

Wilderness House Literary Review 16/2

Avani Chhaya

Surround Me With Color

Bluebonnets bloom in surprise
like a wind-whipped secret

giving me the incandescent urge to pluck flowers
filling empty jars with a crinkled bloom

shaking my head at the salt-strewn misconception,
that flowers were earned:
for accomplishments, for anniversaries

Ordinary days didn't feel like they deserved flowers

But after this unordinary year filled with,
fatality, brokenness, apocalypse, and pain

shower me with bluebonnets by the dozen,
I whisper with a voice laced with heaviness
with purple-blue unruly creatures
with sticky stems papered over with a rough, raw beauty

surround me with color,
I whisper with palms upturned into the unrelenting, thunderous skies
with color and life and growth and possibilities
with all that is too feverish to behold