Colors

Sabrina Talamo
Nova Southeastern University

Follow this and additional works at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions
Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation
Available at: https://nsuworks.nova.edu/digressions/vol8/iss1/25

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the CAHSS Journals at NSUWorks. It has been accepted for inclusion in Digressions Literary Magazine by an authorized editor of NSUWorks. For more information, please contact nsuworks@nova.edu.
**Colors**  
*Sabrina Talamo*

Gray nights are passing through  
Faster than a beating heart.

The sun had ceased to shine,  
No rainbows in the dark.

All has now turned silent  
As flowers fill the room.

Some were pink and violet,  
Others were maroon.

Her cheeks no longer red,  
Her beige skin has turned white.

Her body now lies dead.  
She somehow lost the fight.

Her smile has turned into a frown.  
Her glow has gone away.

Her hair which once was brown  
Has faded and decayed.

Her lifeless body has turned stale.  
Her black heart now lies cold.

All her colors have turned pale.  
No trace of color—not even gold.

**Coagulation**  
*Dan Abella*

The streaming sands within the curving glass,  
Quick days piled high to form earth’s aging years,  
Flow crimson-stained and reeking.  Globs of blood  
Mix deeply, staining yellow grains with greed  
And vice and sin.  Historic dates we chant  
In schools are corpses’ births: chaotic wars  
Engulf young men and feast upon their pride,  
Disgorging bones and guts and blood and guns  
That, stitched like Satan’s quilt, obscure the land.

The morning’s paper speaks of monsters deep  
Within ourselves, that stare green-eyed and seek  
To claim what slips their bony, clinging claws,  
And tempt the mind to move the hand and steal  
A purse that dangles like the flesh from which  
It sways, or beat to death the pretty face  
That bubbles up a pool of clotting blood.

Clandestine lay the true foul beast whose death  
Shall never come.  Behold the ancient man  
Who vaults the village walls and forests green,  
Who’s panicked-toed and panting dry his lungs  
And resting on a narrow path that runs  
Along a mountain’s base.  He gazes down  
At his two hands, his fingers shaking off  
Wet blood he earned through thought and violent will.  
And from the breath of mind he speaks a truth  
Of flawed design, a creature built on dust alone.  
He screams mutely what lips and tongue cannot:  “Forsaken life! I’m human after all!”