Colorless

Zeke Fetrow

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean

Part of the Poetry Commons

Recommended Citation

Fetrow, Zeke (2010) "Colorless," The Promethean: Vol. 18 : Iss. 1 , Article 42.
Available at: http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol18/iss1/42

This Poem is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.
There were some men with an awful plight,
The first was black, the second white,
The third was red, the fourth was yellow,
The fifth was green a grimacing fellow,
The sixth was purple, the seventh blue,
The eighth was red again but a darker hue,
They did not need another red, but they saw the first red was dead,
Blue went for yellow but was shot by green, Revenge would be the end it seemed.
Yellow exclaimed he saw white do it, white saw blues blood and stepped right through it.
But from the side black had a knife, and with a swing took yellow’s life.
Green jumped up, a surprise attack, his ambush worked and he killed black.
The other red tried to escape, but he too met a morbid fate.
Green killed him and white was next, but purple put an end to this.
He killed them both and there he was, the last man covered in all their blood.
As purple gazed he removed his coat, revealing the real joke.
Everyone knew but none would guess, underneath the coats, all men were colorless.

The most important inches of flesh
Any human can possess.
Flexible, bending, and versatile,
But easily stiffened in approval.
I gaze at this master of ensnaring
And am grateful for pleasures it allows me,
Although, sometimes it throbs and pulses in pain.
Sometimes it’s immovable and numb.
I look down at one of the most important components
Of my body and wonder --
Where would we be without thumbs?