Green on Green on Green (my take on loneliness)

By: Rosalie Truback

Green on green on green

Nature at its finest

grass upon leaves upon moss

the river and the birds inspect

all the beauty kept in its own world

green on green on green

the trees waving at each other

the birds having passing conversation

the river moving to its next task

a different language that I cannot understand

green on green on green

that’s all my eyes see,

but no one sees me

as I am different

as I am red

red on red on red

is what I wish the trees could see

the wave of my hands

the sound of my voice

but they only see in green

green on green on green

the beauty it holds, to be green

but I cannot stop the red

it is me, and I am it

no green in me shall anyone see