

Loving Breonna

For those with flat tires and empty houses filled with glassy bags, guns, and piles of cash, I want to share the sun. Fling open the curtains. Pink and yellow squares. Her Post-its brimming with goals and timelines open to the light. Life is a surprise. She said: 2020 is going to be my year.

First woman, other than Oprah, to be on the cover of O Magazine. Soft brown curls frame her face. Where is your wish for yellow? Yellow forsythia wave hello with spindly arms. Harbinger of spring. I want you to be the first of your family to see my yard of purple tulips.

She made cookies that night. They fell asleep to the blue glow of television. You could see it from the outside looking in. Finish high school. Enroll in college. Be a role model. Keep moving toward change. The innocents call out.

Plum trees with black branches and purple flower buds line the highway that leads to hospitals and other institutions. College campuses seem sanctified even though they're often set in poverty. Magnolia trees blossom. The rich brown dirt is carefully planted with velvet pansies.

She had a toothbrush and flat iron at his house. They could have stayed there, but they chose her flat since her sister was away.

City grime and treeless wells filled with flattened soda cans and McDonald's yellow wrappers. Yellow and pink squares. Move away from danger, from the parched dirt where nothing grows. What stays? The sun, the moon, the stars.

For those who love her, 2020 will always be her year. How will we change for her? For now, the future has no definition. There is only the sound of her nieces doing their hair and laughing.

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