An Apology to Yellow and Pink

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This is the semester I take
slowly. Second sermon Sundays,
and side of the road sunsets,
apologizing for the many times
I blasphemed yellow and pink.
I do not start letters with,
"I'm sorry it took me so long,"
I thank God with my mouth full,
and I do not forget the cilantro.

I thank God for my mouthful.
I take the back road to Walmart
on a Carolina snow day, risking it all
for bacon, Merlot, and two avocados.
In the morning we wake up hungry
and proud, our shoeless footprints
surrounding the house--
as naked as the cat's
but circular and shaky.

This is the semester I feel
the snow between my toes,
but not the coldness.
It is only now
that I have noticed
the noontime nests at the top
of winter's naked trees.
This is the semester I take
the access road all the way to Georgia.