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The House is Yellow

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THE HOUSE IS YELLOW

Kaelyn Kaftan

The yellow wall of clouds grows on the horizon
 Its energy fills the air, humming
 Like the bass vibrations of taut horsehair
 Against the violin string 'G' —
 Low, ever on.

It sucks up the air, inhales the earth
 'Till its greed is satisfied. Seething
 The sky gasps, begs for breath,
 For oxygen,
 And there is no breathing room in battle.

And Earth, in all her wonder—
 Spinning chaos 'round a dying sun,
 Attempts to cry
 To groan
 Aching for all to breathe, to sleep.
 She aches for rest
 But the dusky yellow clouds grow still
 And there is no breathing room in battle.

And the battle, so dark,
 Like the lowest tone
 Of cello
 Like the ringing in all ears
 Grants no time for rest,
 Only the buzzing loss of
 Breath.

Time grows short.
 The walls of yellow clouds rage on still.
 The sun does not set today,
 The grief, in its everlasting rays—
 Illuminated.
 And there is no breathing room in battle.