

Topic: Beauty

The Colour Palette

Monmee Phukan

He wanted to put a finger on the black
Smouldering rage, sadness,
Or, loneliness, perhaps?

But that slight twitch of the curve,
Some hint of white, and how!
A deeply guarded secret?
Thoughts, surely draped with love?
Meditative nirvana?

He couldn't make up his mind,
The walls were high.

He let out a sigh,
Mixed both on his palette
And settled for the grey.

Yes.
Grey was them,
And them, grey.