Our eyes tire quickly at the sight of yellow.
All six pounds of him lay in his bassinet, a glowing orb.

Babies cry when left in yellow rooms, and parents
tend to fight more often. A tiny, mellow son

at the foot of our parents’ bed, where he was formed.
Special lights roasting the jaundice out of his still color-blind eyes.

It is the amount of light reflected that drives us up the walls,
just ask John’s wife. People have been known to lose their sight

after staring at screens of yellow. It has fooled us all
with its cheery disposition and mimicry of the sun.

Despite instructions, we took turns picking him up
while mom showered—blue and unaware.

In tenth century France, doors of traitors and criminals
were covered with the damned color.

When we moved, they painted alternating stripes
of Daffodil Fields and Butter to pop the dents out of my mood.

Maybe out of jealousy or cowardice, people traipsed
door to door with buckets of paint and paintbrushes tucked
into their waistbands.

Maybe they stayed too long among Van Gogh’s sunflowers
against a background
of the same, no greens in the stems or reds in the table.
Butter goes on toast and daffodils smell like rotting corpses, waxy and yellow in their vase-shaped coffins.

The yellow came off on everything and got under my fingernails and crept under my skin, jaundice spreading like wildfire.