

I am red.

Fiery angry like the color of the rescue truck or  
A hot little sports car.  
May you be saved from my ire.

It is difficult for me to obey a stop sign  
When I am on a rampage  
Looking like a beet

No stopping this tongue to cool the passion of emotion  
If only sparkly rubies or garnets would glide off  
But no instead my mouth is on fire like the bold lipstick  
On a runway model's pout.  
Words pop out of instead of into my mouth like the spicy little candies

Poison apples will be tossed your way and smash  
Those are even more dangerous than stoning by ripe pomegranates as they burst  
and are all bloody.

Why so hostile?  
Sometimes I have no clue  
Even glasses of wine don't get me to a calm version.  
I'm stuck with this hue.

My husband calls it waving the Italian Flag  
It's just how that side of the family goes  
Irritations build up to the size of a barn  
then explode

On occasion someone will irk me like the thorn of a rose  
In the delicate part of your hand  
The blood starts flowing  
There is no abatement now.

Like the welts of shingles  
Starting off as little strawberries  
Swelling up to big bright cherries that are painfully raw

Poppies, tulips, dahlias and the damn reindeer with the funny nose  
So vibrant/pulsating so that you can't even print those tones  
The image is like that particular color ink all over the first draft of an essay

Maybe I need to grab the bullfighters cape  
Enrapt myself and breathe  
Strands of lengthy licorice hold me still

Relaxing me until I am zen as a ladybug.  
Just observing, not reacting to things.

I desperately aspire to be blue, true blue but never orange.