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## Colorless

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# Colorless

*Zeke Fetrow*

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.