

# The Theory of Color

*by* Jerry Ratch

The story of the black pen drawing a dark hole  
makes everything seem so elaborate and obscure.  
Or even a seven-year-old leading police  
on a wild car chase to avoid church.

Or naming a new band Fuchsia,  
which looks like the beginning of an obscenity  
that ends up a beautiful, fragile flower  
with a nearly impossible entrance to another world.

Once inside you run amok  
when you see the real signature of God  
on the sides of everything,  
and how handsome He is, and gray,

because He gave his whole heart  
to making up the colors of the world.

It took everything He had to accomplish,  
along with Adam, when He touched His finger to Adam's  
because they had to pose that way for so long  
during the painting of the Sistine Chapel.

Along with the knowledge that the true light of this world  
is always evening,  
when you know that the morning  
has passed to a whole other era.

You only have the blissful,  
peaceful and unusual night to look forward to,

the jasmine that blooms there,  
the bats that fly therein.

You don't even have the desire to escape  
like so many others before you  
and can only look down at your feet  
like a crow as you fly.

