

99:1 Hues of You and Me

We met where the ocean meets the sand. You were a frequent visitor, whereas I needed an escape from my monochrome life.

You pulled my hand away as I walked further into the inviting blue.

“What are you doing?” You screamed over the crashing waves.

I explained how entrancing the ocean blue was, the melodic ebbs and flows of the waves calming my racing thoughts. It wasn't until I felt a frigid splash on my shoulders that I realized the water was past our chest height.

“Colors? I can show you colors.” You said as you locked your cerulean eyes with my dull brown.

You guided me through the warm reds, browns, oranges, and yellows of the autumn foliage from your hometown. Your vibrance was reflective of that. Whereas, I was an unsaturated, silly imitation of you.

“Why is she so... I don't know, gray?” Your mother asked behind the kitchen walls.

Left foot, right foot.

You turn to ensure I am following each of your instructions to a T.

Good. Now smile. No, not like that. Your eyes should be smiling too, not just your mouth.

I practiced for the next few months. Your lessons helped others notice the different colors of me.

“Doesn't she exude a spring green?” Your friend asked you.

Who are you trying to impress? You inquired.

I laughed.

But your piercing gaze was unwavering, the tension palpable and unrelenting.

The closer I inch to you, the further you pull away. And yet, I am still in awe. Your spectrum is so multichromatic.

Even the brightest of people can turn to the dullest winter gray.

Why are you smiling like that? Why are you wearing those colors? Change into something more modest. It's like you're begging for attention.

And so I returned, facing the ocean again, needing to escape from the monochrome influence of you. Except this time, I turned and sped toward the mountains. Whereas you stayed— as nothing more than a memory.