2017

Better Than Grey

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Our words slide off our tongues like marbles on wet floors, too wet to stop gliding
And we soak up our thoughts like sponges, wringing out the water we both now taste
"I know someone like you", but in actuality I do not
No, not anyone, not like you
And instantly you stick out
Not like a splinter on a bench
Not like a sour grape in the batch
But like a yellow in between the black and the white

Isn't it just so much better than grey?

There's no such thing as right and wrong
Certainly no shade in between
And the only color better than yellow would be green
But brightness is far better than mellow

Astrology dives me into puddles
Sometimes before they even settle on cement
While the summer baby just barely gets her laces wet
Though perhaps it's just as well
More stays in the thread when you let it soak

"You're beautiful", that can be said without any pause
And thoughts of a kiss can go without saying
So while the coffee cups keep pouring onto mounds of sweet sugar
"One more, one more, one more"
Just another
Just another yellow day
I'd take the coffee without the sugar
For another hint of yellow

Yeah, you're certainly better than grey.