

burning colors | *alisha bose*

you keep creating and creating the same
little statues of granite and gold and common gems
all of them standing in one perfect line
waiting, and desperate, for their chance to shine

you try to shape me too, pummel me into submission
but my spirit and i don't fit into your mold
of perfect grades, SAT scores and college,
and classrooms of limited knowledge

yet you take a scalpel and chip away at me,
all the while telling me that i'm
not and never will be *good* enough to
become another mindless statue

but i've been watching the others
that you harden in your fiery kiln
and despite how beautiful they are,
they always come out with a scar

scars that cut and mark their grey skin
and split their perfect smiles in half
until they slowly start to crack
under the weight of what they lack

i pity them, but i learn
how to rise up and paint my own skin
with my colorful passions, my vibrant heart
and i finally become art.

and now i'm able to look deep within,
and find piles upon piles of colors,
more than i ever conjured in my fantasies
which now are so in line with my realities.

i look within,
and find coral pink music and blue-bound books
and yellow paintings of valleys so green
that i need not wonder what i could have been

for i am no longer another grey statue, alone and unseen
now, i shine with the light of a thousand stars' sheen.