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POETRY | SPRING 2021

## I No Longer Have a Favorite Color

By Ellen Goldsmith

In illness, distinctions dissolve.

It's simply color or no color.

Heartbeat or no heartbeat.

Now as night approaches

I welcome each shade of blue

from robin's egg to indigo.

And waking to a modest sunrise,

I recall the extravagance of yesterday's,

both a promise of the coming day.

Almost dying removes preferences.

What's better about grass

than a layer of fallen leaves?

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**Ellen Goldsmith is a poet and teacher, author of *Where to Look, Such Distances* and *No Pine Tree in This Forest Is Perfect* which won the Hudson Valley Writers' Center 1997 chapbook contest and was described by Dennis Nurkse, the contest judge, as an "incandescent collection." Her poems have appeared in *Antiphon*, *Connecticut River Review*, *Dash*, *Earth's Daughters*, *The Healing Muse*, *Mount Hope*, *Off the Coast*, *Third Wednesday* and *The Whirlwind Review*. She holds an EdD from Teachers College, Columbia University and is professor emeritus of The City University of New York. She lives in Cushing, Maine.**

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