

Missing from the Box

Halfway between blue and green,
the crayon I need to draw
our sectional sofa with its ocean
of corded cushions—

Not the murky ocean
of Winslow Homer,
but farther south,
a Gauguin sea
tossed with psychedelic pillows

like electric fishes
in the watery space of a room
wall-to-walled not-green—

and the lava lamp.
The spoon-shaped chair.
The pinch-pleated drapes—

ceiling-to-floor paradise,
with a pull-cord that whistled
like a dolphin—Turquoise!

Such a slippery word—
Listen how it swishes and curls
as the lost color rolls
toward the rim of the world.

—Jackie Craven

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