

The Cradle

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I remember my baby cradle
It had white netting and white sheets
And a white blanket to envelop me
Colorless and drab

Sometimes I would ask for color
In the only way I knew how
I would scream, and the world
Would only scream back

When I grew older, they gave me
Two colors, as a reward
I got blue, for being good
And green, for staying quiet

I got hungry, I got tired
And I screamed at the world again
It gave me colors to shut me up
Paints in purple and pink

I couldn't eat the colors
Couldn't sleep on them, either
And when I cried again,
They took my green away

I tried to hush myself
And ask for food instead
But they took the blue away, too
To teach me not to complain

As I became an adult
Learned to feed myself, clean myself
Paint my own way
I learned all the different colors and their names

And I knew when I saw pink again
That it would hurt. That it would scream.
I plastered my walls with it anyway

Can't say I was surprised when the walls began to bleed.