

Colour

Blind



I met a girl called Deborah,
She'd been born without her sight.
I asked her 'Do you dream your dreams in colour, black or white?'

She paused and smiled and turned to me,
With laughter in her eyes,
'In rainbow pots and polka dots,' she said, to my surprise.

'Then explain to me,' I said to her, 'if you would be so kind',
'How touch and taste and smells and sound paint pictures in your mind'.

Her hands reached out, her fingers gently walked across my face.

And when she came upon my eyes,
As tender as a rose,
She whispered softly,
'Listen to the words I speak'.
And my eyes she then did close.

Red is a fiery temper, a slamming door, a blazing row.
Blue is the taste of salty tears and long goodbyes, of waves crashing on lonely rocks.
Yellow is the warm kiss of a summer's glow, the golden taste of honey.
Green is the smell of freshly cut grass, brown of autumn leaves.
Grey is the sitting on a cold concrete floor; it is the colour of boredom.
And white? Well white is the putting on of a crisp, clean shirt on a Monday morning.

She paused for thought... My thoughts.

'Now do you see?'

'Yes. I see clearer now than I have ever done before'.