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## A Midnight Blue Poem

Rachel E. Ciniewicz

Gettysburg College, cinira01@alumni.gettysburg.edu

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## A Midnight Blue Poem

### **Author Bio**

Rachel is a senior Health Sciences and Spanish major from New Jersey. She enjoys playing music with Bullets Marching Band and Sigma Alpha Iota, serving the campus and community with Alpha Phi Omega, and worshiping God with Disciplemakers Christian Fellowship. She has also recently discovered that she enjoys expressing her crazy life through writing.

# A Midnight Blue Poem

Rachel Ciniewicz

“If you color outside the lines, you’ll go to jail,”  
she said. Her wide cerulean eyes stared at me, unblinking.  
I tiptoed around the black line, afraid to touch  
the almond space outside it.

Childish envy of my 8-year-old coloring aptitude surged  
from her apricot face as she swung her dandelion hair, hiding  
her own page from my aquamarine gaze.

2 a.m. in the library, fighting against  
caffeine withdrawal and periwinkle sleep, I sit  
with my head bent over my anatomical coloring book,  
attempting to keep my macaroni and cheese childhood alive  
through the grueling college nights.

If you color outside the lines, you’ll go to jail.  
Brick red blood shouldn’t ooze out  
of the paper heart. The jumble of mango tango knowledge  
shouldn’t ooze out of my brain.

A deep inhalation of the soothing waxy aroma,  
and a wisteria calm settles my frazzled sympathetic nervous system.  
I can achieve perfection with colors.  
I can achieve perfection.