**Adult Coloring**

Michael Walker

She colors

All night long

Rattles pencils

Like yarrow stalks

A door

Separates us

A continent

Of unfinished grief.

I write my poems out here

Outside of the lines

And she buys

Outlines of peacocks and

Jungle cats

Mythical creatures made to order

They need her

More than I do

It seems

They need her

To

Stay within the lines for once

Stop sobbing

And just color.