

THE LOGIC OF YOO

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He slipped the red into the white, made a pink,
though depending on the ratios, the colors changed:
rosy, fuchsia, carmine, magenta, hot,
Barbie, coral, salmon, ruby, shocking, cherry blossoms in spring,
flamingos & their algae, Dorothy's tights,
pink of the dianthus, its frilled edges, thus the pinking shears,
crossways pattern, interminably one-way, but never
in the same direction. They were innumerable, at least
in theory, one atom more or less changing the shade,
refracting the light differently, since it was really the light
& not the wine, though what he could perceive,
what his eyes would allow, was only a certain number,
maybe 100, give or take, until he forgot what pink was,
whether it had any real substance & then
he just went back to thinking gray, bottles empty,
poured down the sink, where the wine would mix with water
at the Public Works, those chemicals, then disappear.