



---

Volume 26  
Issue 1 *Planet Nowhere* (2017-2018 Issue)

Article 14

---

4-17-2018

## These Days

Darian Rose Dolan  
*Concordia University - Portland*

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>

 Part of the [Poetry Commons](#)

---

### CU Commons Citation

Dolan, Darian Rose (2018) "These Days," *The Promethean*: Vol. 26 : Iss. 1 , Article 14.  
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol26/iss1/14>

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact [libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu](mailto:libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu).

## These Days

*Darian Rose Dolan*

Orange light makes sound like static  
in between my ears. A fragile  
sound  
like the songs my grandmother used to sing,  
like love's breath on my hair,  
like the sun on autumn leaves  
on their slow descent to the sidewalk.  
I could've sworn their warmth felt almost endless.

But blue light makes sound  
like an unforgiving hum. A hollow  
sound  
like the room when the world  
turns off,  
like phone calls with my grandmother's depression,  
like death's hand on my heart,  
like the half moon on these shaking limbs  
on my slow descent to the sidewalk.  
That old sound that buries itself  
inside my chest  
turns me bluer than this long winter.  
I'll hear its song in empty hallways,  
in empty beds,  
corkscrewing its cold body inside  
my head.  
And I swear,  
I swear this feels endless.