

Waiting Grey

By Malakai Wartes

It's icy. It's howling with snow, and all you see are
The shoulders of blue pines and a head of white.
There is a lake waiting to freeze, but until then it is a dull blue.

Until the sun comes out and makes it glitter with writhing colors: Blues,
greens, whites, oranges, yellows AND nothing ...
Just a lake waiting to freeze. For the pines are waiting too, Wait! As you will be
fine. You will move; you will live.

Blue is the color of wasted time, time you have spent.
Winter provides a feeling of absolution that brings forward emotional
depression from satisfaction of completion. Waiting for the beauty that has
frozen over,
Breathing just to live in the world of never-ending colors. Dying, just to wait in
grey.

