

The Color Yellow

Liv Schlosser

But how sweet to be the color yellow?
Ma says it's as dear as last morn's sunrise,
like a western meadowlark to bellow,
God's ancient fury quaked in her demise.

Ma says it's as fair as crops to autumn—
cling to a reason to preserve her peace.
Ma says not to blame the human custom,
to destroy and scavenge for just a piece.

Ma cries in prairies waving in amber,
golden wheat under the sun's warm wallow,
until man rips and floods her raw power.
Oh, how sad to be the color yellow?

From our oil pipes to the great Garrison,
we ruin our Mother without abandon.

Liv Schlosser is a senior at the University of North Dakota majoring in psychology and English, with certificates in creative writing, forensic psychology, and Spanish. She plans to pursue a graduate degree and continue writing. She enjoys doodling, spending time in the mountains, and enjoying the company of her cat, Frankie.