

Evan Schipellite
18 Clearwater Drive
Plymouth, MA 02360
(774) – 283 – 3272
Eshipellite@gmail.com

Colors

On the last day, the last train ride,
The last moment of familiarity and
Clarity.
The four students sat at their usual table,
Discussing their typical topics as if,
When they departed from those automatic doors,
And embraced the sunlight that could make them forget it all,
It might just be a dream, and they'd all
Return to school on the following Monday.

But this was it, and even during the approaching summer,
They'd all be going their separate ways, they'd all be entering
Into new lives, with new experiences, new people, but the same
Familiar and comforting
Memories.

One of them was a wiry kid with brown hair that
Threatened to cover his bright eyes,
Eyes like the flashing of the sky when the clouds
Allow for it to briefly reveal itself on a stormy day.
Suddenly, and unexpectedly, with a burst of unfounded energy,
He stood up with his palms pressed down upon the table,
The same table that was stained with coffee from their previous
Gatherings.

“I have an idea, let's take something, you know,
Let's take something and cut it up into separate pieces.”
And another, a girl with bright blond hair, and a knack for
Skeptical criticism, curiously inquired,
“And, for what purpose? And, um, what exactly should be cut up?”

The boy kept spouting out the phrase “You know” for a while,
Motioning for the others to clarify his thoughts. He clearly had an idea,
But lacked the ability to understand why no one could read his mind.
He was the type who could break into a conversation with someone,
Not realizing that they might actually need to be told about the subject being discussed.

(Stanza Break)

Another boy with black hair, a crew cut, nodded his head,
Somewhat acknowledging the general area that the wiry boy was
Referring to, the same topic had been on his mind, had been on
Everyone's mind, it was just that the brown haired one was the only one
To do something about it.

And the fourth member, a shy girl with short black hair, turned
Her head in a puzzled manner at the boy's redundant speech,
Still not sure about what he was trying to say, but understanding
Its importance, its potential to change everyone's life in the following
Few remaining minutes of unity.

"Like, let's get, get a thing, and we'll each take a piece of it. That way..."
The boy continued, still wildly swinging his arms as if it'd help his predicament.
The black haired girl stared at him and asked, "So we can... Remember?"
He snapped his fingers in approval, "Yea! If we take the whole and cut it into parts, then maybe
It'll be like each piece is each of us, that way we don't forget about our friendship!"
He grinned in excitement, largely because everyone was now aware of his plan,
And therefore there was no further need to struggle with his faulty vocabulary.

The other boy nodded in agreement, but managed to convey a more formal tone,
"So then, we'll just each hold onto a part, so we'll remember what once was."
The black haired girl, frowning slightly, managed to only whisper,
"But, why should it be broken at all..." And, the blond haired girl,
Now on board with the idea as a way to conclude the day properly, responded,
"Well, we are going different ways, so it's supposed to convey reality,
I guess, it's like our friendship is sort of just getting distant."

The brown haired boy clapped his hands, "I got it!"
He removed a notebook from his bag, ripped out the
Cardboard at the back, and then proceeded to begin drawing several ovals.
Everyone else at the table watched him, curiously wondering what sort of
Crazy idea he had planned for their
Departure.

When he was done, he revealed a page that had been separated into four ovals,
Drawn like thin petals of a flower that all converged on one central bud.
He produced a set of markers, and without looking at the others, he questioned,
"Colors? What colors do you each want? Come on, I've got a lot of space to fill."
The other boy scratched his chin and politely stated, "Just blue sir."
"Think I'll go with red," the blond haired girl replied, and then the
Black haired girl remained silent for a moment before softly saying, "Purple..."

And then it was complete, the colors
Blue, red, purple, and green were associated with each individual oval, but

(No Stanza Break)

In the center, they all converged and mixed to reveal a strange spectacle
Of the mixing of different sights, intensities, and personalities.

The wiry boy grinned at his work, but before anyone could admire
The complete picture, he began cutting it up with scissors, tossing
Each individual their piece. Each part of the cardboard had one portion of
The central bud, an indication of who they were, coupled with the
Reality that their color once mixed with others,
Friends from different walks of life, that at the end,
Served to unite and create a unique color that was only
Possible by their combined existence together.

And the wiry boy chuckled and spun his own piece
Around the table, still proud of his bold idea.
The blond haired girl didn't motion to move her piece for now,
But she still smiled slightly at the sight of the color red,
Her favorite color, on the piece, mixed on everyone else's piece.
And the other boy took a similar distant attitude towards the symbol,
But even he couldn't hide his own concerns for the future ahead.
And the black haired girl stared sadly down at her own piece, still not sure
If she could agree with the meaning behind the separation.

So, their train ride continued with small talk, no one wanted to say goodbye,
Not until the end, not until they had to. But, eventually that moment came,
When they all stood up from their seats, grabbed their bags, and moved
Out into the aisle. But, aside from it being the end,
They all were soon introduced to another, more distracting issue.

All four pieces of the flower diagram were missing,
And no matter how much they searched together,
Even after the train had stopped, they couldn't locate
The isolated pieces. And eventually, for lack of time,
They were forced to go out into the sunlight, say their goodbyes
In a manner that almost seemed to indicate that they would
See each other soon, and then they proceeded to carry on with their
Diverging lives, without the symbol of their
Separation that they had tried to create.

But, some years later, they received a phone call,
At least, three of them did. And, before they knew it,
They were together again, dressed formally, attending the
Wake, the one with the blue table cloths, and the Red candles,
And the purple flowers, and the green drapes that
Were spread around the funeral home for everyone to see.

(Stanza Break)

And the casket lay open before them, and they could see the
Strange color of the sheets within, the mix of all their colors and personalities,
That combination that ultimately created a dark shade of grape,
Darker than her own color, darker than the purple flowers that were
Scattered around her casket, darker than her short black hair,
Darker than the dress that was fitted on her by the undertaker,
After she had been received by death as a result of that car accident.

The marine, and the psychologist, and the artist,
All knelt down by her side,
Preparing to say their prayers to the librarian,
Who had only recently completed her studies,
And as they began to lift themselves back up,
Only then did they notice, only then were they aware that
Her hands were crossed, and in the midst of her
Pale white palms, she held onto a small board,
Encased in a golden frame, the four pieces of their
Friendship, the four petals of their flower, once separated,
Had been safely recombined, reattached together, and placed within.
Because she knew it didn't make sense, that in order to honor their
Time together, they were supposed to make a symbol, one that represented
A separation that should have never occurred.

And that is why,
Even as they closed her casket, she still held onto all four pieces,
Now reformed into one flower, a symbol that, even as she was lowered
Down into nature's embrace, represented her belief that despite their distance,
Despite the toll of time, the unpredictability of the world, and the forging of new lives,
They would remain friends,
They would remain one flower,
They would remain one color,
Forever.