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The Color Thief

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The Color Thief

Allie
Pines

She doesn't fit in here.
Her hair looks like Apollo traced his paintbrush across its roots
and said daughter instead of sun.

Thoughts get caught in her head like spider's legs
framing her eyes leave webs under her hair,
but those eyes are like a reflection
of the Mediterranean.

Crash like waves do—
crash like thunder applauding the lightning
for its beauty.

Thunder claps her open
so she knows that her jaw mustn't always be so tightly clenched.

In that moment, sitting across from her on Metro Route 1,
I wish I were a teacher, just to show her how to smile again—

her cigarette steals the pink from her lungs, and I can almost taste
the ashes.