Golden Spots
Sydney Bean
THE HOUSE IS YELLOW
Kaelyn Kaftan

The yellow wall of clouds grows on the horizon
Its energy fills the air, humming
Like the bass vibrations of taut horsehair
Against the violin string ‘G’ —
Low, ever on.

It sucks up the air, inhales the earth
’Till its greed is satisfied. Seething
The sky gasps, begs for breath,
For oxygen,
And there is no breathing room in battle.

And Earth, in all her wonder—
Spinning chaos ‘round a dying sun,
Attempts to cry
To groan
Aching for all to breathe, to sleep.
She aches for rest
But the dusky yellow clouds grow still
And there is no breathing room in battle.

And the battle, so dark,
Like the lowest tone
Of cello
Like the ringing in all ears
Grants no time for rest,
Only the buzzing loss of
Breath.

Time grows short.
The walls of yellow clouds rage on still.
The sun does not set today,
The grief, in its everlasting rays—
Illuminated.
And there is no breathing room in battle.