 | Revised: December 7, 2016 | Lines: 16/1 | Rating: 3
Copyright © 2016 by F. Patrick Stehno and Anne L. Stehno | All Rights Reserved