

Pink.

A sensation, evermore than a color.

A gentle warmth,

Like a fading evening,

Painting the sky in pastels,

And casting shadows

As long as Loves lost.

Pink.

The color of clouds,

Upon a lilac ceiling.

The color of orchids,

Blooming past spring.

To describe such

As color is a dysphemism,

Withholding credit from an artist,

Of Joy,

And Pain.

Yet one that creates pieces ever so beautiful–

Draping an intimate love,

Upon a Hopeful world.