

Colours of Me (an almost perfect sphere of hot plasma)

I can't tone down these colours of me so
shade your eyes.

Like fireflies I dance
lighting the darkest darkness and I confess
sparkling often feels best
when it's least expected

and I detect that glow in others dying out
leaving me no doubt that being a bit of a nuisance
with this incandescence
is the right move because

I can't tone down these colours of me so
shade your eyes.

I despise the demand to disguise the embers that
burn beneath.

The false belief that
one too bright
might ignite dangerous ways of thinking. You see

shrinking to fit space feels like a woman's fate.

Dimmed in place for a comforting glow. Decorative

but turned way down low. Well

I'll blow the fuse because

I can't tone down these colours of me so

shade your eyes.

I recognise and understand the sun:

orbited by everyone

quick to burn if you stay too long.

But who doesn't love it when she shines?!

And just like mine she can be "a bit much" sometimes

but muting I'll always resist 'cos I'm

ultraviolet

amaranth

lavender and

amethyst!

My prism casts rainbows not shadows! Look

you and me both know

I won't tone down these colours of me so

close your eyes.

Like air, I'll rise

hoisted by the voices of poets before me

their luminescence in my memory never fades.

Can't snuff this flame.

My heightened hues are here to stay.

A dazzling display 'til the end of my days.