

COLD COLOURS

Sydney Young

A dance
 a flow state
 we bow
 lock eyes
 we freeze.

Stuck within your soul
the gaze
I'm trapped within.

I want to share my heart with you,
but all that my mouth allows is shut,
but my eyes will share.

Looks deepened.
maybe you'll be able to read my song
 I push—
 I prod—
but you can't read my language.

Too many walls
the water rushes through
gushing from my heart.

My eyes are drenched
 I wipe away the blood.
 Red—
 then blue—
 all I see is blue.