

It comes in waves  
and breaks upon an aching edge  
of yearning evermore  
deluge of plenty  
swallowing innards whole  
the unknown  
coming home

If anger is red  
and envy green  
then surely  
contentment  
is a mellow plush  
indeterminable  
lavender

It comes in waves  
These depths of good  
with heights of clean  
that wash even  
undeservedness  
in immaculacy