

VALENTINE'S DAY

BONNIE JILL EMANUEL

Today I shall write about love.
It hasn't stopped drizzling all life
I chalk yellow suns onto yellow lines
running down Woodward Ave,
go writing bright green rivers and 1000 hills
into the dark damp gutter sky.
I think about the petrified.
The lost.
The gunned down.
Scribble us all into one perfect
red blood painted wooden flower cart poem.
I'll just plant roses now under a wet lamppost.
I heart rain.
Ah there's a pigeon poking around in the weeds and crosswalk
drenched and some tossed off smashed champagne.
Me, I'm just a girl waiting
for the DDOT Bus 53.
My legs are getting soaked.
Tomorrow I'll be more prepared for this.
I'll stick a thesaurus, a laptop
in my waterproof backpack.
Wear my parrot yellow waterproof slicker.
I'll sit in the middle of some wet cement and scrawl
world, won't you be mine?

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