

# Pink

*by* Bill Yarrow

Among the cherry trees, they fell in love.  
Later that month, he took her out for  
deep pink soup and pale pink tea. Together  
they peeled and fed each other pink fruit,  
ordered expensive pink beef, went on  
vacations and viewed pink sunsets  
on paradise beaches. His memories  
included pink medicine, pink taffy, pink  
panties, pink lips. Hers included pink  
bubbles, pink slippers, pink horses and  
pink sheets. Neither could imagine a heaven  
untinged with pink. They were right:  
the afterworld is splendiferously pink,  
the exact color of a child's new wound.

