

Chrysophilia Two

by Dennis Saleh

He lay, Yellowmore, aswath in
 silks of yellow, potentate of glory,
 kissing the chartreuse lips of day,
 mad with glee, and the joy of an
 elixir none might know but he.
 A canary of bliss, a sweet lemon,
 blossom upon unreasoning blossom,
 yellow shards flowering ever higher.
 Let me be clear. Yellowmore is near.
 Yellow fellow. Lector of elation.
 Prodigy, profligate, as the urge of
 yellow splurge in Egyptian electrum.
 Seduced as Europa by Zeus's shower.
 Keeper of the Book of Yellow. List
 of gleams. Laws of glitter. Adornment.
 Pondering, which first, sun or yellow,
 that most sought sequin in the
 science of allure. Pastiche of light,
 facsimile of sun, the lamp of wonder.
 Cry the day, eschew not the hue,
 above all, to thine crown hue be true.
 Though the sun might hide its head,
 even in the night is yellow yellow.
 Stalwart, evenso, redoubtable.
 Yellow, the very opposite of time.