

# The Anthology

Volume 2013 Article 5

April 2013

# The Color Pink

**Holly Bechtler** 

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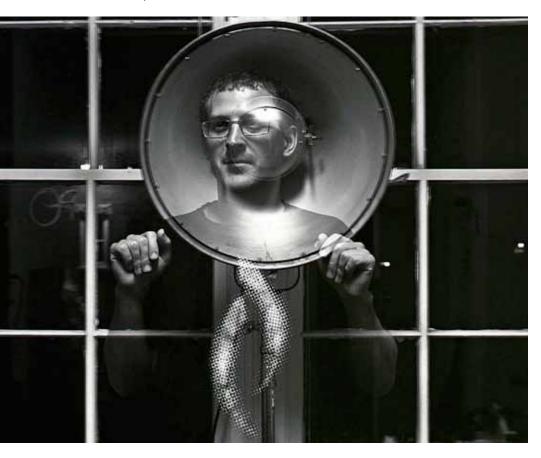
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#### **Recommended Citation**

Bechtler, Holly (2013) "The Color Pink," The Anthology: Vol. 2013, Article 5. Available at: https://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2013/iss1/5

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## **► Untitled** | English Grant



### ► **The Color Pink** | Holly Bechtler

Scarlet hot river emanation

Dried itself up
Ultraviolet white hot is
Even still an understatement of the ringing in my aching cotton stuffed ear canals, echoing overrated nostalgia
pathetically recounting the first kill and only of my youth.
(If you don't count those apathetic fishes)

You are the clumsy, left hand shot
That somehow occurred at the right place
And wrong time
A grotesque tear through an unlucky beating vessel of space so soundlessly
Bursting through
A time where blush derived from shame
But now completely overwhelming adulterated glances
intent on sending every bit of sincere air
Hurling out of your lungs so that a poisonous pining may refill those
Antlers with tokens of times first
And flowers on the grave
Of the color pink.