

## The Afternoon Hour

*Terresa Wellborn*

*(For my mother)*

You colored me  
sienna, azure,  
a shape I was becoming,  
a bird, perhaps,  
a cloud,  
a field of trees.  
I don't remember much, only  
the low table,  
how we knelt,  
how you held the crayons  
like flowers,  
tipping color,  
a petal pouring rain.