a blind man's rainbow

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i asked him what color the sun was and he hummed: mmmmm mmmmmmm 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 eeeeee eeeeee 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.