



## the colors of my life

The light has captured my attention lately.  
Translucent ethereal white mist pours into an all white bathroom  
decorated with splashes of teal:  
a shower curtain, the window valance, a bath towel.  
It is heaven, these colors;  
heaven to my eyes, heaven to my heart, heaven to my soul,  
especially to my soul.

She has taken a shower  
with the door closed.  
The warm mist envelopes everything  
changing my perspective through foggy spectacles;  
Salvador Dali in the loo. At eight, she is tall but thin, very thin,  
not sick, just thin.  
The combination of tossed clothing:  
blue jeans, size 6 and lavender tee shirt,  
against the teal bath towel  
as they rest comfortably in the faded wicker chair,  
serve to spawn my color musing even further.  
I make a mental note to further incorporate these colors into my sur-  
roundings,  
4/4 time; a measured tropical sanity  
in the cacophonous lack of color that is the New England stoicism  
of my physical world.

I have considered painting my front door purple.  
My doubt comes not from the neighbor's sobering comments  
but from the shade itself.  
Red foundation or blue?  
I wonder which will suit my sunshine yellow house best.  
In the end I will let the size 6, blue jeaned child decide.  
She has artist in her genetic material and love in her heart.  
"Maybe we should put some yellow dots on the purple door  
to match the house,"  
she says in enthusiastic genius  
evidently inspired by the Aboriginal art she has been studying of late.

“Yes,” I say, “yellow dots,  
and perhaps vermilion squares and sapphire ovals as well.”

These shades of love extend also into the stillness of my nights.  
Tropical dreams ferment slowly like fine cognac,  
(as before, with a friend...Remy Martin on a conch house veranda)  
but I am, quite unfortunately, intolerably unsettled;  
wailing against a lingering thick overcast  
of sacrilegious clouds and unseasonably cool summer temperatures  
that bargain with my soul for two solid weeks.

What will I do, I ask myself in quasi-Spanish  
the language of my nocturne,  
what will I do to soothe my spirit, to fill my soul, to tend to my heart?  
Visions of fluidity, faded color and a borrowed homeland so familiar  
I can easily savor the pastries of Sunday mornings  
and dance to the music of Sunday afternoons.  
What will I do today  
with these colors of Havana:  
the pale yellows, greens and the rust of old Chevrolets?  
How do I reconcile the need, the calling, the fervor  
of primordial instincts  
with what the Anglos say makes sense?

Perhaps a modification of Dorothy’s yellow brick road is in order.  
If I were to follow the trail of the sun’s equatorial angle,  
the turquoise blue ocean mating with cafe latte foam  
breaking against the shore,  
if I were to follow the dreams of the heart  
in colors so rich with love and faith and hope,  
then surely my journey would be complete  
and the colors of my life would be transfused with those of my dreams.  
Perhaps, until then, I shall paint my front door purple.  
One afternoon, when the light is good  
and the size 6 child is home from school to help.

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