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Technicolor

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TECHNICOLOR

by Allie Pines

In pictures, the flash smooths
over shadows. I was a photographer once.

I used to buy roses, too.

I wonder if the children played in the ashes,
and made angels on their backs

in the powder of their mothers' bones,
pretending their arms were really wings

made of flesh, waiting to stretch
and take them through snatches of a sky
too perfectly blue.

Now I write poetry.

(You wouldn't pose with headstones)

I can paint souls into the boots of the Gestapo,
and pretend that death never comes in technicolor—

only black and white.