

My Monochrome

Ever since that day
I've been staring into the past like it's a wishing well,
And I'm wishing well for my future
Even if all I see is monochrome.

I don't know how to breathe anymore,
So I hold my breathe and wait for the light.
But I know that you see so much color
As you look at my gray, dark world.

What makes you different than me?
Oh right. You don't see a ghost when you dream at night,
And you're not afraid of anything
While I'm afraid of my own two hands.

Teach me how to see the colors.
Teach me how to dream again without having nightmares.
I want to see what you see and hear what you hear
Because I'm blind and deaf while I'm drowning.

Bath me in your colorful image.
Your soul is too old for your young vibrant eyes.
You shine
And color pulses from my monochrome when you touch it.

— *Sarah Capelle*