Yellow Day

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sinking sun eclipsed by mountains wearing halos
like yellow straw hats old women wear to beaches
I find myself standing in a vestibule
where golden yellow glass vases are filled
with fresh violet hyacinths
that wonderful smell
I remember from a time ago
the flamed sky lights a pipe
Birdland by Joe Zawinul,
sound like yellow
careses my auditory nerves
I can dance the PD Shuffle
a yellow dance
a yellow day