**You Most of All**

She died alone,

or so he believes,

her hands shaking,

covered in crimson blood.

He is wrong:

the universe held her hand when she died.

And now it holds his,

to ease his pain.

The universe whispers:

She was not alone,

she had the entirety of the universe with her.

You included,

you most of all.

**the best way to see color is to close your eyes.**

an introduction in four parts.

I

i first felt it on a summer evening

halfway through august,

when the california heat

settles in like georgia rain.

there is color where there wasn’t before:

the air feels orange on my shoulders,

the chips leave my tongue feeling yellow,

lizzie’s voice echoes purple.

i turn to jimmy and ask if he feels it too,

he shakes his head.

later, he kisses me by the lake.

he says i taste of cherry chapstick,

to me he tastes of magenta and of kelly green.

II

the traffic is waning,

the music loud.

i can feel the bass in my bones.

it is ruby red.

the air is mint

and the song is baby pink

and the boy sitting next to me is a cloud of charcoal.

i wonder what color he thinks i am.

i ask,

he doesn’t answer.

the silence comes in waves of indigo.

III

beth lives in the bed across the room,

with pictures of places i’ve never been and people i’ve never known on her wall.

when i meet her,

i think she is forest green.

but one night the sadness takes me,

envelopes me in a blanket of dark blues and grays.

beth climbs into bed next to me,

our shoulders touching.

tell me happy things, she prompts.

in that moment i know:

beth is not forest green, she is lavender.

she is kindness and companionship,

she chases away the fears that settle on my shoulders.

she drives out the darkness with pastel purple,

she reminds me to breathe.

IV

thomas is orange, that much I know.

he is clementines,

he is your favorite pair of pants you never know when to wear.

he is joy and he is love and he is orange.

and so i tell him.

he looks at me,

my insides turn green.

*i feel it to,*

he whispers,

*i understand.*

*you are yellow,*

*you are dandelions and honey and sun.*

*i could live in yellow now.*

*because yellow is you and you are yellow*

*you are love and you are light,*

*my darling you are what the poets write about.*

you are orange, i whisper.

*and you are yellow.*

**the best way to see color is to close your eyes.**

part one. to make you feel outside of your senses, to know color without vision.

half eaten cherries and a broken heart

april, the letter a

girls who run so fast

you don’t know the color of their eyes

just kissed lips

holding hands with others tenderly

but scratching your own palms

boys fluent in lies

and the girls they tell them to

the final song played at school dances

cinnamon cough drops that nobody wants

war films with only photographs

fights about politics and about religion

mosquito bites that still itch

even though it has been two weeks

summer evening drive ins with frenemies

the kind of dress you’d murder your husband in

and matching gloves, of course