

Mia Doi Todd

"Your Room"

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I try
To remember your room

There were three doors
Leading to bathroom, closet, living-room
And there were two windows
With their blinds always drawn
To keep out other people's eyes
And the harsh summer sunlight
As you sat on your downy white bed

I try
To remember your room

Cinderblock bookshelves laden with
Pretty picturebooks to look at
As I sat on your downy white bed
Learning about people, times and places
I'd probably never know

I try
To remember your room

Three big drawings on thick white paper
That would billow with the summer breeze
Over our heads
As we sat
On your downy white bed
Looking at children's drawings, convict watercolors
And eventually
The three paintings that I made thee

I try
To remember your room

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