

WHITEOUT

I have spent my life wandering towards
a mirage; a mecca of high-contrast,
over-saturated greys.

Signposted by the same tenets of
society, that either stake claim to my
worth or snuff out my radiance.

Ruby, emerald and sapphire shimmers;
drowned in a sea of static.

This world is not mine. AQ50 passport
stamped,

I have strayed through this cruel fog;
shielded behind monochrome veil:

'Conform. Do this, say that, keep your
light from bleeding out'.

Exhausted and weary, I cast off this
cloak.

"Step back and see me! I am not that
pixel flickering on your faulty TV
screen,

I am one star burning, in a
constellation of a million different
colours."

RICHARD PATRICK