

The Color of Sound

by Brian Michael Barbeito

The girl put her elbows on the table and rested her chin in cupped hands and this was for comfort but she appeared symmetrical the way an etheric visitor might and the brightness was just then trying to find a way through an opening in morning dining room drapery. Then she put her hands back to her drawing and because the hands were now more open to the air the rivers and ravines in the palms that denoted gifts and aspects of her destiny were not hidden but not readable either. In another instant the girl tapped on a braid while in thought and made an inquiry.

What is the color of sound?

There isn't really a color to sound, said the man.

But if you could pick a color for the color of sound, what color would it be?

Well, it would be yellow.

Why yellow?

I guess because that is the color that came to me first and I trusted it.

But is that the color of sound? I need to know what the color of sound is.

I don't know, said the man. Are we witnessing the making of a mystic here? I just said yellow because it felt light but also like it had energy, so I thought also that sound was something like that.

What is a mystic? Is that like a side-kick?

You mean psychic.

Ya. Is it like that? asked the girl.

Never mind, said the man.

Okay, said the girl. And there is something else I have to say.

Shoot, said the man.

Can you go into someone else's dream?

No, said the man. No, if you mean me. But maybe, if you mean in general. I have heard about that.

I think I went into my friend's dream. I went to her room, and woke her up. I was see-through, and I asked her if we could go away for a while. She got up and we went out.

Just then the girl continued to draw and was, if not satisfied, then slightly more at ease with some query in her self. A bit of the morning star broke into the room finally and lit up particles in the air. These particles that were always around were shown to move in a calm and determined dance. They made their way all about and through the air with freedom and ease, minute avadhootas light in spirit and unencumbered by the world.

