

Colours

*It was a girl they said;
A new born, in their arms she laid.
A perfect pink she was;
But no one rejoiced, there was a pause.*

*Her childhood was a spectrum of hues;
It was an ocean with all kinds of blues.
There was never a day she didn't cry;
Never did she take a step with spry.*

*She dreamed to create the unfathomable and to soar high;
But all her dreams were shattered and she was left with a sigh.
She was a muddy brown mess of hopelessness;
Trying to find hope in her mind's darkness.*

*Every day, sun did shine upon her yellow face;
But she just wanted an escape from this rat's race.
In the society, they said she didn't fit in;
They said her soul was hollow from within.*

*They said she was a grave mistake;
Green with sorrow, into million pieces her heart did break.
She was left to the streets to rot;
Her existence, soon they forgot.*

*On the streets she was abused;
To help her, everyone refused.
Clad with helplessness, she was grey with shame;
Before she knew it, she was turned into a game.*

*She was played until there was nothing left in her;
Her hollow soul was now hollower.
Red with fury, fighting flames of fire;
She had no strength left, it was time to retire.*

*The last time she respired, she breathed out;
Her life had been a spoilt canvas throughout.
The colours did try to make sense;
Sadly, she never got to escape their stereotypical fence.*



Rhea Mirje
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Colours

*Life is a plethora of colours
We never know which will work in our favour.
Some like it dark, others more bright,
Because these colours are how we perceive our life.*

*Colours represent our moods, feelings and thoughts.
The light is nothing but our life.
All it needs is a screen to be cast on
And it creates a masterpiece, our memories.*

*Life is nothing but the colours you fill.
Everything left to you, the artist.
You put your colours in the right places,
And you make a masterpiece for eternity.*



K.K. Thanees
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Colours

In the palette of the world

My favourite hue;

Is the ever fascinating,

Colour of serenity; Blue

The colour of the vast expanse

Of the sky that is high

And the rippled water that is life

The clouds that go by

The colour of the strength

The colour of loyalty

The colour of peace

The colour of royalty.



Geetanjali M
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Colours

Who decides the justification of colours?

Who decides which colour is defined by which emotion?

Is it a pre-requisite?

Or was it a blatant soul of no humour?

Blue is dedicated to serene aura,

But green! Green looks out for envy, vicious envy?

Are they not the same shade of different hues?

Who willed the rules of colours?

What do they see, when they spot crimson red?

Is it destructive anger or is it mighty power?

And do they see a void of darkness or hints of hope

When they identify sprays of black?

The attorney of colours

A great mishap was he to define the colours,

For never did he realize that the difference in the colours

Is all but in the eyes of the beholder!



Prem Gumma
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Colours

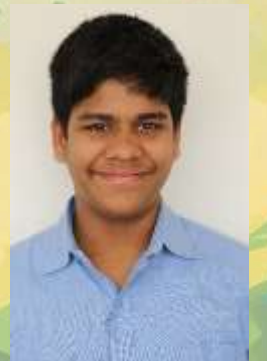
*We all look up at the same sky
And yet we see so many different things
How does it matter, who we are?
Aren't we but the same tone?*

*The colours of the wind
Oh, so bright! Oh, so beautiful!
How does it matter, what we look like?
Aren't we not of the same dimension?*

*The colours of the wind
Whether green or blue
Not so different
And yet not the same*

*The colours of the wind
Whether white or black
Binds us all together*

*Separated, but by the thread of
different colours.*



G. Haneesh
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Colours

*The ocean is blue
Just like the sky
I am done hiding my limitations*

*The colour crimson red
It runs through my veins
Without it life will not exist*

*A soft orange luminescence
Like the setting sun
In this life I'm almost done*

*I'm finally existent
My world has gone from dark to light
The songs of the angels will guide me home*



Sanjay Srinivasan
IB 1st year
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Colours

What if the trees weren't green?

What if the sky wasn't blue?

What if the rainbow lost its sheen?

What if the nothing was ever seen?

What if there weren't any colours on you

Only shades of grey and no other hue?

Only light and dark, plain and slain

Nothing new, nothing to gain

What if the world lost its colour?

What would you do?



Shashwath Santosh

IB 1st year

2919

Colours

*Roses are red
Violets are blue
My eyes are black
And so is my world*

*My fear is strong
Not like my heart
One day I'll see
Nothing but me*

*I wish to die
To cross my heart
And draw a line*

Between the living and the dead



Rajit Rajpal
IB 1st year
2953

Colours

*Satisfied with the versatility of the colours of her creation,
She sat to think of everything that had
Shaped the canvas she had created.*

*With red depicting sorrow and
Green a new morrow.
With white depicting peace and
Blue, the sea flowing with ease.
From the butterfly, to the centaur
And to the highway evolved human being,
She had crafted,
With precision.*

*Thus, the carnage world had
Found its healing.*



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