

red.
read.
dead.
deed.
Pleasure.
Measure me.
Fury burst
like a fire raining down.
Aggression. Passion. Consumption.

My writing is limited by red. Red doesn't get edited. Red burst out.
It's the force from which I will go through the ashes.
It's the flower petals.
It's the spark.

Burn red burn.

yellow.
mellow.
hello,
dear fellow human.
Find a light within me
I'll be your shield through the storm
Red cooled down to a peaceful hum
A song within calls out for hope.
A type of joy that won't last very long but will return again

My writing is limited by yellow. Yellow is too much hope.
However, it's the force from which the ashes come back to life
It's life continued again.
It's the life of the party.

Live yellow live.

blue.

blew.

stew.

flew in

The winds of change.

The water transformed.

The yellow picked up

and given a breathe.

But even change often becomes too stable.

My writing is limited by blue. Blue can get a little depressing.

It's the force from which I will want to die. I call out to red.

It's the pain of existance.

It's the burden of life.

Oh blue oh.