

## Yellow Skies

My bones in other earthly dreams  
heal in citrus waterfalls.

Roses sewn in leather seams  
disintegrate when duty calls.

The bells of friendly creatures chime  
to barns with broken music notes  
and flowers wait for a good time  
to die from dirty looks and quotes.

Yellow birds behind my eyes -  
said the puddle mirrors of May.

So under sickly yellow skies  
eternal sighs waft seas of gray.  
The chimneys churn out fireflies;  
I sit and watch them fly away.