

ORANGE COLORED SKY

And not just because it's my favorite
color, but when Diana Prince spins, her
nimbus fills me with glee and glow and when
I was a boy I wore my mother's high
heels and wrapped my Binky around my neck
like a cape and then coiled it at my side
my blanket of truth and I spun and spun
arms outstretched and wanted that light to fill
me, envelop me the way I saw it
change Lynda Carter on TV and one
time she was the guest on the Muppet Show
and I clicked around the basement Rec room
kicking open the doors to "the other
side" as we called it—where my father's work
bench and the furnace, where my brother set
up his D&D figurine painting
table, where each Christmas we'd raise the train
platform, and where forgotten furniture
loomed in half-shadows—through here I kicked—Flash—
kick—Bam—kick—Alakazam—double kick—
for in heels I could deflect the shadows
like bullets, my wrists wondrous, and when I
returned from "the other side" to the Rec
room's wood panels and lamp shades, this leaning
toward became learning toward, and I would sit
visible to all as I piloted

an invisible jet through the orange sky.

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