

More of me

I stroll down an autumn street,
Orange, red, yellow, black leaves swirl around me,
Blown in all directions,
Background of blue, grey, white, pale green,
Color everywhere.

Cold air touches my face,
A sensation so sublime,
So beautiful,
It's wonderful to be alive.

And someone approaches.

Skin black.
Skin brown.
Skin yellow.
Skin white.

All I see,

Is more of me,

The same delight,
The same desire,
The same love,
The same fear,
The same sadness,
The same happiness,
The same frustration,
The same anger,
The same needs,

More of me,
More of me,
More of me,

No question...

MORE OF ME

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