My Favorite Color
Angie Elkaray

The evanescent glow of a candle burning at night.
The middle signal of a traffic light.
The pencil of choice to bubble A, B, C, or D.
The bright, fuzzy band of a bumblebee.

The feathers of a *Sesame Street* bird; he’s tall as a bear.
The fry cook sponge whose pants are square.
The school bus the kiddies are dropped off.
The hue of phlegm a sick child would cough.

The brick road that leads to the almighty *Wizard of Oz*.
The sunflower a boy gives a girl, just because.
The brilliant light of our adjacent star.
The cab you hail, in *The Big Apple*, when without a car.

The slippery fruit peel used in comedy.
The hair pigment of Dexter’s sister Dee Dee.
The arcade character Pac-Man or “pie sans slice.”
The sweet piña colada; made with crushed ice.

The bee-made sweetener added in tea.
The legume excellent hot or cold; chickpea.
The butterscotch wrapper on candy.
The walls of my room that make me happy