

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 rain-  
bow 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 poly-  
chrome buds grow anew beneath your pale feet.