

I was raised to love the color red

By Mason Savikian

The color red is the most lovely of all.

It's the color of roses on a spring day,

It reminds me of my grandmothers lipstick,

The color of my childhood.

It's dad's favorite color,

It trickles down my forehead everytime he wants to show it to me.

Bleeding into my eyes, and it's all I can see,

My eyes are blue, his least favorite.

I was raised to love the color red,

But the color red was not meant to love me back.

The color red comes in bars for people like me,

For those that shine like a prism.

The color red is often used as a weapon,

For those who are pale.

They use such a shade to brighten up their lives,

With something so vibrant, how could anyone ignore what comes out of their mouths?

How could anyone ignore such hate, when wrapped in such a lovely color?

Thirteen strips for a country that is drowning in red.

They drown their neighbors for the color red,

They drown their employees for the color red,

They drown their friends for the color red,

They drown their families for color red,

They drown their children for the color red.

I've been drowning with them for as long as I can remember,

One day I finally came up for air.

I wiped the color from my eyes and make my dad look at them,

There's more to life than the color red.

I want to fill mine with all of them.