

The Science of Blushing

I call my baby Rosacea
and she is destined to be
perpetually cardinal-coloured.

I go saffron myself sometimes.
Like any other bodily excitement,
shame invites adrenaline.

Our blood vessels swell, the oxygen
screams because it wants to go faster.
The capillaries in our cheeks are wide open doors

A fuzzy red line under a misspelled word.
Mummy, must I
always look like a beetroot or bell pepper?

Must I always have this Coke can hue?
I've been nicknamed 'fire engine' by the kids at school
Children can be so cruel, I say, come to bed

My ladybug, lava lips,
little lobster, Miss Radish,
you ruby, you rust, you sweet marigold