The Plan

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David Dodd Lee -- the Plan

It's the book of black and white dreams, with end notes

What is the color of the day moon
What is the color of November
What is the color of prayer . . .

Shame, it's appropriately winter again

What is the color of the keyhole

See "times you've felt thankful for the presence of others"

Something random, like a stranger offering you a glass of cold water

" " *the color of leaves under snowfall*
" " *the color of April*
" " *the color of the Book of Kells*

What do you know now that you didn't know an hour ago

I feel myself burning in moony flames and sleep

Or last week

This city tends to disappear in cold weather

(lines 13 and 15 are stolen from the verse of Philip Whalen)