

History in Yellow

By Mark Low

Who will come
and read the books,
sift through the globs
of mud and mottled leaves
that is the past, that we pass on
with knowing fingers,
rain wrought hands,
fresh with tomorrow's kisses?
But what of the day,
those slim fingers turning pages,
fashioning the clay?
Who can explain the excitement,
the streaks of light
in those twist-and-turns,
or carry them through the shadows?
Oh promise me, promise me,
there is no deceit.
Nothing begged or borrowed
from tomorrow.
See the girl in the yellow dress -
books at her feet,
muddy hands tangled
in lace and sunlight,
the open window.
She will have those red tulips
for her mama's vase,
and not speak of the man in the book today,
who spoke as if it were tomorrow.



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