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