

My Yellow Wall

by [James Como](#) (April 2022)



All That is Beautiful, Ben Shahn, 1966

A brick apartment building stands on East 91st Street.
I see it, on the corner closest to the river, every morning
from across that street. I've never been inside.
Its bricks are pale yellow *per se*, not painted.
But my eyes are old and I am color blind.
Not black-and-white color blind.
Still, yellow is tricky. The building
appears of a color nearly the same as
objects I know to be yellow, because I'd been catechized.

None of this matters, though, because of what happens:
the sun hits it flush and the burnished bricks transfigure,

the yellow intolerably charged as simmering gold,
and yet more solid, a light-beyond-light empyrean
breaking through—one never knows,
can *never* know—cascading upon that inner eye,
a revelation proffered for my wonder, so I am
transfixed and (uncharacteristically), now,
finally I need not search for meaning.

I Am is here.

Either that, or this I, me, is insane.

But I am indifferent to that cold difference.

The brick, its yellow, the sun,
three for me together, an unmerited gift.
I must remember to be grateful.

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James Como's new book is *Mystical Perelandra: My Lifelong Reading of C. S. Lewis and His Favorite Book* (Winged Lion Press).

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