

Gray Is Blacker Than Black

I thought it was turning black

The skies, the earth, the waters.

But no, they were turning gray, because gray is blacker than black

Black is the deep, captivating color that screams at you, drawing attention.

But gray is the color that stays silent, the one you take for granted until it begins to suffocate you.

That summer, everything had been burning and turning gray

And the water. The water was hard to miss.

It wasn't burning or withering, but it was leaving, and refusing to come back, turning our lands a dull gray.

I wondered, "Who is taking our water?"

The answer came to me when I took my long shower

"It is me"

And again when I saw my dad leaving the tap on while washing the dishes

"It is you"

And a last time when I saw water flowing on the street, running from gray grass

It is us"

That summer, everything had turned gray

That summer, the earth had reached it's limit

That dreadful summer, the earth's gray silence had become black and loud

It was then that humanity finally realized that it had turned Earth into an overwhelming, silent gray, forever still,
forever regretful.

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