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Identity

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IDENTITY

The tide is rising
Over the window.
The sun pours.
Yellow fills my room.
If there was moisture
Soaked into the oak
It's going now.
My bare feet on dry oak.

A yellow carpet
Leads me to the sun.
Because the rain is gone
I have to bend over
Not to touch the rainbow.
I think the paint is not dry.
Could you imagine paint in my hair?

I lose all the hair on my chest,
Drink a glass of water
And feel the springs in the carpet.
I jump!
Could you imagine paint in my hair?