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## How I Know About the Colors I've Never Seen

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## HOW I KNOW ABOUT THE COLORS I'VE NEVER SEEN

Once again I realize, looking up at mountains, stars, a child,  
how distant and far-away I am. I want to make lists, set goals.  
But, this afternoon, windchimes, for the first time, seemed  
out of tune.

Before me on every path, the Cherokee Warrior gazing indian  
into my eyes.

My life is a lie. After every sound, a whispering Thomas  
in my ear,

"You have glimpsed, you have seen! Has it been that long  
you've

forgotten my face, dear? You must surrender dear. I'm assured  
it grieves you."

I keep saying to myself: go join a monestary; BAKE BREAD.  
Wear a sackcloth, for God's sake!

Or,

Build a rocketship.

Pierce the clouds, the clandestine God,  
with a CLANG.

Or, "Live fast, die young, have a good looking corpse."

I'm still sitting in a plastic chair, molded for someone else's  
body.

I think it's that simple.

At times like these I wonder why I even try. . .

*Andrew Mason*