

Pink

by Bill Yarrow

Among the cherry trees, they fell in love.
Later that month, he took her out for
deep pink soup and pale pink tea. Together
they peeled and fed each other pink fruit,
ordered expensive pink beef, went on
vacations and viewed pink sunsets
on paradise beaches. His memories
included pink medicine, pink taffy, pink
panties, pink lips. Hers included pink
bubbles, pink slippers, pink horses and
pink sheets. Neither could imagine a heaven
untinged with pink. They were right:
the afterworld is splendiferously pink,
the exact color of a child's new wound.

