

And then, of course, there is the remarkable complexity of the color green.

Green moves in and out of space like silk,  
smooth and mysterious, confident in its  
Grouchy self-proclaimed plight.  
Oh, how scary the world is for you!

Staring at a green sea, now,  
it is difficult to imagine her ever experiencing fury.  
She lays, spread out, basking in the sun,  
stretching out her limbs and purring.  
Stripes of white spread in shuddering streams,  
Speed boats dancing across her empty face.

Green wrapped its shawl around me as though that made any difference to  
Dispel the toxic energy reverberating off its golden skin.

A fog crosses over the sky. Green's favorite - a brewing storm,  
Loud and warm, drowning out the slow drip of  
Caramel girl alone, in vibrant red socks,  
Seated atop the counter in my mother's kitchen,  
melting brown hair cascading down around collarbones,  
so blissfully *human*, the slow drip soft in the pot,  
Brewing coffee, shadow eyes  
Brown sludge, the sediment at the bottom of the mug  
reminiscent of something richer.

I went out one day with Green, on a date.  
The sun was laughing at us overhead,  
Underneath the curving, the churning of the waves  
I spun around and tasted salt in the rich air  
and you counted poodles hopping swiftly towards us,  
nestled in folds of Hawaiian snow.

Magic hangs heavy in the air around the color green.  
Large expanding trees, wet, hanging heavy in the air with it,  
You said to me - for this time, we live in a song.

We drove to Summerland.  
I sat on the roof of my car and stared directly at the sun  
Eyes bending to black, the colors' distortion in waves while I  
waited for you to emerge from the gas station bathroom.

The wind brushes clouds off its sky the same way green brushes hair off her face.

In motion I was swaying, under forgiving water,  
where the reeds sway, thick,  
the green pale against all the blue and  
the swaying, the swaying. Myself, in caramel gold,  
slipping in the space between the roots of my hair,  
amidst the grey cloud and the green shimmering and  
pouring salt and sand like rain, dripping in her golden eyes.

The first night I told green I was in love with it, I expected nothing in return.  
It told me it believed everything I'd ever said was a lie.

Something imperceptible hangs here.  
Something imperceptible and altogether surreal,  
is hanging in the space between them.  
Sweet as honey and heavy as a winter ocean's wave.  
Gold, filling up the space between naked bodies and the sky.

Green sleeps softly on the plane seat beside me  
with its arms crossed over its chest, the way my father does.

Ivy spread through me like melted butter, slipping in my cracks,  
the night you wrapped yourself around my body. The night  
we wrapped ourselves up in each other, warm, like blankets in golden sand.

An orange butterfly rested on a dancing palm frond today and informed me  
that I was desperate in my longing.

Green says I can't look in its eyes.  
I can not be still.  
I am helpless, strewn out on driftwood, spilling out wherever the sea will leave me.

I am now in an open relationship with Green.  
My mother says its foolish.

Winter in Los Angeles tastes like a fresh breath of limbo.  
The palm trees are sparkling and swaying softly in the sun.  
We played hooky on our first day and disappeared into  
the strange space of Venice, a restaurant on the water, a live musician, a happy sun.  
To sit, writing love letters to a color.  
Oh, how lucky I am!  
A beautiful world.

It was difficult for Green to wake up this morning.  
I had to pull her out of the shaking trees and into my car.  
yellows and reds and blues, pooling out over coffee and croissants.

I took a polaroid to capture today's particular shade of green,  
and left it in a crevice space inside my car.  
The prism sent out shimmering rainbow lights,  
dancing over caramel skin.

We drove to San Francisco.  
The darkness came as we entered the city, drowning out the saturation of green,  
and I was hungry  
My stomach screamed of it, the longing,  
Let loose on the world - a hooligan and opened up, unfurling  
Unpeeling, all the unfathomable freedom

I lay in the bottom bunk of a dirty hostel in the city,  
filled to the brim with joy and noodles,  
My legs outstretched in front of me, trembling.

To all the times green was suffering while I remained blissfully unaware.  
Equal perhaps to all of the time I was suffering and green sat,  
entirely aware and judging herself as a demon.

I am a fool.

We stood in the Fillmore, swaying and dancing to a band I have never heard before.  
Wrapped in each other's arms, dancing, faces touching, Green's head tucked under mine,  
I screamed out to all the times I didn't surrender  
and I kissed the color loudly.  
I giggled halfway through it.  
Color asked me why it had taken me so long to let go.  
Fireflies swam around us.

My love for green has wrapped around the sun and has melted,  
Distorted,  
become a misshapen thing,  
bent of its edges,  
burned into fabric,  
the way my beloved blue corduroy melted off the edge of the furnace in our  
golden shimmering preposterously magnificent cabin in the heart of Big Sur,  
surrounded by shaking leaves,  
magnificent green.

I had a dream that we were swimming in the ocean, and suddenly you were attacked by a  
comically large squid.

Green came down from the mountain today  
and asked me to play a game of tug-of-war.  
We sat, cross-legged, Green grabbed the edge of the rope and tugged  
to pull out a rich darkness from inside of me.  
Blackness spilled out in flowing liquid,  
and pooled all over the carpeted floor.  
I tried desperately to mop it up, the colorful floor beginning to stain,  
and Green was smiling, and I was smiling too.  
See? Now we match.

The last day on earth was abrupt and loud,  
The cracking of the sun.  
And all the magic colors of the world drained out, too,  
as though sea glass were turning black or white or black or white stained too  
Disturbed, the sinister sunny empty,  
Everything was still there and nothing remained,  
Blending,  
Time ceased to spread out in waves, and froze.

The feeling of folding, wrapped up in the color's arms, enveloped,  
Folding, an expired reality.  
The absence blank, an empty chasm.  
Each night, Friday through Sunday, I slept curled up in a yellow solace,  
in yellow arms,  
holding yellow's hand, through the night.  
A strange shift in ugly, vengeful reality.

The behavior of green was surly,  
She struggled to handle a caramel disgust.  
My black eyes glared at her with swarming apathy.  
Perhaps we were meant to circle around this world,  
atoms in disjointed heaps. The complexity of it!  
The layers are still green and gold and warm and cold all at once,  
as though I am lying upside down in the rain.

Standing in a forest and realizing I am just as tall as its leaves.  
its leaves!  
Preposterous.  
A leaf shakes outside a girl's window.  
Dusk overshadowing green.  
I remember the whole world curling up inside of me.  
I see the world in a kaleidoscope, animated perception,  
shades of red and green dancing on my tongue.  
Hungry for the end.  
Hungry for the spell, for the seconds of blank space, falling into the spell,  
falling onto my mouth,

onto my tongue,  
a moment under,  
a moment under.

I changed into the girl's shirt and spread my body across her bed, caramel shining up to the sky.

I stood up to make her a drink and handed it to her; when she grinned at me with her teeth, I pretended not to see.

I pretended nothing affected me,  
and I drowned in a sea of green.

How loud and vibrant and unabashed I was!  
I shouted as I disappeared into the green.