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