
COWARDICE / *Patricia Klas*

I attempt good writing:
The color yellow splatters my concentration.
Failure threatens in oozing, egg yolk hue.
Jaundice and intimidation infect.
Inner warning lights blink inadequacy.
Nervous sips of coffee yellow my enamel.
Words scramble, buttered slippery and sliding
 away from coherence.
A lemon sun ray curses my empty page.
I tiptoe along the endless dotted yellow line.
The paper's detours,
 bold caution signs,
 painted curbs shouting "No Parking,"
 all beckon me to turn back.
Why not pick dandelions,
 sniff daffodil nectar,
 slurp pineapple,
Instead of writing banana-peel garbage.
Yellow is a biting, nasty color
With its shades of gutless mustard.