

## Colors of the Day

I see  
a lonely African  
    pushing himself  
ahead of his dreams  
    singing words  
from a time  
he never knew

below my window  
in Koreatown  
    once Irishtown  
once nativetown  
    once only  
ground.

I hear  
Sister Sophi  
    plaster  
a spiritual message  
to the corner light pole.  
    Come to me she chants  
dissolve  
    your problems  
of love.

Will she  
shed light  
    for the African too  
or  
a Mayan balloon man  
    only visible in his gait  
weighed down  
by the colors  
    of his exile.

Is Sister's poster

a sign  
of hope or doom  
    as this year lets go  
of itself  
never to reassert  
    its time and space  
into what awaits me.

Shall I run after  
the Mayan  
    ask him  
is it true  
    what his forebears intimate  
winter's end at hand?  
or  
lessen his burden  
with a purchase.

Soon  
the African is gone  
    the way of his  
ancestors  
the sun  
    tired of giving up so much  
retreats unabashedly.

I can still make out  
in the distance  
    between here and there  
now and then  
    multiple balloon shapes  
boisterously hovering  
    over tiny feet  
like storm clouds.

I remain  
    in the moment  
ready.

Siobhán Ó Mócháin Breathnach

December 29, 2011

*Sic nos sic sacra tuemur*