

Descent in Yellow and Blue

By Kathryn McGehee

Tink Tink.

Swirl the Colors.

Woosh Woosh.

Slop.

Standing on the threshold of color and fear.

Exhale.

Brush to paper—cerulean hope,

Quinacridone control my hand.

Breathe. Become. Descend.

Drink. From the cauldron womb of

Cerridwen, stealing inspiration.

Tink Tink.

Swirl the Colors.

Woosh Woosh.

Upstream float. Into the transcendence
of Mark's dark Texan chapel. Drunk on Munch's panic.

Like a lover gone sour, the muse evades.

Taliesin's resentment in the rageful quiet.

Fluorescent screams blind the night

Like the vice of creation

Fingertips made raw. Faith in falter.

Swirl the Colors.

Woosh Woosh.

Raised in the language of loneliness,
solace in paper and paint,
shut out the screams. the childish taunts.

I am not beholden to memory,

locked doors. Empty perspectives staring back.

Contours of flattened flesh—

charcoal scratches beckon I do their will.

Swirl the Colors.

I am no longer my own.

Bought by the process. A soul purchased by longing

For the rise. Yet Georgio ignores me.

But mediocrity does not belong to the mad muse

I sink. I swirl.

Day becomes night, hours slip away.

Caught up by the unfinished work, and its haunting.

Tink Tink.

Swirl the Colors.

Woosh Woosh.

Slop.

Crash.

Addiction's exhausted sleep.

Flesh cannot withstand the goddess' own hand.

Absurd journey toward her call.

Try again at the break of day

when the earthly threshold

echoes a new song.

Tink Tink.

Swirl the Colors.

Woosh Woosh.

Slop.

Gray smears and fields of vermillion. In the silence rise.

Paint on a smile for another day. Proclaim delirium in a job title.

They'll glimpse the journey deep only by the crimson smeared on faded denim.

Echo the critic's gaze. Smile anyway. Somehow remember,

sunflowers make better company.

And that promise made to never again wind up at Saint Paul.