2005

The Honeycomb, The Coloring Book, and The Painting

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: Volume 6, Issue 1, 2005.

This poem is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss1/12
A honeycomb tastes sweet.
The honey it produces resembles the sun.
With its hexagons that make perfect symmetry,
And it color, which imitates the sunshine.

A coloring book images are drawn perfectly.
However they are not complete.
They live a hollow life,
Until the colors fill the void.

I have seen a painting,
That showed a man and woman,
Deeply in love, and harmony
Like Romeo and Juliet in heaven.

I have been told,
That all these represent
The happiness and the joy
Of life and of bliss.

Though I do not feel this,
When I use these things.
I only am reminded of
The vagueness and obscurity of my own life.

Because I am the opposite of these things
Bright things blind me,
I feel colorless amongst the colors,
And I live a hollow life.

I never feel this ecstasy,
In things that are so bright.
Only in the tranquility,
Of the darkness.