

Bruce Wyse

colour goes

colour goes quite quickly
when it is not colour fast:

the buoyancy of blue: sportive, expansive, magnanimous;
abounding, variegated green;
the bravado of implausible purple;
the alarming interruptions of red;
the naivety of yellow, losing caution, growing bolder, reckless,
then hardening into world weary gold;
the super-saturation of orange, outrageous in its self-promotion;
even the stubborn absolute of black, the utterly uncompromising, . . .

all become compromised with folded, ironed age,
scoured by a sun thirsty for solids,
sampled by the inquisitive transparencies of air and water

and colourless abstraction takes its toll on our hours;
the everyday emerges:
pale approximation of some indistinguishable, perdurable neutrality