

RED, ORANGE, YELLOW

For five years of my life, or ten,  
I lived no-color.  
In a beige room I talked  
clipped whispers  
with a lady who faded while I looked at her.  
Even our voices were oyster-white.  
My generous monsters  
were pale as puff-balls of dust.  
Leaves on trees I grew  
turned dingy. I mowed pale grass.  
Friends parked station-wagons like huge dead mice  
by my house that was nearly invisible.  
Dollar bills lost color  
when I kept them in my wallet.  
I dreamed of mountains gray like oceans  
with no house-lights on them,  
only coffins that walked and talked  
and buried each other continually  
in beige rock in beige sand.

So I looked for the color yellow.  
I drank yellow for breakfast,  
orange at lunch, gold for dinner.  
Red was the color of pain.  
Now I eat red  
all day. The sky is her yellow.  
Sometimes no-color years  
rise in slow motion,  
like Mozart on drums. Their name is Chumble.  
They smile  
like pale grass, looking downward.  
But red sticks  
needles in my eyes.  
Yellow  
dozes on the beach at Big Sur  
or in the center of my new room  
like a cactus  
that lives without water, for a year.