

## Miss Orange

*Peter Van Zante*

As though your world could disappear at the curl of a scissors,  
you tried to remove yourself and melted.  
I see the locks drying red on the table,  
the mirror broken under the oaken chair.  
You weep, locked behind this door.

It's more than the fallen hair,  
it always is.  
Anymore, nothing is gentle.

Your skin has grown brittle.  
It would be easier if your scars were visible.  
I could knead them with my fingertips,  
believe they're only on the surface.

Like a watermark, you fade in tricks of light,  
too transparent to reclaim.  
You are a child's crayon project:  
Outside the lines; wild in brick red, periwinkle, and gray.

Color blind, hands too shaken to hold on,  
you relearn the process of numbers,  
of telling time.

Please listen.  
You're still beautiful.  
Please, come out.