

Monique S. Simón

COLOR OF LOVE

-- for the rainforest of Grande Riviere, Trinidad



Who would have thought
that when she thought
of the color of love,
she'd have thought of the color green?

Not the brilliant, frolicsome green that lavished itself on almond trees in the early
morning sun.

Nor a vigorous, composed green
layering its coolness on roadside shrubs after sudden afternoon rains.

Neither was it a green of young,
betraying unripened fruit.

When she thought of love, it was of a mossy green,
quietly emergent, along the periphery of land-locked stone,
attaching its foreign, slippery essence to rock bodies submerged deep in muddy waters,
sneaking into the tiniest of crevices,
shrewd and able as it holds fast,

wearing down resistance,
decaying vast, stony roughness
into ordinary pebbles,
light and moving,
caught
in river's flow.