

Bleak as an Empty Page

By Grace Whiting

Yellow.

Dropped on the blank canvas,

The way a bright leaf falls in autumn.

Splashing the white with a sunshine-like ray

Red.

Brushed over the yellow,

Carefully and methodically.

With the smooth motions of a candle's flame.

Blue.

Dashed on the meaningless shapes,

Contrasting the warmth.

As rain does on a summer day

Slowly.

They layer and shift,

Slowly resembling a colorful young lady

On the once bleak page

Born.

The image born from the mind.

The mind inspired by nothing but boredom,

During these quiet, slow days.