

## An Omen

The earth surrounds me.  
I see the dark, foreboding brown surface  
I see it's bumpy texture, it's varying clumps and pockets.  
I see many spots of Gray.  
But mostly I see Black.  
Black makes me think of a cold, dark world,  
with no light,  
with no hope.  
Then I remember.  
I'm in it.  
Help.

I have been in this desolate, unchanging space for weeks.  
But still I notice  
small changes  
I sometimes wake up to see new patterns on the Grays  
and the old ones gone  
I sometimes wake up to whole new Grays  
just to realize that they have replaced the old ones  
for I cannot see them.  
And sometimes I wake up to see a bit more light each day.  
Change is occurring,  
though it is a mystery to me.

The light has grown stronger.  
I see everything in more detail.  
I see that the brown is made up of hundreds of tiny Browns.  
I see all the smooth or choppy textures in the Grays.  
It excites me.

I see a hole.  
The hole is the source of the light.  
There is something beyond the hole that I cannot yet tell.  
Something beyond this abominable place of cold, dark dwelling.  
Outside the hole I see Blue.  
I speak to the blue when I get lonely.  
I cannot tell if he hears me or not.  
But I can wait.

The hole has grown bigger.  
Blue has grown bigger too.  
I still speak to blue, although I sometimes wonder,  
if it is in vain,

for I cannot hear Blue.  
Yet.

Somehow I have reached the hole.  
I am able to see life beyond the Browns and the Grays.  
I see so many Greens, all speaking in the same harmonic way,  
A way that only something so majestic,  
like the Greens,  
can do.  
I see that the Browns have traveled up with me.  
They no longer surround me,  
for they are below me,  
encouraging me to reach higher.  
I speak to Blue.  
He speaks back.  
He speaks with a whoosh.  
It is odd.  
But it amazes me.  
I understand Blue.  
He understands me.

Blue entertains me.  
He creates many Whites.  
The Whites listen to him.  
the make shapes for me.  
They have races.  
They sometimes come visit me.  
When they are with me I see through them,  
and they go through me.  
It tickles.

Blue introduces me to Yellow.  
They are friends.  
Yellow is the one who makes all the light.  
But she leaves sometimes.  
When she leaves it gets dark.  
I get scared.  
Sometimes Blue cries when she leaves.  
It makes me want to cry.  
But I hold strong for Blue.  
Eventually he stops.  
And we wait.  
for Yellow.

I see a creature.  
It moves trampling the Greens.  
I hear their screams.  
Blue tries to tell him to go away.  
Something on top of the creature blows away with Blue's words.  
I am scared.  
The creature stands over me.  
Pinches me.  
Then Blue and Yellow and the Greens and the Browns are gone.  
And Black returns.

Black is scary.  
He shows me of nothing.  
I cannot speak to him,  
I cannot move  
for he makes me paralyzed.  
I am stuck

I am no longer with Black  
I see many colors,  
All different then the colors I am used to  
I try to speak to them.  
They do not reply.  
I try to dance for them.  
They still fail to reply.  
Doubt creeps on me.  
I feel alone.  
I also feel dizzy.  
I feel weak.  
I need Blue.  
Where is he?

I feel extremely weak.  
I can no longer dance.  
What is happening to me?

I feel stronger now  
I also feel some sort of slip on me  
I look down  
Clear is surrounding me  
Clear doesn't reply when I speak to her  
I wonder if she is actually there  
or if I am dreaming

I see lots of Browns.  
Not like the Browns that I used to rise above,  
These Browns are more hollow,  
mournful.  
I speak to them,  
and they reply.  
They speak of death,  
of being trapped, broken.  
Forgotten

I look for Blue.  
I spot him.  
He is smaller now.  
I try to speak to him.  
He does not hear me.  
I wonder what veil could separate  
me  
from him.

The Browns are getting worse.  
They speak faster,  
more impatient,  
as if waiting for something to be fulfilled.  
I don't know what it could be.

Blue tries to find me,  
to speak to me.  
I can hear his words beat against the veil,  
yet they do not reach me,  
and I do not hear them.

Sometimes Blue cries.  
I no longer feel his tears.  
It makes me sad.  
I try to comfort him.  
But he cannot hear me.  
Sometimes Yellow gets angry that I am not with them.  
She showers Earth with yellow lines  
After the lines she yells in a booming voice that shakes me,  
but I am still trapped.

The whispers are getting even louder,  
faster.  
More raucous,

vehement.  
I am overcome.  
I begin to feel dazed.

I no longer see the colors clearly;  
they are a blur.  
But the whispers remain distinct.  
Of longing.  
Of death.

They remind me of  
before.  
The desolate landscape.  
The darkness.  
Black.  
Black returns to me now,  
just like he had before,  
with the Grays.  
I realize Black had tried to give me something back then.  
A caution, maybe.  
Perhaps a warning.  
But it's too late now.  
I should have listened to him,  
to his gift:  
An Omen.