

Yellow

'Why a block of yellow?' you asked. Perhaps
it was the rich scent of the daffodils
you bought me that snapped each synapse
into sensory rapture, intense thrills,
intoxicated anticipation,
nervous energy overwhelming me?
And what of yellow for you? 'Congestion,
roadworks on the M1 motorway,
double-yellow lines. Danger and warning,'
you said. And all our fears and cowardice
too, I thought, remembering the morning
shards of sun when you left me with a kiss
in the night. My painting this colour is hope
you'll leave her, be mine. Yellow helps me cope.