

TY MEDOWN

for colorful girls who have considered
suicide when Rainbow's had enuf

Ohio Winter Grey™ how it splinters
certainties of hue, tainting, in painting
by raining, snow's white lies that hide the corpse
of lawn, pawned to Charon, loving the truth.

Like splitting sputum from some spectral realm,
Rainbow lactates prismatic miasma
from withered brittle bitter tit, battered
with worries or recovering colors:

*Can I afford to save the grass from hock?
Whoring summer through — the price I'll pay for spring,
urging binging, impinging on purging,*

*closer each cycle to believing bleach
drinking is the solvent I've been seeking
in dying, peace, translucence for my mind.*

Painstakingly written by Ty Medown

<With apologies to Ntozake Shange, of course. And
if, through the miracle of typographical error by
editorial discretion, battered should become but-
tered for a divinely comic effect, I wouldn't com-
plain.>

Exorbitantly as ever, til the end,
Ty Medown