

## WHITE

*Mark Brown—Ricks College Alumnus*

Wear a white shirt

but please, let's not say 'white the color of bones'—  
that's not what I want for you

but a white shirt

with one unbroken ridge on each sleeve,  
with milkwater plastic buttons bisecting lungs, right of the heart.

Call it snow, bleach, birchwood left blasted by river water,  
call it bones,

if that is what you want,

but a white shirt—

the yoke across your shoulders—  
that is what I want for you.

SAID

*Mark Brown—Ricks College Alumnus*

*Someone has already walked around the corner and found the sun there, waiting.*

To clarify, I did round the corner and the sun was there,  
stretched out like a gorgeous, white body, and I did stare.  
I looked into the platinum heart of all that sun and wished  
my eyes would burn over, blacken, that street the last thing I saw.

*This happened. These are the facts. The truth. But, so what?*

Later, a woman passed me on the sidewalk and laughed as she went.  
She looked like you and smiled as you would smile  
when you knew you had me, despite my efforts not to be had.  
This strange woman knew I was hers and yours and so she smiled.

*She was there. She did laugh but it doesn't mean what I say it means. Come now.*

Today I went to Eighth Street for the Saturday Market.  
Irises bulged forward, leered with their pale, infected eyes and  
I fingered the veined paper of their petals, held their heads  
wineglass style, and didn't end up buying any after all.

*A poem that refers to the fingering of petals is up to something. Who knows what?*

Even now, sitting here, the sun has come along to play  
a quick game of pick-up sticks with venetian blinds on the wall;  
taking some, leaving some, the photons making gold slivers,  
the breeze and blinds taking them away, the wall and I left dim and blank.

*The thing to know is, it's not real gold; it's just the sun. It will rise again tomorrow.*