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Sponge Paint Makes Me Think of Cold Cups

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Sponge Paint Makes Me Think of Cold Cups

Jasmine Holloway

blue kool aid
in a big bowl
stirred with a soup kitchen spoon
until the blue taste like
more sugar
dripped into a 20oz ounce
tossed in the ice box from school evening
to school morning.

Palms sweaty
digging in my navies
for lunch money change.

“Three dollars my babies.”

Across the street she always watched me
run inside my house
for a crippled dollar
in daddy’s day old work pants.

Her screen door opened again for us to accept my sticky bright blue plastics
and my not-so-exact change.

After licking blue sugar
my bright blue tongue on brown skin
says
not to be natural.