



The Yellow How To
By Bridget Bailey

How to...

Want to write a
poem

on a cake

and eat it too
and have it
to have and to hold
sick (*sick*)
and healthy

not married
But thinking about
(also, typed: lick,
and the beach
which could equal

luck
also lick)

to salt licks

pink and for horses I think
And snow
and the pink balloon
and heart
and pieces of heart (ouch)
Of being at summer camp
And thinking
In the middle of the day
that I don't remember what my mom's voice
sounds like
like then crying in the car
And the stars (tears) are sad but also
exuberant
because they are from unicorns
Maybe. I don't even like unicorns, except I do. The tapestries.
The sand thing
is there
and makes me
feel
ironically
the opposite of
dizzy
Which is I
don't
know what
is
how to eat it
you have to *make* it
write it
in the sand
crunching in your teeth
but only a tiny bit
the candles are flying
and you can pick it up like
a back - pack
Gum is stuck
but not holding.

The candles are falling now
and the dashed lines
are actually heavy
really heavy
and I am *not*
sleeping
And we don't have a baby sibling,
but I do have a kitten.
(I used to make a lot of wishes for a sister.)
The candle lights are different
than flames, more gentle

Like earlobes
with their very fine hairs
are getting your ears pierced
And my Dr. Dog shirt from behind
That I offered to both brothers
But I wear it
Triple- O
Thick—not thick— firm,
Firm with stains
Meaning
I love it.

As for the middle, Gap kids
Forked pronged dotted
and dripping
making this:
< 3
(adding the space between the two parts,
which are halves, but not symmetrical.)
Speaking of (not)symmetry
Having it be hard to balance otherwise
So doing it
Like you fold it
Like in drawing class
But you don't fold it, physically
You are bilateral
You kissed it,
In wax
Mixed with a tiny bit of modeling clay
So it's pink
Named after flowers!
Like you sealed a letter
Ah!
It's done!
Joe's sock!
I took it!
I think it's Joe's!
It's a cloth for cleaning glasses!
I ruined it!
I made it better!
Alex drove it here in a Camry.
(I think it's a Camry.)
The heat is blasting
and there's dog hair all over me
And I'm wearing my track clothes
This is when I was still running
The opposite of the ice bath,
The ride home.

No red baseball cap— it wasn't real,
Making it more real,
Because you had to imagine it.
The You is Me,
f.y.i. ← except there, it's you.
I need to make a friend painting to this one
About when I made costumes
For me, F and C
After the cards in Alice in Wonderland.
It won't be literally about that.
It was in a retirement community, that was so brick
—where is *this*?
It's in candlelight, but a lamp is on, too, it's in cool-ish beach light,
Glowing and making your (yours and mine) eyes move,
to think about running in the sand,
Toward
a band, "Are you a band?" "No."
What are you?
Definitely.
I might get more cavities.
I might want to make some T shirts this color yellow.
I might already have the cavities.
So I might as well eat the poem,
Even though it will be crunchy,
Even though because of the sand,
and the sweetness
I dreamed about cotton candy last night,
But it's not yellow.
This, is.
Because it's cake?
No. It's a place.
We've been.
We can go back whenever we want,
Even after it's eaten.
That's ~~house~~ how and why
But I don't really know when
Except to say
All the time, specifically.
I don't wear a watch.
But I remember picking,
pink, or purple.
And I picked pink.
Slap-bracelet style, rubber-coated
(That's why it's yellow.)
It's as if I foresaw getting
My orange glasses
Wanting them
Because they were more than the rainbow
More specific.

And for a good cause, Jason told me.
It's a parallel painting.
As in not perpendicular, which is the other one,
which I haven't made yet.
This is all the body,
The style isn't a style, really.
Omg a crane? A stork?
Neither, but lots
of clovers.
Not buildings, not babies,
But I tied them all together.
I showed you, too. (I showed me, but also you.)
It's laying down the clovers.
It's not a party, except that there is sadness,
under the table
Dealings
With things you can't control.
Having been folded,
the cloth,
Dingy yellow.
Not dingy, fuzzy.
Rounding
itself out.
Like me.
Stapled openly, so that it flaps,
Should there be a gust of wind.
How much time have I spent looking
I didn't make all the lace,
Or did I?
Who has the matriarchal jewelry box with the butterfly?
I think Carol does.
Persuasion. The beach.
The Mom(s).
It's the candle at the bottom that says,
Goodnight!
Good Morning!
General Motors!
I'm scared of Frog and Toad!
(Because of the motor car.)
Do you feel alive?
It's not muddy,
But mud is implied.
Because of the sock, and the clovers.
What about mud at the beach?
How far down do you have to go, to find the mud?
What about the grass?
There isn't even wet sand here,
but you can still feel it.
I want to make drip castles with you.

And affix berries.
But let's not eat the berries.
They might be poison.
Do you want to put your legs up the wall?
That would look so nice, beside the painting.
More than *look*.
Tilt that lampshade.
Wipe that desktop with your palm.
Say some imperatives.
The red dots get further apart
Which could mean going faster,
or slower.
A loop-da-loop.
The Loop-da-Loop, (much safer than Frog and Toad, we have seat belts.)

I think I made this painting because I have never been to Disney World.
(I think that is part of all the paintings.)
Thank God I haven't been to Disney World.

Did you find that book on your bookshelf and laugh?
Yeah I did.
I lol'd.
I'm glad, even though it's not the book I was looking for.
The point is I don't know the extent,
but I think it's life's experience,
the scope of human emotion.
But we're at the beach,
wearing striped polos except I'm wearing a white
eye-lit shirt.
I insisted the picture be taken.
Here, you can have a copy, if you want.
We never send out the Christmas cards on time.
Or at all.
It's more for yellow time, yellow love,
which is now.
So yes, say yes, we should write it!
So yes, say yes, We should eat it!
I already painted it!
But I could take the wax in my hands again, and mold it.
But I won't.
I committed it to the page.
Begin!
Eek I think this poem is too serious.
Oh well!