

"i can be any color you like"

by Ezra Gatlin

memories only exist in hues of blue
whispering shades of turquoise paint the light
pastel stains the walls
"are you sure" under my breath
monkey see, monkey do
grown ups under purple moonlight

agony never hurt so good
pain never felt so free
the bathroom tiles felt so cool under our feet, didn't they?
who knew i could hurt like this under such pretty colors?
babies are supposed to be innocent
an apple is supposed to be red but all i see is you
the forbidden was never a fruit

i want a do over
i want to rip off the scotch tape between my legs
i want to stitch myself back together again
i want to pick the pieces out the paper shredder
i want to try again
i want to turn back time

i was only 7