A Color Called Love Letters

Yesterday I was introduced to a girl prettier than me.
We shook hands, stiffly.
The foothills are on fire again,
the way a screen in the dark always looks lurid,
always looks like a cutthroat trout
before it's gutted.
Anyway, my body stood up straight
as if it were a room painted a color called Love Letters.

I am the same person who broke wine glasses in a bag and scattered the pieces under someone's car,

who ripped a bleeding heart out by the roots when galls sprung up on the leaves,

who crushed a chrysalis because it was within reach.

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