

Red dye #4

Liz Waterman

Junior Poetry

(Ode to Mark Rothko, abstract expressionist painter in the fifties and sixties)

Joiner of the noxious club

Seeing how seeping and bleeding is done made you covet begrime for your

Obelisk,

Modern absinthe men with voids for minds and valiums for lips, hands, and tongues

Envisioned and glowing when willfully blind

It's in liquids, powders, gels and pastes, cherry glacées and carcinogens

Cataclysmic love of carnage, love of rapture, fuzzy blurry scary face

You submit saudade on a lusty platter

Lost in lethargic versions of vivid reverie

Mild aortic aneurysm

The schism that separated Aurelian cadmium from artificial additives

Fear of mauve mirages that smear across the crust, or of asphyxiated saturation

Immortalized in your rabid medical superfluity

Even the enormous body of blood

That leached and oozed and bled was enough

To make you stop and stay static, abstract expressionless

Their distress was made limp by your constant unconsciousness

The Codex committee for antidepressants

Colours the meats and profits from miasmic confections

Your opaque mementos melted in your hands, and no one could paint it like you.

"Silence is so accurate"

