

SHE PAINTS HER DAYS

by Janet Ruth

It's spring here in the desert, eastern sky in blue and yellow.
Fallen jasmine stars beneath the wall are strewn in yellow.

The watch for early migrants—among tree branches she spied
a warbler clad in sunlight, among leaves he flew in yellow.

Along the roadside edges nothing else has even bloomed,
but dandelion lifts its fuzzy face, all new in yellow.

Apache paper wasp seeks woody fibers for her nest.
Beware that if you poke her, she will make you rue her yellow!

In afternoon when temperatures keep rising 'til it's hot,
a soft breeze stirs the scent of chocolate flowers brewed in yellow.

An April with no rain, but peeping up among new leaves
a spike of columbine whose bud provides a clue of yellow.

Among the cottonwood's new leaves there is a plaintive song—
goldfinches with bright voices perch in shades of truest yellow.

Outside the neighbor's patio the daffodils still bloom,
still flash on Wordsworth's inward eye in tossing queues of yellow.

From everywhere the season brings a sprinkling of pollen,
from throats and tickly noses blasts the dread *ACHOO!* of yellow.

Although the native plants will wait until after last frost,
along acequias the mustard flowers preview yellow.

The Raven is reminded that the earth is like a church,
With bird-hymns, floral offerings and prayers imbued with yellow.

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