The Things I See in Colour

By William Irish

When I see the blue in the sky,

I see me the blue in a rapid river, sprinting down its track.

When I see the blue in a river,

I see the blue in the flowers, as pretty as a picture.

When I see the yellow in the sand,

I see the yellow in a new born chick, ready to start its story.

When I see the yellow in a new born chick,

I see the yellow in the scorching sun, watching us from above.

When I see the black in negativity,

I see the black in pollution, an invisible enemy.

When I see the black in pollution,

I see the black of night, as dark as ever.

When I see the green in the pastures,

I see the green in nature, the lungs of our planet.

When I see the green in nature,

I see the green in vegetables, keeping us healthy.

When I see the red in a rainbow,

I see the red in a face of embarrassment.

When I see the red in a face of embarrassment,

I see the red in a romantic rose, a reminder of strength and hope.