

## The New Jeep

The red of this pen is not  
the red of the Jeep my aunt bought.  
The red of her cheeks is not  
the red of the sumac on the side of the road,  
where the red of the flashing lights  
found my aunt in her Jeep off the shoulder.  
The red marks of her seat belt do not blaze  
with the red of a sunset, which does not  
resemble the red of this apple I am eating,  
so red in the back of the Jeep  
(where I write, in red, of these events),  
but not as red as the blood of a deer,  
the red smear on the pavement,  
the red splatter on the shattered windshield.  
The red in her eyes, weeping, as she cries  
into the red cell, to her husband,  
a man with red hairs in his beard:  
red are his words to her,  
red is the ink of my pen,  
red is the new Jeep wrecked,  
red is the deer who went down.



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**The Pangolin Review – Issue 12**