

Rainbow

I have a whole rainbow of friends.
They're the people I often unknowingly spend
The most time with.

Red. My red friend loves to play pretend,
Keeping her heart locked up, suspended,
Like the red house across my street,
Alone, small, shrinking and shrinking as its red paint peels and its red window shutters blend
into a warped mess of wood.

But she's all cherries and strawberries,
A sweet but bitter ordinary
girl with no
intentions of living past graduation,
her red blood dripping and dripping in her solitary sanctuary where she lies, wary, and let me
tell you it's really scary.

Orange and yellow. My orange and yellow friend is the color of the sun, of sunsets, quiet,
but I bet
Somewhere underneath her fiery exterior
There's someone struggling,
a little bit blearier,
but she's always cheerier
than the rest of us.

And I'll never know when she'll wink out of the sky,
Closing her eyes with the smallest of sighs,
Her light, the one that could light a whole room,
Gone with a blink and a click of her tomb.

Green and blue. My green and blue friend stretches as far as the eye can see,
Reaching for her dreams, I guarantee,
By the time we graduate she'll forget about me.

Her eyes soft hazel and her confidence unnerving,
Her emotions as wild as the angry sea, alerting me to her,
Deeper than I could ever be.
Who knows what lies behind the surface,
Behind a lush forest of trees that are worthless when they have nothing but water.

Purple. My purple friend and I have a lot in common, her
Shade hard to determine when
She fades in and out of being human,
Her purple as dark as the night sky,
Trying to satisfy
Her whole world while staying silent,
But sometimes,

Sometimes her purple lightens into a beautiful lavender, her color far
Brighter than anyone I've ever seen and
Sometimes,
Sometimes,
She reminds me of the little purple flowers
That come by in the spring
A reminder that not everything
Is ending,
A reminder that she never has.

And then there's me. I'm white. Nothing special, except for the moonlight
In my eyes. Too much white can blind, so I tone it down and
My friends accept me hanging around.

I have a whole rainbow of friends and, again,
My rainbow of friends all happily send

Their regards.

They remember you, you see. I remember you, you and me.

I met you when you were the whole rainbow,
The happiest person I'll ever live to know and
When I said yes (which seems so long ago)
I didn't expect you to melt like snow.

Your rainbow collided, your color became black,
Your face finally cracked
Under the pressure of being someone you weren't.
And you reached out and touched me, you touched me with no intent of turning back.

That was when the black ransacked me,
You abandoned me,
Leaving me to slowly turn to grey.

No one likes grey, not quite.
No one likes grey, not better than white.

I have a whole rainbow of friends and, because of you,
because of you.
I am not one of them.

Rebekah Marcus

Rush-Henrietta Senior High School, Grade 11