

COLOURLESS

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IT'S NOT ALWAYS COLOURFULL...IT ALSO GETS GREY SOMETIMES. SOMETIMES THE COST OF AN ACTIVE IMAGINATION IS UNBEARABLE.DON'T GET SICK LIVING A FICTIOUS SQUANDERY.LIFE IS A GREAT BARGAIN.



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WITHOUT COLOUR

it's not real

our faces never met

nor the shadows cross

it was affection untrue

i had not made her a banquet

neither felt attraction's touch

it was imaginative beauty

product of hyperactive mind

it crippled i only me

it was a fairlytale

written on slate in tablets

glowing in false flame

my world grown dark

in the jaws of extinction

my framework lying in comma

she hugs and kisses him

another man my successor

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and leap triumphant past

in my sight my tears

my life squeezes in

and falls inwards and out

she ruined my life

fictious beauty of my dreams

graphic imaginative affection

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