

Alexis Quinlan

What I liked

What I liked most about childhood
were the lies. What I liked most
about the lies were the crayons.
What I liked most about the crayons,
besides the names of crayons—
raw umber cornflower periwinkle—
were the accompanying songs
that bloomed like sky at night.
What I liked most about night was
the angle-y shadow on the wall of the robber
coming to take me away. What I liked
most about away was the childhood of it,
though I couldn't have understood then.

What I like most about understanding
is the tears. What I like most about tears—
two things about tears—
is the salt—how my father taught me
to taste the sea green in them
—and the wonderful wet free
which is more lies, child.

