

DREAMS OF GRAY AND GOLD 42 lines

I wanted to be angry

When death took you away; In my dreams I begged and cried Faced with its even, silent  
gaze. I was not met with cruel intent But a cold, uncaring gray.

I was sitting at your bedside Our hearts in perfect sync

You tried so hard to stay with me You tried too hard I think. Your life was not a thread of  
gold, But a sickly, fragile pink.

Nights with our friends don't feel the same It's hard for me to see,

How they can speak your name with "was" And then expect me to agree.

My pain is not their fading hues, But a bitter, lingering green.

We used to watch the stars and dream By their soft and gentle light,

Now I'm dreaming in our bed alone You're with the stars tonight.

I'm lonely but it isn't blue,

All I feel is empty white.

You whispered that I'd be okay

In calm but shallow breaths,

You bloomed in me a kind of strength To live beyond your death.

My pain for you, it ebbs and flows, In varied shades of red.

Your cheeks were pink, your eyes were brown, My hand felt red in yours,

Engrossed, we rambled "I love you"s In a thousand different words.

Our love was not untarnished gold, But a confused, fantastic blur.

So in my dreams I'll visit you

In death's impassive grace,

I'll memorize the way you feel

In this final, quiet place.

The rainbow of our broken love,

Against the cold, uncaring gray.