

Grayson Adams

Colors of You

The summer breeze in auric hair or the cold winter chill on reddened cheeks will now remain to me as candid films in which I lose myself from time to time. The May raindrops on amaranth lips, juicy like voluptuous September peaches, will shine, tempting me for a bashful taste. I cannot recall tasting a thing as sweet as your lips on mine. In those fleeting times, no matter when, you show me colors that even the mantis shrimp in all its rainbow glory could not see. You dazzle me.

You dazzle me like a bright disco ball, reflecting light and color as you dance through all the varied seasons of the year. Though you may struggle, you keep your head up, those emerald eyes refusing to succumb to days and nights you thought would never end. You know that Spring will come, my love, and I will watch you twirl in the sun as polychrome buds grow anew beneath your pale feet.