

## Paul Ilechko

### Preparing for Color

The over-ground of summer  
becomes the underground of winter.  
You use a different tool for the living  
than you do for the dead.

Color is ephemeral. And yet,  
I come back to it, over and again:  
to color, to crimsons and greens,  
to blues and golds. Winter

has no time for hue. It takes  
the blush of it, and brutally  
submerges it beneath weathered  
punishment, under snow and ice.

The dead stuff sinking into mulch  
is not yet truly dead. Or at least,  
is not removed from the life of life,  
from the necessary nourishment

of next year's brilliance. From Spring  
daffodils to Autumn daisies, color  
needs winter's engine to prepare  
its ground, to make its bed.

**Paul Ilechko** was born in England but has lived most of his life in the USA. He currently lives in Lambertville, NJ with his girlfriend and a cat. Paul has had poetry published by *Elderly Magazine*, *Ibis Head Review*, *the Peacock Journal* and *Scarlet Leaf Review*.