

Matea Šimić

PINK TRICYCLE

It was Sunday the day I grew up
Spring of '92 but I knew nothing
of war.

While so many other 7-year-olds were sleeping in basements, bleeding
on their headless dolls: I was bred under the tame sun.

Hidden from reality,
Lucky to be born in a place where nothing ever happens – good things swerve by
my little green paradise, but so do
the bad
ones.

*A*pril is the cruellest month, he said,
death still lingering in shadowy corners, flinching from the sun,
tickling our toes,
humming about wheels that go round and round.

Imagine.
a Sunday like any other
a girl nailed to a chair
tears dripping into a bowl of cold soup
thick layer of grease on top

Can she remember the nasty look I gave her as she slipped from the table?
Envious she got away... easy, as she always did
Attention thief
my teeny-weeny arch-nemesis
As I continued chewing my way out
Spoonful of sobs, tears and threats
The Outside crashed through a barely opened window
Leaving a crack in our domestic bliss

I tried so hard to cry
That's what you're supposed to do, right?
Cry when something that bad happens. Not because of a goddamn lunch.

I couldn't.

*If I make a sound, it will mean it's real
If a tear gets away, she might not come back
If I tried to describe my sorrow, I would somehow belittle it*

So I just stood there silent – an old child with dry eyes and a dry heart.
Clinging to a fence. Stained with regret.
Staring at vicious blossoms
unaware of their guilt.
Lilacs that draw sweet smelling malice out of the dead land

until they explode in their selfish beauty
and fall as pink warm snow
to conceal now a long forgotten tricycle.