He stands at the corner of Melrose St and Bay Rd. Cars pass by and the wind blows across his face and hair. The wind brushes by his neck and chin. It grasps his face. It brings chills and bumps to his neck. He begins to walk down Melrose St, following the wind unintentionally. His companion begins to take him towards the left of the sidewalk after the stop light signals him to go. Unexpectedly, he bumps into someone in the shoulder and directs his gaze towards the other person walking on Melrose. “Excuse me, I am in a hurry” they say. Red. The man is red. And blue. He sees him walk away but can still see the red and blue flaring from him, like the sun. He cannot see anything else. He cannot see the cars, buildings, roads; but he can see the flares of red and blue. He continues to walk, being guided by his companion. Green. It flashes before his vision. He can see green. “Who’s there?” he calls out expecting someone to be in front of him. No one responds. The wind blows on the back of his neck and ear. Chills come up his spine from the November wind. Blue. The blue is flowing with the wind before his vision. He stumbles and hears a bark. He stands and faces downward. Purple. Bella is emitting purple. “Bella, are you okay?” he asks as she begins to lick his hand with worry. They continue to walk down the road. A large group of runners pass in front of them. Red. Green. Blue. Orange. Yellow. Purple. Grey. Black. Brown. Pink. Crimson. Magenta. Scarlet. Turquoise. Amber. Jade. Color. He can *see*.