

For Pearl

She is watercolour, flowing

But, all at once, acrylic

Staining

At times I have to squint

To see her without

Blinding myself

And I always think

I always believe

Any pain is worth the sight of her

That the sight of her is

Worth never seeing her again

(It always will be)

I want to use my stains

To pain her a picture

Of bronze and sepia and abyss

Because beauty is in the eye of the beholder

And she beholds more beauty

Than I thought could exist

I can see the sun through the window

And how little it compares

To her eyes, lit up like amber
And her smile melting them to flares
And in the early hours
When they are lidded (and she droops)
I can sink in her irises
And see the stars and the moon

For to me
Her eyed are space
Endless, infinite
And I am so small

And so thankful
(Though it may blind me)
To look at her and see this all

And I think to myself
However lost in space
I have her hands to hold me
In my place

So I will paint her a picture
With her as my colour
And my paintbrush in one hand
(And her hand in the other)

And show her how I see her
Psychedelic, dancing
A prism of light

The darkness whispering
A calming, stormy night

She is watercolour, acrylic
She is the entire spectrum
(And although I am blind)
She is all the colour I need

Ronja