

Naming Crayons, or the Edges of Denim

by Kari Nguyen

Somewhere between outer space and the mountain meadow survives Canary Square, a place of little consequence save for the fact that it lies under the cerulean ceiling particular to our land and rests on that raw umber which shares space with the orchid, goldenrod, and cornflower and abuts the green blue sea where the manatee rolls under the shadow of clouds. Here the timber wolf and beaver perk their ears as a small boy rings a lavender bell, calling his family to an outdoor table spread with asparagus sandwiches and pitchers of almond milk and frosty cups of pink sherbet and baskets brimming with ambrosia of plums, apricots, and melon. The final spoon's fall signals day's close, and the sunglow, cerise and startling and bittersweet, lends light's last blush so that the neon carrots and atomic tangerines and handles of antique brass seen through the windows of houses gleam and shimmer before turning to copper, and the inchworm makes its slow way past the wild strawberry plants, past the old wisteria leaning nearly to touch its back, through the ferns yellowing (even now!) at newly curled edges.

From this view in an otherwise sad world, a small part of you realizes you've been here before.

From this view in an otherwise sad world, a small part of you remembers being here.

From this view in an otherwise sad world, a small part of you remembers this place.

From this view in an otherwise sad world, a small part of you remembers.

And the inchworm - out of sight now. And us, well - we are already on our way to forgetting.

