

On Color and Correctness

In the city of the colorless weathers,
I am lost in the muck like an earthworm.
When the rain stops, I'll change my color to whatever

color the sky assumes. Perhaps it is the beginning
of winter now. Perhaps not. It doesn't matter.
What matters is the lack of opinion—

lack of individual color. It Ginsberg wasn't a mad man,
I will rename him as Bad News
and carry around his last breath inside a tote bag

until I meet the crews of a drowned ship, now drunk in drab pub.
I will give them the wind they need to cross the ocean.
On the shore of a colorless river, once I saw men making colorless art

with water on white canvases— white on white.
The beauty of night is I can blend into it perfectly,
like a black on black art. I am acquiring the skills of a chameleon,

survivability of the wood bugs— how powerful their pale teeth are.
I am intrigued by the neutral décor
of everyone's fang and pigmentless venom.