



# A Palatable Palate

**Green is the color of envy so bad  
When someone has something you wish you had.**

**Yellow's a color that get only jeers  
All composed of trembles and fears.**

**Red is the color of embarrassment sad  
Red's how you look whenever you're mad.**

**Purple's the color of people enraged  
When seething tempers become uncaged.**

But are all color feelings bad? I think no.

They can be good, and I'll prove it so.

When mixed together they reach maturity  
And turn into white, which stands for purity

We've been feeling the power and pull of color in our lives ever since we started really noticing language this year. Robert Fulgham's little essay about the "crayon bomb" further reminds us of the explosive joy of color. There is an almost mysterious power in color. Autumn's reds and golds can pick up low spirits and toss them out of the dumps. Who can frown at a rainbow? Wordsworth, the poet, exulted, "My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky..." Psychologists experiment with color on the walls of institutions to affect the moods of patients. Why is some music called the blues? The use of color in everyday language is ubiquitous, and we'll play a few color games if you need convincing. I'm sharing a few student color poems on this handout and you'll find scores more in the room. Think about the way color affects your life and imagination. Then compose a poem of some sort that uses color as its driving force. It may be serious or humorous, rhymed or unrhymed, in any format you choose. It should make your heart and mine "leap up." Have fun. Due by \_\_\_\_\_.

## Can You See It?

Absence of color—white—

Takes imagination on a flight:

Stars at daybreak

Frosting on a cake

A glass of milk

A shimmer of silk.

Cloud maps drifting in the sky.

Sea gulls sadly crying by.

## Color Cleaning

If dust were only **pink** and **green**

Instead of ugly grey

Then one by rearranging it

Could brighten up the day

If footprints on the kitchen floor

In pastel shades were laid

No mother would object at all

To artful patterns made.

Fingerprints in **lemon yellow**

Bathtub rings in **peach** so mellow.

Muddy boots in bright **cerulean**

Banisters marked in **vermilion**

Housework would seem less a chore

If only dirt were less a bore.

(Ruthann Williams)

## Locked In

One papery moth

Still holds on

To the screen

Where

White threads from

The cottonwood tree

Wave like faded streamers

On a summer fan

Three pearly eggs

clustered on a brittle leaf

Summer locked in winter's window.

(Whitney Burry)

*Synesthesia*

**Magenta is the taste of cherries on a cool evening:**

**Raspberries in a purple bowl**

**A sunset over the summer tide**

**The fragrance of a rose at dawn.**

**Magenta is the grating of water on a rock**

**The winding motion of a waterfall**

**Luscious strawberries that melt in the mouth**

**An aroma of cake and tea leaves at six.**

(Juliet Gainsborough)

*Beyond Shadows*

Black is the color of discouraging sighs

Black is the color of winter skies

Black is the unknown deep in your mind

Black is the answer you never find

Black is a shadow.

Black is a dream

Black is depression, weighted and wild.

Black is a nightmare haunting a child.

But

**Black is beautiful, baby.**

**You'd better believe it.**

**Black is the color of soul.**

**Oh man.**

**The rich, warm gravy that feeds the heart and  
makes it sing.**

**Black is the color of courage in an uptight world.**

**Black is laughter that stands like a man.**

**Black is young and still growing.**

**You dig black?**

**A feeling is blue.**

**You've had it too.**

**Grumpy and grouchy.**

**Everything ouchy.**

Ice crackling like a rifle shot

A bridal gown, smooth and lacy

The fog, cold, enveloping

A tiny ghost behind a tree giggling

A shimmering waterfall.

White.

**Puzzle Poem**

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