

Colorless State of Existence

I chose a rich scarlet shade,
the kind one does not wear everyday,
then carefully blotted.

Paper thin, with a weight,
not even detectable by ounces...
Once I laid a tissue across my palm,
blown my wind over transparent vessel's breast
and watched it rise,
take flight and land softly
at my feet.

In the car I lay it folded
in four across my lap
and allow it time to know me.
I talk to it like a soldier,
tell it this mission
is not a suicide or a slight against
the green grass which lays waving
along this highway road.

Another mile to go.

The Klan have always been
all over this land,
they knew my granddaddy when
he was too small to know
and they knew him after
he had grown too old to remember
a colorful state
of existence.

Several times I have seen them
from a distance,
white pointed hats devoid of nuances,
like a rainbow crafted
using White #5 or an uninhabited island
that screams "I am the world!"

The sign comes into view.
Underneath the smudge of mud
(the irked travelers form of dew),
I see the simple black print,
elegant letters stating
that I have arrived and
"This stretch of land
is cleaned by the Klu Klux Klan."

My window is unrolling.
The Kleenex unfolding.
My arm upholding
this sacred decree.

May the gash of red lips
flow from this tissue paper's kiss
and remind him there are colors
that describe the blood,
the rivulet of feelings which come from
up above and out through the human
capacity to feel,
and in through the human
desire to be valued for more than
body, money, skin-
recognized for soul and the ability to know
we all need understanding.

I let it go
and think,
May we be joined by these desires.

And with a little luck he will pick it up
and hold it slightly longer
than one should
a crumpled up tissue.