

BETWEEN RED AND BLUE

Robyn Perry poetry

The panic begins in red.
Crimson explosions at my temples
hot blood shooting its way up,
up to boil behind my eyes
and then to simmer into a bright orange
once it's reached its preferred consistency.
It begins to drain down,
dulling to a muted tone that wraps fingers around my heart
squeezing tight to kick-start rapid beating
and then drying up into sour yellow.
The yellow begins to crumble,
cascading down my ribs
onto velvet green turf
that itches with envy as it rotates emerald hues,
making me dizzy and sick, especially sick
but as it slows I stabilize,
sinking in turquoise;
I can't touch the bottom,
I can't reach the top,
but at least I'm steady.
The muted shades of sadness come from all directions
and the panic ends in blue