Between Dawn and Indigo

The night before eighteen is the tune to a music I won’t listen to
anymore because to relive a memory is to lose a part of it

I wake in the afternoon of a lineage of stories and wonder why
dawn shines so brightly outside my window, warm petals fallen

they say we dream in color, but what if cherry blossoms
hint at fading cerulean and murky tangerine paling gray

uncondensed memory dissipates into vapor escaping
the grasp of my fingers—what an injustice to not take it all

in the subway is a drummer pounding down raw cement stairs
replacing curses of old men who have forgotten the color of sunrise

across me sits a man with purple fingernails, coloring
beads in a child’s earlobes indigo like wisteria blooming

indigo—the night before eighteen sparkles into dew
rounds the corner and sees that the drummer is a child