

Death of a Shade of a Hue

of Montreal

Over a sea of grief, Scarlet died.
Above her dying mind were fossilified memory imprints of
her favorite day.
For a minute, I stayed watching this brilliant display,
Until a god with a broom came and swept them away.

In their bereavement, all of her colorful friends turned
to a milky-grey depressing blend,
Which incidentally made Grey feel inane, so he set off to
find a less trite identity,
One as stunning and bold as Scarlet used to be.