

Grey

When did the world stop being black and white?

My decisions bleed, fueled by hate

Any attachments I love sever and break.

Why must I succumb to this world of grey.

Where does the last spark of a fire go?

As the charcoal blew away long ago,

Where is the spark of life in this dismal world?

As my mind is broken and unfurled,

And why should I suffer through ash and dust

In a grey world where there is no "us".

Roses of love fall to despair.

Orange blossoms bloom, then freeze with the air.

Yellow rays fall and shatter through glass,

While green grasses grow to be cut just as fast.

Blueberries fall and rot on the ground,

And islands of indigo are never to be found.

Where is the violet life in which I wish to stay

So I can get away from this world of grey.

