

# **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