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## Colors of Expression

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## Colors of Expression

Dust gathers on the lamp next to my bed  
I'm constantly cleaning and polishing  
but it never seems to vanish  
It almost has intelligence enough to mock me

Just as the dust covers the furniture it covers my life  
However, it doesn't wash off as easily  
It screams for attention and forces me to notice—  
Almost corners me with blackmail

Blackmail! How dare I mention a word such as that—  
The only colors seen next to my name are shades of white  
The shades of white are merely mixtures, though, in reality—  
Red rain mixed with a black base of ignorance

Often the pure colors serve as a facade—  
Covering the canvas of a distorted mental painting  
I am the artist, constantly creating my own abstractions  
I think to be reborn when I look into eyes of green—however,  
jealousy rears its ugly head

Just think if dust got into my pure colors—  
I could not stand having two grand brainstorms at the same time  
I rather like my cluttered lifestyle—  
But my created figures often hold no significance

Sometimes I want to be trapped into a corner—  
and washed off with a gigantic hose  
All the same emotions, colors, and feelings  
Charging to be the first down the most elite hole in the drain

Stained and smeared with streaks of fear and despair  
I resemble the palette of an unskilled artist  
However, human creativity takes many shapes and forms  
And I don't mind being seen as an imitation of Plato's ideal  
I don't mind being a poem—diction that motivates  
I don't mind being a painting—aesthetically pleasing colors  
I don't mind being a sculpture—chisled muscles  
I don't mind being art—creativity  
I don't mind being—  
even if life is a difficult picture to comprehend  
I don't mind being

*Mike Liebman*