

Small

The neon rust color spills
cartoon animals into the few silver clouds.

Like a blob of flames
the sun hovers
so pleasing I almost believe it would
never
hurt me.

It makes me feel a part of something
much more important than
my regrets.

The neon blob
begins to melt
like butter on toast
into the horizon.
I know I'm trying to get somewhere,
but I don't know where.

I am
no bigger than a crumb.