

Orange To You

by L.Z. Piro

You told me I was orange

“To me, you are orange”

You were important to me. Orange was important to you. Orange was important to me.

It was paramount that I become orange

It quickly became all I craved to be

I actively sought orange bric-a-brat

I forced synchronicity between myself and orange

I formulated, justified, exaggerated, solidified the importance of a coincidence that associated me
with orange–

Tabby cats, leaves, carrot juice, auras, sunsets, burning ashes, flame, fire

I envied their capability to be characteristically orange

I longed to be what they were

I welcomed orange to consume me because

“To me, you are orange”

Really, it was something I never was

It was something I would never be