

It Ended with a Toy
By Karen Arnold

Red is a color that projects in celebration's streams at day's end,
Heads to a table where gently prepared offerings invite us to health and invigoration.
I dine alone after veggies and meat from my steam oven are mindfully chewed.
Glass half empty, no one in another chair,
Glass half full, no pain in me or another chair to complain of.
The heart of the carnivore is that it is the grass fed that is eaten.
Organics, my God, how great they taste.

Black is a color that slumbers the Earth from my waking flurry.
It hushes the bird that sings in a dream language to nature.
Yet dreams extoll in brains and spirits, forgotten or remembered with inspiration.
As lullabies sleep, pillows comfort our heads and necks and we rest.

Silver is a color that wakes in the dark.
Stars dance, bands play, lovers nestle with no anticipation of the coming day.
A silver bearded gnome beckons us to ignore the moon for it is his and he makes it shine and
hide behind the clouds
I'd like to give the gnome some money to spur him safely through the daylight hours amongst
the folks that see him and perhaps a toy:
A silver Rolling Stones CD, glued on a black Rolling Stones vinyl LP with a clown red nose
glued upon the CDs center to be targeted with a water gun.