

# TO STEP INTO THE LIGHT

Gracie Marsman

Blue thread weaves its way in and out, in and out.  
More colour is needed for me to find my way.  
So, I poke a hole with needle and thread,  
and red comes spooling from my fingertip.  
I smear it on my jacket and smear it on my tongue.  
It tastes like copper.  
It coats my mouth abrasively.  
I swallow but my mouth tangs like dissonance.  
The colour maroon is caked on my fabric.  
No one will notice.  
I wear bold in and out, in and out—  
Red feels good to me in measures right now.