

green
Jenny Forslund

tan skinned form,
radiant am I
like a shadow
to the bold writer
I saw tonight

Light on dark, our
skins intermingled,
rose like a puzzle
when he poured
the passion into me
and it was green

An amazing transfusion,
I hardly noticed, though now
I am changed.
I turn on with a tug,
a chain on the lightbulb;
screwed into the fixture,
green light bulb so sly.

I see this season's
come and go sun; I live.
no one ever sees
that beneath my
orange summer hide,
my blood flows green:
an insect shade
so powerful, volatile
that I can set
the world aflame.

I'm undetected,
yet a quiet clue beams,
flashes veiled emerald
out of my eyes.