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a blind man's rainbow

Madeleine Gillingham

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a blind man's rainbow

// Madeleine Gillingham

i asked him what color the sun was and he hummed:
mmmm mmmmmm yellow rhymes with mellow and tastes
like a picnic. it's breezy and brackish like the sea but also
heavy and marred like a used car and if we really want to
get interesting: indigo. well isn't that just the color of sinister
all mixed up with the flavor of sleep and the sound of a
bullfrog... it feels fuzzy and a little bit empty, to be honest.
that's not what i asked i said and he trilled eeeeeee eeeeeee
silver is young, slim, and flitting. plain old disappointing. but
gold that's for the old. wise. wrinkled. and is it ever like the
odor of blue cheese. so silver is bluish i asked and he said
now red. that's just plain shrill deep and reminiscent of the
renaissance... never mind the alliteration. and robust and
determined but destructive like a little boy and the color
orange. which is plain obnoxious in name and wreaks havoc
on my nostrils when i get a waft of it. unlike pink which is,
contrary to popular belief, not for girls but rather for old men.
you mean like you i said and he said it smells of tobacco and
the stench of a radio broadcast with a hint of that feeling you
get when you're utterly alone. and oh i can't help but wish
people heard blue my way with tinkly bells and the rip roaring
sound of a chainsaw at work. it tastes like paprika which is
much better than cinnamon... a greenish spice which doesn't
leave much to the imagination because it's always so joyful.
my favorite color he said grinning a bit is purple because it
reminds me of grandchildren and feels like opportunity and
a worn out leather sofa. and i said what do you know and he
said what do i know i know Roy G. Biv must have been a little
funny in the head for making all of these. and for boosting
the ego of such a stuck up little color like
white.