Drop of Paint

Amber Rubarth

Had my canvas primed in white, some water by my bed, a wooden palette smeared with reds and gray s and blues. Dipped my brush into the paint, traced the outline of your face, then I washed it clean for color number two. There's a little drop of paint in a mason jar of water that turned every last ounce a crimson hue. And it's the same with you, you had a minute with my heart, now you color everything that I do. Stew pot's on the boil, house was filled with steam, bowls and spoons in twos like Noah's ark. Dash of salt and spice to make it like you like, bring it to my lips and there you are. There's a little pinch of salt in a ladle full of comfort that opens all the flavors into bloom. And it's the same with you, you had a minute with my heart and now you color everything that I do. A flower turns its face to the sun. Snow melting makes the river run. Tide rises high to meet the moon, meet the moon. There's an echo in my ear sounding like your voice, a feeling that fills any empty room. You had a minute with my heart and I live it every day 'cause when you brushed against my heart it soaked through. And now my whole world is tinted with you. Yeah, you color everything that I do.

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