

A Letter to Red

You thought you had the power to steal away red
Assuming so boldly that this red can forget its identity
We guard with our lives the promise of red
Behold the perpetual skies overcast, smitten with crimson
The celestial medallion boils down to a dusky burgundy
The rivers, a bleeding artery, woven into the fabric of the country
Can't you see yet? Without red there is no us
The red blood spilt to fragment the shackles on our tongue
The clanking of chains on our chafed wrists are restored
Only this time by a melody of bangles
Red emblazons the streets,
Every flaw and imperfection adorned with pigment, till they subsist no more
Perhaps in attempt to mirror those who endeavor to live
Restrained, veiled in red
With red all around, I undergo a euphoric frenzy
I close my eyes and bid adieu to the red show
In hopes I will awaken to a new tomorrow.

- Aryah Jamil VII Rainbow