

Ultraviolet

A poem by Alastair

That ribbon is not blue –
It's ghost-whale ocean-dust.

That couch, it's not pink –
It's pearl-berry petal-wisp.

The chair is not brown –
Rather, birch-bark brandy-light.

The cat is not orange, nor the fish –
They're ginger-dawn brassy-blossom,
tangerine penny-butter.

No, the leaf isn't green –
Call it pine-puddle meadow-moss.

Your hair isn't white –
It's called gull-frost, sugar-gloss.

And the sun?
Moonflower-marmalade,
or
lemon-luster lightning rod,
sometimes
amber-autumn copper-spice.

The mug, you say?

My eyes see rose, and wine, and fire, and blood,
And all you see is –

red.

