

"Colors for Amos"

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Death is colorful
Reds and Yellows and Greens
And a color that does not exist on the spectrum.
It hurts to look at that color.
So I turn away.
But when I do, they shoot out.

I open my eyes--
Blinding White streams out of them, covering the ceiling,
The far wall.
I twitch my fingertips--
Fire Red spurts with a vengeance, bathing my body,
The hospital bed.
I open my mouth--
Hot Pink bursts forth viciously, showering my face
Adjacent walls.

It is terrible in its beauty.
Oranges and Purples and Blues
As if all my life I was a rainbow
Living in a kaleidoscope
Trapped in a circus.
The room I'm dying in is burning.
Burning in color.
Colors too alive to die.

They lift me up,
Up,
Up,
Right out of bed
Spin me around the room,
Caress my body
With their luminescence.
They whisper to me.
Blues tell me they love me.
Greens that they want me.
Let me have you, an Orange--
The color of a sunset pleads.
Yellows tease me,
Make me want to laugh
While Browns beseech me with only looks.
I can have them all, they say.
Take them all.

But with Black there is only one.
One all-encompassing shade.
It is midnight and shadows
It is nothing and everything
It is loud.
Louder than the other colors.
It beckons me closer to it with one word;
Come.
And I do.
Pinks and Reds and Whites lead me over gently,
Twirling me and stroking me as they do.
I fear for a moment,
Less perhaps,
But the Black silences my fear,
Soothing me as easily as if I were never worried at all.

Though Black pacifies me
It also makes me yearn to cover my ears
With my Blue and Purple and Yellow fingertips.
With Black I can hear the Echoes.
Echoes of Laughter and of Pain.
Of Joy and of Loneliness.
Of Success and of Regrets.
Of Compassion and of Rage.
Of Love and of Hate.

The exquisite colors withdraw slowly,
Reluctantly.
Black is lifting me, letting the Echoes
Whisper to me.
Don't leave me.
I missed you.
I never want to see you again.
I can't believe I won.
Echoes rush into my ears
As if my own matter is insubstantial.
As if the higher Black lifts me
The more I can hear.
Please don't hurt me.
I haven't seen you in forever.
Thank you so much.
I love you.

It is only then that Black releases me,
Sending me spiraling back
Down,
Down,
Down,

Past Reds and Yellows and Greens.
Past Oranges and Purples and Blues.
Past Browns and Whites and Pinks.
Down to that color.
The one not even on the spectrum.
The one so breathtaking in its beauty
That it hurts to look at.
It surrounds me.
Blinding me.
Crippling me.
Mocking me with its cruel intensity.
Feel Me,
It seems to rail.

And like with Black, I have to obey.
The unexplainable marvelous color
Flows into my body
Through my open mouth,
Through my ears and
Through my stricken eyes.
While Black brought Echoes
This color brings Pain.
It lights my body ablaze
Burning away the lovely colors
As if they are nothing.

The color beats my body
Kicks me.
Cuts me.
Drowns me.
This is what I have to fear.
This color and all its terrible splendor.
This is what will take me.
What confines me to this hospital bed.
I want to scream at it.
Fight it.
Cry.
Perhaps I do.

But through it all, it calmly beckons me closer
As if I am too insignificant to arouse passion in it.
Feel Me, it intones.
Feel Me and Let Go.
I can sense a trick in its words.
How can I feel something
And let it go at the same time?
The color is simply trying to confuse me.
To cause me more pain.

I hold on tight.
With a growl,
The color ratchets up the pain tenfold,
Taking my mind.
I can feel things I know
Start to leave me.
Things I kn--
Things I--
Thi--

The color has lost patience with me.
With a bright blast of its radiant light,
It crushes my throat.
Squeezes my heart.
Burns my eyes.
Feel Me and Let Go, it intones again.
Again, I sense its trick.
I do not want to do it.
I fight--
Though we both know I will lose.
I scream--
Though the color shows no mercy.
One second, only one, I entreat.
Give me one.
And to my surprise, it does.

I am in my hospital bed,
People are around me
Though my brain cannot summon the information
As to who they are.
But it registers the love and pain in their eyes,
Their own silent Echoes.
A small glimpse of the sun,
Peeking from the edge of the window.
And a frenetic beeping noise.
My desperation to speak is almost
A palpable thing.
But I can only manage a lone
Blink of the eyelids.
I try to put a lifetime of words in that blink
And hope that they will understand.
Blink.
Then it is all gone.
The color is back.
And I let go.