

A THOUSAND COLOURS

by Janet Knights

*With what rock walls
Was my world created
Hope and truth
Freedom and compassion
How could a prison
Such rock walls make
And yet they did*

*No light here wanders
That is not brought unwillingly
Every shade is grey
That sets in shadows down*

*In my place
Love is a muchling thing
No companion shows need
And is left to be
No other is alone*

*But I was different
While others their choices make
By fate I am a brother to this darkness*

*I had touched not
The sun sparkled sky
Dipped toes in green-salted seas
Seen not where apple reds
Dotted greens and browns*

*While yellow once was
Near me it dimmed
Behind rock walls and faded
Then she quiet came
And etched a thousand
Colours in my soul*

*Dozen upon dozen
Of pointed lights
Shine a pathway
To who I am
I crave no longer*

*Apple-reds or salted-greens
These dim beside the light
Which is her heart
Her gentle picture
Is much enough to
Fill now-living eyes*

*True, rock walls still
Sight protect me
But she has pushed
Them back.... to make space
For what we are*