

The Colour of the Moment

Before you came, everything was what it is—
the sky, vision-bound
the pathway, the wine-glass.

And now the wine-glass, the pathway, the sky's tint—
everything bears the colour of my heart
till all melts into blood.

Sometimes the golden tinge, sometimes the hue of the joy of
seeing you,

sometimes ashen, the shade of the dreary moment—
the colour of yellow leaves, of thorn and trash,
of the crimson petals of the flower-beds aglow,
the tint of poison, of blood, of sable night.

The sky, the pathway, the wine-glass—
some tear-stained robe, some wincing nerve,
some ever-revolving mirror.

Now that you're here, stay on so that
some colour, some season, some object.