The Colorful

By : Alithena

Being in the colorful age may not ensure you have colorful life, but we can have colorful feelings.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/Alithena

Copyright © Alithena, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

The Colorful

â I â

Walking slowly on the road, I see golden leaves dancing after a car flashing across me. I murmur to myself, â Itâ s autumn again, but where are the persons who once shared autumn with me?â I call it â murmurâ , because it is an inner voice which canâ t be spoken out, though I wish I can. It seems there is always something that you feel it is jumping besides your lips but will never come out. While I am wondering and wandering, I see golden sunshine piercing through cloudâ â dancing, even singing. Will you believe it? I hear the sunshine singing- soft, warm, caressing every tiny sensitive part of muscle. I keep walking and walk in the shadowâ â trees are just so luxuriant.

Be brave.

Dare you declare that you are different?

They say there is nothing wrong to be different, but the fact is that there is nothing right to be different. You can only comfort yourself with â I donâ t know whatâ s wrong with me; but nobody knows.â

Yes, nobody knows.

No, you say, I know whatâ s wrong; I know what the problem is.

The only problem is you have the problem to get your voice heard. You have no voice.

But I am not dumb.

You see that is the problem.

I see golden dews growing thicker and thicker; but before I can identify what they are, there is only moisturized air left.

There appears, on your face, the shining smile which implies that you are confident of what you say.

I am different. I just know I am chosen to be different. I can hear what you can not; I can see what you can not.

Childish! How childish you are! It may be true you can hear or see what I can not, but as long as you dare not let your voice heard, what you can see or hear can never really exist in othersâ eyes.

Identity must be tangibly identified.

â II â

Snow is falling in my heart though nobody can see it. Once more I assure myself that spring is coming. However, deep in my heart, I canâ t smell the fragrance of flowersâ â in fact, all I feel is ice-coldness.

Have you ever had such a kind of feelingâ â in a flash moment, you realize you are alone in your worldâ â I mean you are confined to the world where there is only you, either out of external reasons or just because of your recluseâ â like, refusing to step outside.

Following this realization, all of my confidence, which I have such a difficulty to accumulate, collapses into dust. How many times I have tried to convince myself of the faithâ â different people have different choices which result in different ways of life. Even so, seeing excellent people gathering around me, I feel Iâ m just a dwarf living in a world eclipsed by the giants. To give up is not my style; yet, to hold on seems not that bright as once it seemed.

I donâ t know how to go on this life road though I know how short it is.

â Try to build yourself up when you are still youngâ â â this sentence has been ironed on my heart since I was in junior school. It is true that I have a heart as vast as the sea but it is also true that Iâ m just a tiny drop of water in the sea of the real world.

I know some day death will eventually conquer me, but I donâ t want my heart to be conquered. It is acceptable that my life shall pass; but it is unbearable that my life shall pass without notice. I guess this is the only reason why I am afraid to be confronted by that forever peace.

Sitting before my desk with words dancing in front of me, I satisfy myself with â you see, I am excellent in my wayâ â but who are you and where are you?

Oh, Almighty God, please tell me: can a person stick to his way when he doesnâ t know where it might lead him?

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-10-06 19:54:27