

Cuyahoga
County
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By Rose Marry

FORGET-ME-NOT

Berry syrup, purple rain, joyful violet, plum
blossom, I stare at the paint samples before

plucking one from its dozen siblings and thinking
of you. Lilacs grow in the front yard—you stand

on a ladder, trimming flowers for vases. Before
they wither, the house fills with sweet

aromas mixing with smoke from your freshly-lit
blunt. Outside, your dream car sits, a plum-crazy

Dodge Charger with Ozzy seat covers and a tray
to catch the ashes. With the paint sample in hand,

your influence paints my room—perhaps my house
purple. And once it's painted, I will think of nothing

but you. And someday, when I lose you, I'll burn
the house to the ground and sleep in the ashes.