

Earth tones

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He scalps the prairie, squaring up an earthen floor
And hews log corners, chinking spaces with mud
Then thatches branches overhead, roofing with bark

His axe splits wood to shape the kitchen table
Brown, brown, all brown

the chair
the cradle
the bed posts

Brown

I can't breathe

Gasping, I unlatch the trunk
grasping for yardage any other color

Squaring up a table cloth, I untwist my thread and
embroider each corner with daisies

Pink