

Clear away the morning blues

When the colours in the world get lost
would I still feel the blues?
would my feelings bleach out and fade?
No hot red anger again?
No green jealousy?
No rosy hearts of love and comfort?
Would there be left cleanshaven
contours
black and white contrasts and
Precise decisions?
Even no soft-grey doubts
no violet melancholy left over
Would feelings fall flat, loose their meaning?
Only black depressions and white clarity left?

When the colours in the world get lost,
would the peacock still impress his partner
And the cows would eat the grass so grey
And the bees still find their flowers?

No, let's keep the world so full of colours
keep the bumpy ups and downs of feelings
keep the peacock with his rainbows
and brown cows eating green, green grass
and handing you, my dear,
a rose in red and orange
to clear away your morning blues.

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