

Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal

Volume 9 | Issue 2

Article 3

January 2010

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Recommended Citation

Andrews, Kimberly Quiogue (2010) "On Cold, On Green," *Harpur Palate: a Literary Journal*: Vol. 9: Iss. 2, Article 3.

Available at: <https://orb.binghamton.edu/harpurpalate/vol9/iss2/3>

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Andrews: On Cold, On Green

ON COLD, ON GREEN

Kimberly Quiogue Andrews

Mid-November, and the steel pail of my mind
tips—

(at this point I should be able to say what *spills*,
as if the bucket of one's consciousness could contain berries,
or perhaps a type of liquid)

—and galvanizes everything. All
that is not gray becomes unfathomable.

The stray cats, collectively the color of weather coming,
inch closer to the house during those solid evenings,

and I sympathize: as the light emaciates, barely
able to lift itself over the unconcerned trees, I find myself

looking more often at travel photographs, specifically those
in which the sun seems most relentless, and the colors
announce their presence,

the frames that weigh and shimmer with air so saturated
that it falls like cold, pulling

branches, birds' tails, and fabrics' unresisting drapery downwards.

Here the impossible blue of water. Here the ropy greens,
alive beyond any comprehension, though we live ourselves.
As if something alive were capable of ever truly

being stilled. Pyramids of fruit shout from their pages
like a rare thing seen. Even the dust is specific, a particular

wet brown, carrying some smell that hangs
so naturally in the aforementioned air. I no longer know
what I'm saying.

It is still. Something creaks.
The sky the color of the sky in winter.