

“Sense and Uniform”

Bursting bright pinks popping up scattered in her mind

Trailing are greys and whites of highly anticipated mystery she sees through her eyes.

Blending in with limiting social constructs of a suburban act

Secretly dreaming of blunt brightness set with spontaneous adventures far and near

She rebukes her courage with a mind of sensibility and uniformity

Mind a never ending gear of effervescent ideas

Thoughts jumbling endlessly to and fro with new clothes, new colors, new life

Scatterbrained, she accepts her highly-anticipated inevitable

A sly knowing smile imprinted on her face;

she knows what is to come next...

She laughs hard and giggles small to jokes told across the room

She smiles widely as if there truly is no tomorrow

She frees her coiled hair and paints her no longer white shoes

She dyes her shirts and inks her skin.

Her colors are her sense; her colors are her uniform.